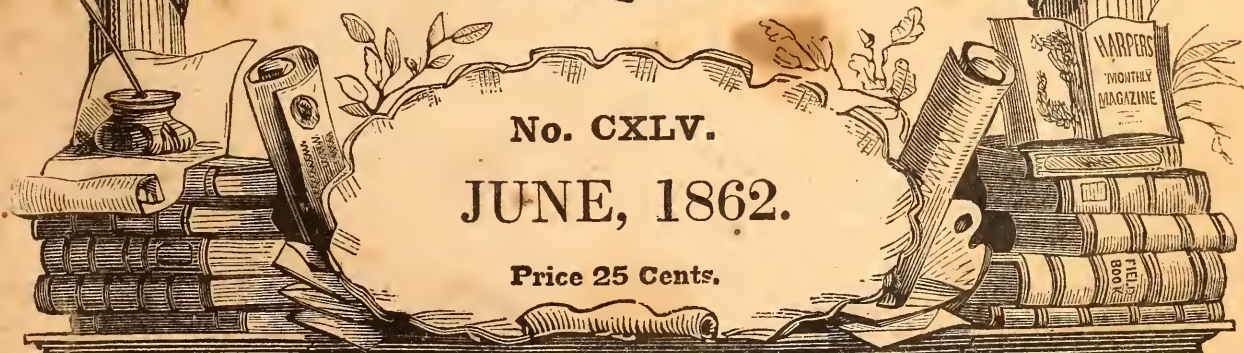




# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE



No. CXLV.  
JUNE, 1862.  
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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLV.—JUNE, 1862.—VOL. XXV.

BROADWAY.



"ALIVE WITH THE TREAD OF FEET."

THE sunlight falls from the fair blue sky  
On buildings stately and grand and high,  
Whose distant roofs seem to touch the clouds  
That gaze below on the passing crowds.  
Hung with laces and lawns so fine,  
With silks and satins that shimmer and shine,  
Shawls of Cashmere, and robes of wool  
Wondrously woven, crowded full

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXV.—No. 145.—A



Are the polished windows with all things rare,  
From the costly cloth made of camel's-hair  
To the plumes of the ostrich white as snow,  
And the silky down of the marabou:

Purple clusters from Spanish vines;  
Tropical fruits and luscious wines;  
Jewels that sparkle, of every kind:—  
Luminous pearls that the divers find  
Down in the depths of the sea so blue,  
Seintillant diamonds like drops of dew,  
Wine-dark rubies and emeralds fine,  
Milky opals that gleam and shine  
Like sullen fires through a pallid mist,  
With the carven onyx and amethyst.

'Tis four o'clock, and the crowded street  
Is all alive with the tread of feet;  
Hither they come and thither they go,  
Like a mighty river they ebb and flow,  
With a rushing sound as of falling rain,  
Or of wind that ripples the grassy plain.  
The old and the young, the sad and the gay  
Jostle each other on bright Broadway.  
Hard-featured men with sinister faces,  
Women adorned with jewels and laces,  
There are men with beards and men who have none,  
Every condition under the sun:—  
The man of fashion and indolent ease,  
The sun-browned sailor from over the seas,  
The cold, proud lady of stately mien,  
The child who is sweeping the cross-way clean,  
The whiskered fop with the vacuous stare,  
The gambler standing outside his lair,  
Innocent girlhood in contact with Shame  
That purity shudders to think of or name:—  
Hither they come and thither they go,  
Like a mighty river they ebb and flow,  
With a rushing sound as of falling rain,  
Or of wind that ripples the grassy plain.

Hark! down the street there is something coming,  
A mingling of fifes and noisy drumming;  
With gleam of sabre and bayonet bright  
That, glancing, flash in the warm sun's light;  
Nearer they come with soldierly tread,  
And the calm blue heavens high overhead  
Ring with the shout of the clamorous throng,  
As each solid column is marched along.

In her elegant carriage, dressed with care,  
Sits the haughty Madame Millionaire.  
A queen she looks as she rides in state,  
And the strong-limbed horses seem elate  
With the thought of the lady, fine and gay,  
Who rides behind them on bright Broadway.  
With their iron-clad hoofs the stones they spurn;  
The folks on the sidewalk gaze, and turn  
To gaze again as she passes by—  
When lo! on the air breaks a piercing cry,





"DOWN THE STREET THERE IS SOMETHING COMING."



"SITS A WOMAN, POORLY CLAD AND THIN."

And some one lifts from the cold, hard stones  
 A shapeless bundle of broken bones,  
 And they bear it off in a jolting cart,  
 'Mid the noise and din of the busy mart.—  
 On the pavement yonder, cold and bare,  
 At the further corner, over there  
 By the marble building lofty and grand,  
 Around whose windows the people stand  
 And stare at the costly show within,  
 Sits a woman, poorly clad and thin,  
 With hand outstretched and a pleading face  
 So wan and wasted that you may trace  
 Each separate bone through the shriveled skin,  
 And count them all from the brow to the chin.

Two hours have passed—from factories grim,  
 With windows smoky, dusty, and dim,  
 Through whose crusted panes the sunshine falls  
 On the grimy floors and the blackened walls,  
 Comes a sudden current of human life—  
 Mother and daughter, sister and wife—  
 Glad to escape from the heated rooms,  
 The whirring spindles and noisy looms,  
 From the squalid, narrow, and gloomy streets  
 Which the light of heaven but seldom greets,





"COMES A SUDDEN CURRENT OF HUMAN LIFE."



"THE LIGHTS ARE LIT IN DWELLING AND STORE."

From the fetid air they have breathed all day,  
To the life and vigor of bright Broadway;  
And on they pass with the hurrying crowd,  
While swells the murmur prolonged and loud.

The lights are lit in dwelling and store;  
In countless numbers, score upon score  
Of those that crowded the brilliant mart  
Are gone to their homes in the city's heart;  
Yet the throng in the street seems hardly less  
In the crush and tumult, hurry and press.

One! two! three! four!  
Over the roofs of the city pour  
The hollow notes of the deep-mouthed bells,  
Louder and louder the chorus swells;  
The engines rattle adown the street;  
The pavement rings to the tread of feet;  
The air is wild with the hoarse, loud cry  
Of the panting firemen hurrying by.

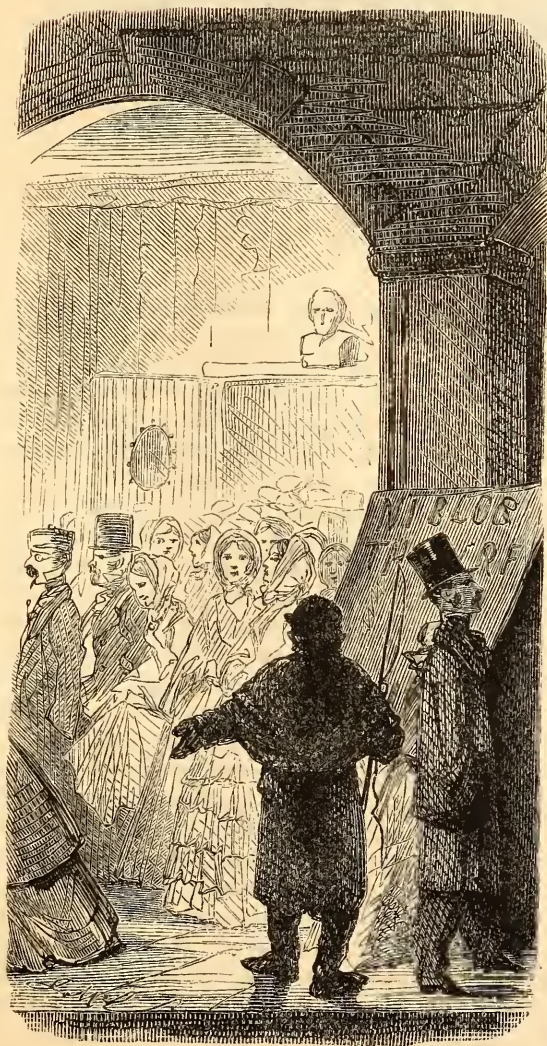
Ten has sounded—that stroke is the last;  
Painted shadows go flitting past,  
The stages pause on their upward way,  
To wait for those who are in at the play.



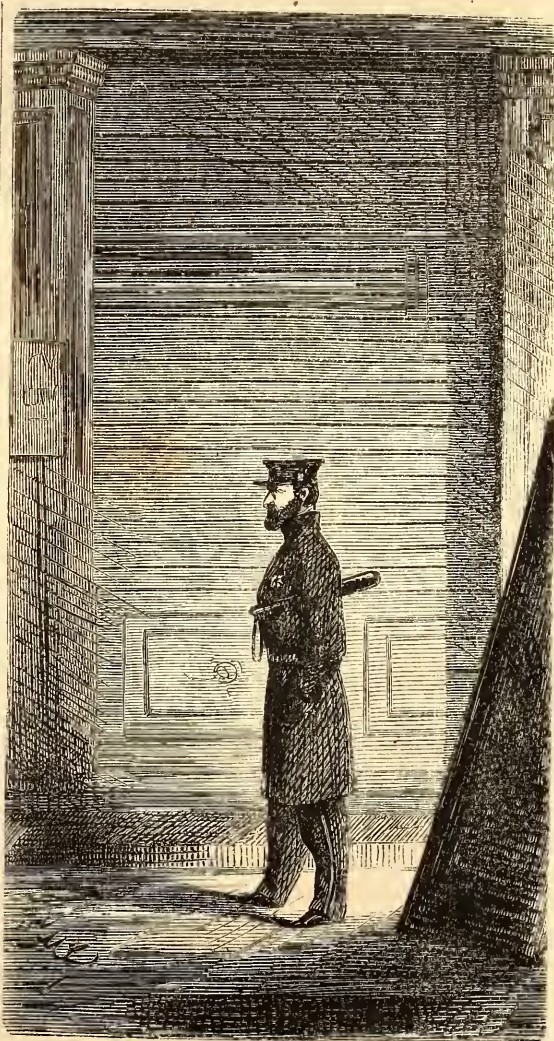
They are coming now, like a gath'ring tide,  
 From the glare and heat to the world outside.  
 And the women seem, in their evening dresses,  
 Made expressly for love's caresses.  
 Like a lovely vision they pass, and soon  
 Their voices sound in the gay saloon.

'Tis the dead of night, and silent and dark  
 Are the shadowy trees in the gloomy park.  
 And silent, too, is the beautiful street,  
 Save the watchman pacing his lonely beat.  
 The bundle of bones on the hospital bed  
 Moans, and tosses its restless head;  
 While the haughty Madame Millionaire  
 In her chamber, where the indolent air  
 Is heavy with perfume from fragrant urns,  
 And the waxen taper drowsily burns,  
 With the sumptuous curtains closely drawn,  
 Sleeps on her pillow of snowy lawn.

The hours go by, and the pale, wan light  
 Comes like a ghost to startle the night;  
 Far up on the buildings so grand and high,  
 That rear their forms to the morning sky,  
 On shaft and column and cornice bold  
 God writes his love in letters of gold.



"FROM THE GLARE AND HEAT TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE."



"THE WATCHMAN PACING HIS LONELY BEAT."





A LONELY RIDE.

## A DANGEROUS JOURNEY.

IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

AS I struck into the trail and out into the broad valley of the Salinas a sense of freedom relieved me in some degree of the gloom inspired by the last words of this strangely unfortunate man. The stars were shining brightly overhead, but the moon had gone down some time previously. It was just light enough to see the way. A small white object lying in the trail caused the mule to start. In the excitement of my escape I had forgotten about the papers. Here they were, all safe. I had no doubt they had been thus disposed of by the ruffian Jack, during the previous evening when he took occasion to absent himself from the camp. I quickly dismounted and placed the package securely in the leg of one of my boots, then pushed on with all speed to reach a turning-point of the mountains some distance ahead, in order to be out of sight by the dawn of day, which could not be far off. In about an hour I had gained this point, and at the same time the first faint streaks of the coming day began to appear in the eastern sky. The air was peculiarly balmy—cool

enough to be pleasant, and deliciously odorous with the herbage of the mountains. Already the deer began to leave their coverts among the shrubbery on the hill-sides, and numerous bands of them stood gazing at me as I passed, their antlers erect, their beautiful forms motionless, as if hewn from the solid rock, but manifesting more curiosity than fear. Thousands of rabbits frisked about in the open glades, and innumerable flocks of quail flitted from bush to bush. The field-larks and doves made the air musical with their joyous hymns of praise to the rising sun; the busy hum of bees rose among the wild flowers by the way-side; all nature seemed to awake from its repose smiling with a celestial joy. In no other country upon earth have I seen such mornings as in the interior of California—so clear, bright, and sparkling—so rich and glowing in atmospheric tints—so teeming with unbounded opulence in all that gives vigor, health, and beauty to animated nature, and inspiration to the higher faculties of man. There is a redundancy of richness in the earth, air, and light unknown even in that land of fascination which is said to possess “the fatal gift of beauty.”



Contrasted with the dark spirit of crime that hung over my late encampment, such a morning was inexpressibly lovely. Every breath of air—every sound that broke upon the listening ear—every thought of the vast wild plains and towering mountains that swept around me in the immeasurable distance—inspired vague and unutterable sensations of pleasure and pain—pleasure that I was free and capable of enjoying such exquisite physical and mental luxuries; pain that here, on God's own footstool,

"All but the spirit of man was divine."

As the sun rose, and spread over mountain and valley a drapery of glowing light, giving promise of continued life to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, I could not but think with sadness how man—made after God's own image, the most perfect of his works, gifted with reason and intelligence—should so strangely turn aside from the teachings of his Maker, and cast away the pure enjoyments so bountifully spread before him. Was it possible that a single created being, however steeped in crime, could be insensible to the soothing and humanizing influences of such a scene?

The unhappy fate of the poor fellow to whom I was so deeply indebted haunted me. He, at least, must have felt the better promptings of his inner nature amidst these beautiful works of a beneficent Creator. Surely such a man could never be utterly lost. There were noble traits in his character that must, some time or other, assert their supremacy. Honorable even in his degradation, he scorned to turn traitor to men whom he despised. His was not a nature formed for cruel and crafty deeds. Frank, manly, and ingenuous in his whole bearing, there was evidence of innate nobility in his misguided sense of honor, and a manifest scorn of deception in his wild outbursts of passion. What could have driven him to this career of crime? What Satanic power was that by which he was enthralled? I could not believe that he was voluntarily bad. That single outburst of emotion as he spoke of his mother would have redeemed him had he been the worst of criminals. A career of dissipation must have brought him to this. He was evidently compromised, but to what extent? Some painful mystery hung over his connection with these bad men—I could not fathom it. The more I reflected upon all I had seen and heard, the more profound became my sympathy; nor is it an affectation of generosity to say that I would have sacrificed much to have saved him. Yet this man's case was not an uncommon one in California. There were many there, even at that early period, and there are still many, who, with the noblest attributes that adorn human nature, have become castaways.

As the day advanced a marked change became perceptible in the character of the country. Passing out from the valley of the Salinas to the right, the trail entered a series of smaller valleys, winding from one to another through a succession of narrow cañons between low, gravelly hills, destitute of shrubbery, and of a peculiarly

whitish and barren aspect. The scene was no longer enlivened by bands of deer and smaller game, such as I had seen in the morning; the birds had also disappeared; not a living thing was in sight save a few buzzards hovering in the air over the bleached and sterile hills, and occasionally a coyote or wild-cat skulking stealthily across the trail. Toward noon the earth became like a fiery furnace. The air was scorching. In the narrow passages, where the hills converged into a focus, cutting off every current of air, the refraction of the sun's rays was absolutely terrific. It seemed as if my very clothing must crisp into tinder and drop from my body. The skin peeled from my face and hands; a thick woolen hat was insufficient to keep the fierce and seething heat from my head, and I sometimes feared I would be smitten to the earth. Not knowing the water-holes, or rather having no time to look for them, I was parched with an intolerable thirst. On every eminence I turned to look back, but nothing was in sight save the dreary waste of barren hills that lay behind.

Toward evening, having stopped only a few minutes at a pool of water, my mule began to lag again. I had no spurs, and it was utterly in vain that I urged him on by kicks and blows. His greatest speed was a slow trot, and to keep that up for a few hundred yards at a time required my utmost efforts. By sundown I estimated that the distance to San Miguel must be twelve or fifteen miles. It was a very unpleasant position to be in—pursued, as I had every reason to suppose, by men who would not hesitate to take my life, yet unable to accelerate the speed of my animal. All I could do was to continue beating him.

The country became still more lonesome and desolate as I advanced. The chances of being overtaken momentarily increased. My anxiety to reach San Miguel caused me to forget all the sufferings of fatigue and thirst, and strain every nerve to get my mule over the ground. But the greater the effort the slower he traveled. It was true, I had a pistol and could make some defense. Yet the chances were greatly against me. Unskilled in this sort of warfare, an indifferent rider, unacquainted with the trails by which I might be cut off and surprised, it seemed indeed a very hopeless case, should such an emergency arise. Besides, it would be very little satisfaction to shoot one, or even two men, against whom I felt no enmity, and whose lives were worth nothing to me; and still less to get killed myself. The truth is, I had a particular relish for life; others were interested in it as well as myself, and I did not feel disposed to risk it unnecessarily.

The sun went down at last, and the soft shadows of night began to soften the asperities of the scene. I rode on, never once relaxing my efforts to get a little more speed out of my mule. The moon rose, and innumerable stars twinkled in the sky. The air became delightfully balmy. Long shadows of rocks and trees swept across the trail. Mystic forms seemed to flit through



the dim distance, or stand like ghostly sentinels along the way-side. Often I fancied I could see men on horseback stationed under the overhanging rocks, and detect the glitter of their arms in the moonlight. Stumps of trees riven by the storms of winter loomed up among the rocks like grim spectres; the very bushes assumed fantastic forms, and waved their long arms in gestures of warning. The howling of innumerable coyotes and the hooting of the night-owls had a singularly weird effect in the stillness of the night.

It must have been nearly ten o'clock when my mule suddenly stopped, turned around, and set up that peculiar nickering bray by which these animals hail the approach of strangers. As soon as he ceased his unwelcome noise I listened, and distinctly heard the clatter of hoofs in the road, about half a mile in the rear. That my pursuers were rapidly approaching there was now very little doubt. It was useless to attempt to reach San Miguel, which must be still four or five miles distant. I had no time, and resolved at once to make for a little grove some three or four hundred yards to the right. As I approached the nearest trees I was rejoiced to see something like a fence. A little farther on was a gray object with a distinct outline. It must be a house. There was no light; but I soon discovered that I was within fifty yards of a small adobe building. My mule now pricked up his ears, snuffed the air wildly, and absolutely refused to move a step nearer. I dismounted and tried to drag him toward the door. His terror seemed unconquerable. With starting eyes and a wild blowing sound from his nostrils, he broke away and dashed out into the plain. I speedily lost sight of him.

This time I had taken the precaution to secure my papers and pistol on my person. The mule had taken the direction of San Miguel, but even should I be unable to recover him the loss would not be so great as before. However, it was no time to calculate losses. The clatter of hoofs grew nearer and nearer, and soon the advancing forms of two mounted men became distinctly visible in the moonlight. There was no alternative but to seek security in the old adobe. I ran for the door and pushed it open. The house was evidently untenanted. No answer was made to my summons save a mocking echo from the bare walls. My pursuers must have caught sight of me as they approached. I could hear their imprecations as they tried to force their animals up to the door. One of the party—the Colonel, whose voice I had no difficulty in recognizing, said:

"Blast the fellow! what did he come here for?"

The other answered with an oath and a brutal laugh,

"We've got him holed, any how! It won't take long to root him out."

They then dismounted and proceeded to tie their horses to the nearest tree. I could hear them talk as they receded, but could not make out what they said.

While this was going on I had closed the door and was looking for some bolt or fastening when I heard the low fierce growl of some animal. There was no time to conjecture what it was—the next moment a furry skin brushed past, and the animal sprang through an opening in the wall.

A wooden bar was all I could find; but the iron fastening had been broken, and the only way of securing the door was to brace the bar against it in a diagonal position. The floor was of rough hard clay, and served in some sort to prevent the brace from slipping. A few moments of painful anxiety passed. I had drawn my revolver, and stood close against the inner wall, prepared to fire upon the first man that entered. Presently the two men returned, approaching stealthily along the wall, so as to avoid coming in range of the door. The sharp, hard voice of the Colonel first broke the silence.

"Come," said he, "open the door! You can't help yourself now! It is all up with you, my fine fellow!"

I knew the villains wanted to find my position, and made no answer.

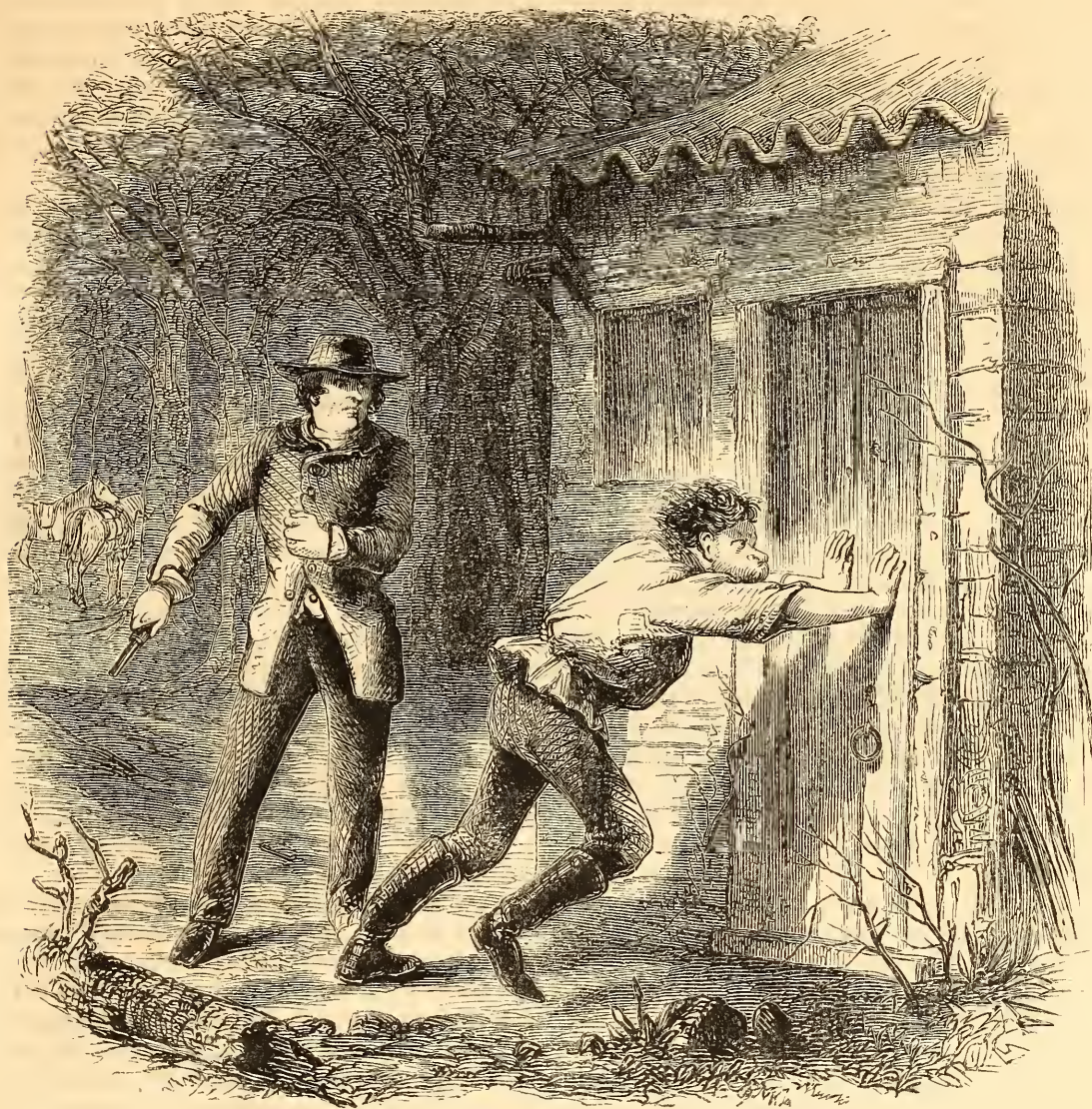
"You may as well come out at once," said the Colonel; "you have no chance! There is nobody here to stand by you as there was last night. Your friend is keeping camp with a bullet through his head and a gash in his throat!"

Pressed as I was this news shocked me beyond measure. The unfortunate man who had befriended me had paid the penalty of his life for his kindness!

"Out with you!" roared the Colonel, fiercely—"or we'll burst the door down! Come, be quick!"

Another pause. I heard a low whispering, and stood with breathless anxiety with my finger upon the trigger of my pistol. In that brief period it was wonderful how many thoughts flashed through my mind. I knew nothing of the construction of the house, had no time even to look around and see if there was any back entrance. A faint light through one small window-hole in front, within three feet of the door, was all I could discern. Every nerve was strained to its utmost tension. My sense of hearing was painfully acute. The low whispering of the two ruffians, the faint jingling of their spurs, the very creaking of their boots, as they stealthily moved, was fearfully audible. With an almost absolute certainty of death, without the remotest hope of relief, it was strange how my thoughts wandered back upon the past; how the peaceful fireside of home was pictured to my mind; how vividly I saw the beloved faces of kindred and friends; how all that were dear to me seemed to sympathize in my unhappy fate. Yet it was impossible to realize that my time had come. The whole thing—the camp, the dark, murderous faces, the chase, the blockade—resembled rather some horrible fantasy than the dread truth. Strange, too, that I should have noticed something even grotesque in my situation; run into a hole, as the ruffian Jack





THE ATTACK.

had said, like a coyote or a badger. Five minutes—it seemed a long time—must have passed in this way, when I became conscious of a gradual darkening in the room. A low, heavy breathing attracted my attention. I looked in the direction of the window and thought I could detect something moving; but the darkness was so impenetrable that it might be the result of imagination. Should I fire and miss my mark, the flash would reveal my position and be certain destruction. The dark mass again moved. I could distinctly hear the respiration. It must be one of the men trying to get in through the small window-hole. I raised my pistol, took dead aim as near as possible upon the centre of the object, and fired. The fall of a heavy body outside, a groan, an imprecation, was all I could hear, when a tremendous effort was made to force the door, and two shots were fired through it in quick succession. The wood was massive but much decayed; and I saw that it was rapidly giving way before the furious assaults that were made upon it from the outside, evidently with a heavy piece of timber. Another lunge or two of this powerful battering-ram must have

borne it from its hinges or shattered it to fragments.

“Hold on, Jack!” said the wounded man in a low voice; “come here, quick! The infernal fool has shot me through the shoulder! I’m bleeding badly.”

The ruffian dropped his bar, as I judged by the sound, and turned to drag his leader out of range of the door. Now was the time for a bold move. Hitherto I had acted on the defensive; but every thing depended on following up the advantage. Removing the brace from the door, I made an opening sufficient to get a glimpse of the two men. The stout fellow, Jack, was stooping down dragging the other toward the corner of the house. I fired again. The ball was too low; it missed his body but must have shattered his wrist; for with a horrible oath he dropped his burden, and staggered back a few paces writhing with pain, his hand covered with blood. Before I could get another shot he darted behind the house. At the same time the Colonel rose on his knee, turned quickly, and fired. The ball whizzed by my head and struck the door. While I was trying



to get a shot at him in return, he jumped to his feet and staggered out of range. I thought it best now to rest satisfied with my success so far, and again retired to my position behind the door.

For the next ten or fifteen minutes I could hear, from time to time, the smothered imprecations of the wounded ruffians, but after this there was a dead silence. I heard nothing more. They had either gone or were lying in wait near by, supposing I would come out. This uncertainty caused me considerable anxiety, for I dared not abandon my gloomy retreat. Two or three hours must have passed in this way, during which I was constantly on the guard; but not the slightest indication of the presence of the enemy was perceptible.

Two nights had nearly passed, during which I had not closed my eyes in sleep. The perpetual strain of mind and the fatigue of travel were beginning to tell. I felt faint and drowsy. During the whole terrible ordeal of this night I had not dared to sit down. But now my legs refused to support me any longer. I groped my way toward a corner of the room to lie down. Some soft mass on the ground caused me to stumble. I threw out my hands and fell. What was it that sent such a thrill of horror through every fibre? A dead body lay in my embrace—cold, mutilated, and clotted with blood!

It has been my fortune, during a long career of travel in foreign lands, to see death in many forms. I do not profess to be exempt from the weakness common to most men—a natural dread of that undiscovered region toward which we are all traveling. But I never had any peculiar repugnance to the presence of dead men. What are they, after all, but inanimate clay? The living are to be feared—not the dead, who sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Not this—not the sudden contact with a corpse; not simply the cold and blood-clotted face over which I passed my hand was it that caused me to recoil with such a thrill of horror. It was the solution of a dread mystery. There, in a pool of clotted gore, lay the corpse of a murdered man. No need was there to conjecture who were his murderers.

I rose up, thoroughly aroused from my drowsiness. It was probable others had shared the fate of this man. If so, their bodies must be near at hand. I was afraid to open the door to let in the light, for, bad as it was to be shut up in a dark room with the victim or victims of a cruel murder, it was worse to incur the risk of a similar fate by exposing myself. After somewhat recovering my composure I groped about, and soon discovered that three other bodies were lying in the room: one on a bed—a woman with her throat cut from ear to ear—and two smaller bodies on the floor near by—children perhaps eight or ten years old, but so mutilated that it was difficult to tell what they were. Their limbs were almost denuded of flesh, and their faces and bodies were torn into shapeless masses.

This must have been the finishing work of the animal—a coyote no doubt—that had startled me with a growl, and broken through the window after I had first closed the door. I could also now account for the strange manner in which the mule had snuffed the air, and his unconquerable terror in approaching the house.

Only a few articles of furniture were in the room—a bed, two or three broken stools, a frying-pan, coffee-pot, and a few other cooking utensils, thrown in a heap near the fire-place. There was no other room; nor was there any back entrance, as I had at first apprehended.

It was a gloomy place enough to spend a night in; but there was no help for it. I certainly had less fear of the dead than of the living. It could not be over two or three hours till morning; and it was not likely the two men, who were seeking my life, would lurk about the premises much longer, if they had not long since taken their departure, which seemed the most probable.

I knelt down and commended my soul to God; then stretched myself across the brace against the door, and, despite the presence of death, fell fast asleep. It was broad daylight when I awoke. The sun's earliest rays were pouring into the room through the little window and the cracks of the door. A ghastly spectacle was revealed—a ghastly array of room-mates lying stiff and stark before me.

From the general appearance of the dead bodies I judged them to be an emigrant family from some of the Western States. They had probably taken up a temporary residence in the old adobe hut after crossing the plains by the Southern route, and must have had money or property of some kind to have inspired the cupidity of their murderers. The man was apparently fifty years of age; his skull was split completely open, and his brains scattered out upon the earthen floor. The woman was doubtless his wife. Her clothes were torn partly from her body, and her head was cut nearly off from her shoulders; besides which her skull was fractured with some dull instrument, and several ghastly wounds disfigured her person. The bed-clothes were saturated with blood, now clotted by the parching heat. The two children had evidently been cut down by the blows of an axe. Their heads were literally shattered to fragments. What the murderers had failed to accomplish in mutilating the bodies had been completed by some ravenous beast of prey—the same, no doubt, already mentioned.

I saw no occasion to prolong my stay. It was hardly probable the Colonel and Jack, wounded as they were, would renew their attack. They must have made their way back to camp, or at least retired to some part of the country where they would incur less risk of capture.

It was a bright and beautiful morning as I left the house and turned toward San Miguel. The contrast between the peaceful scene before me and the horrible sight I had just witnessed was exceedingly impressive. The mellow light of





SAN MIGUEL.

the early sun on the mountains; the winding streams fringed with shrubbery; the rich, golden hue of the valley; the cattle grazing quietly in the low meadows bordering on the Salinas River; the singing of the birds in the oak groves, were indescribably refreshing to a fevered mind, and filled my heart with thankfulness that I was spared to enjoy them once more. Yet I could not but think of what I had witnessed in the adobe hut—a whole family cut down by the ruthless hands of murderers who might still be lurking behind the bushes on the wayside. Their dreadful crime haunted the scene, and its exquisite repose seemed almost a cruel mockery. De Quincey somewhere remarks that he never experienced such profound sensations of sadness as on a bright summer day, when the very luxuriance and maturity of outer life, and the fullness of sunshine that filled the visible world, made the desolation and the darkness within the more oppressive. I could now well understand the feeling; and though grief had but little part in it, beyond a natural regret for the unhappy fate of the murdered family, still it was sad to feel the contrast between the purity and beauty of God's creation and the willful wickedness of man.

I had not lost the strong instinct of self-preservation, which, so far at least, through the kind aid of Providence, had enabled me to preserve my life; and in my lonely walk toward San Miguel I was careful to keep in the open valley, and avoid, as much as possible, coming within range of the rocks and bushes. In about an hour I saw the red tile roofs and motley collec-

tion of ruinous old buildings that comprised the former missionary station of San Miguel. A gang of lean, wolfish dogs ran out to meet me as I approached, and it was not without difficulty that I could keep them off without resorting to my revolver, which was an alternative that might produce a bad impression where I most hoped to meet with a friendly reception. As I approached the main buildings I was struck with the singularly wild and desolate aspect of the place. Not a living being was in sight. The carcass of a dead ox lay in front of the door, upon which a voracious brood of buzzards were feeding; and a coyote sat howling on an eminence a little beyond. I walked into a dark, dirty room, and called out, in what little Spanish I knew, for the man of the house. "*Quien es?*" demanded a gruff voice. I looked in a corner, and saw a filthy-looking object, wrapped in a poncho, sitting lazily on a bed. By his uncouth manner and forbidding appearance I judged him to be the vaquero in charge of the place, in which I was not mistaken. With considerable difficulty I made him comprehend that I had lost my mule, and supposed it had strayed to San Miguel.

"*Quien sabe?*" said the fellow, indifferently. Could he not find it? I would be willing to reward him. I would give him the blankets. I was an *Oficial*, and was on my way to San Luis Obispo. To each of these propositions the man returned a stupid and yawning answer, "*Quien sabe—who knows?*"

Finding nothing to be gained on that point I asked him for something to eat, for I was well-



nigh famished with hunger. He pointed lazily to a string of jerked beef strung across the rafters. It required but little time to select a few dry pieces, and while I was eating them the fellow asked me if I had any tobacco. I handed him a plug, which speedily produced a good effect, for he got up and passed me a plate of cold tortillas. When I had somewhat satisfied the cravings of hunger, I asked him, in my broken Spanish, if he had heard of the murder—five persons killed in an old adobe house near by. "*Quien sabe?*" said he, in the same indifferent tone. "*Muchos malos hombres aquí.*" This was all he knew, or professed to know, of the murder.

"Amigo," said I, "if you'll get my mule and bring him here, I'll give you this watch."

He took the watch and examined it carefully, handed it back, and remarked as before, "*Quien sabe?*" The glitter of the gold, however, seemed to quicken his perceptive faculties to this extent that he got up from the bed, put on his spurs, took a riata from a peg on the wall, and walked out, leaving me to entertain myself as I thought proper during his absence.

Having finished a substantial repast of jerked beef and tortillas, I went out and rambled about among the ruins for nearly an hour. A few lazy

and thriftless Indians, lying in the sun here and there, were all the inhabitants of the place I could see. This ranch must have been a very desirable residence in former times. The climate is charming, except that it was a little warm in summer, and the cattle ranges are richly clothed with grass and very extensive.

In about an hour my friend the vaquero came back, mounted on a Broncho or wild horse, leading after him my mule, with the pack unchanged. From what I could understand he had found the mule entangled by the bridle in the bushes, some three miles on the trail toward San Luis. According to promise, I handed him my watch. He took it and examined it again, then handed it back without saying a word.

"Amigo," said I, "the watch is yours. I promised it to you if you found my mule."

To this he merely shrugged his shoulders.

"Won't you take it? I have no money."

"No, Señor," said he, at length, with a somewhat haughty air, "I am a Spanish gentleman."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Will you do me the favor, then, to accept a plug of tobacco?"

I opened my pack and handed him a large plug of the finest pressed Cavendish.

"*Mil gracias!*" said the Spanish gentleman, smiling affably, and making a condescending inclination of the head. "That suits me better. A watch is bad property here. I don't want to be killed yet a while."

Here was a hint of his reason for declining the proffered reward. But he did it very grandly; and I was quite willing to accord to him the title of Señor Caballero to which he aspired, though he certainly looked as unlike the Caballeros described by the learned Fray Antonio Agapida, who went out to make war upon the Moors of Granada, as one distinguished individual can look unlike another.

There was ample reason why I should regard my mule with dissatisfaction. All my misfortunes, so far, had arisen from his defective physical and mental organization (if I may use the term in reference to such an animal); but



SPANISH CABALLERO.





VALLEY OF SANTA MARGUERITA

the fact is, it has been my fate, as far back as I can recollect, to have the worst stock in the country foisted upon me. Never yet, up to this hour, have I succeeded in purchasing a sound, safe, and reliable animal—except, indeed, an old horse that I once owned in Oakland, generally known in the neighborhood as Selim the Steady—a name derived from his unconquerable propensity for remaining in the stable, or getting back to it as soon as ever he left the premises.

The vaquero, or, as he aspired to be called, the Caballero, offered to barter his Broncho for my mule, and as an inducement set him to bucking all over the ground within a circle of fifty yards, merely to show the spirit of the animal, of which I was so well satisfied that I declined the barter.

Bidding my worthy friend a kindly "Adios," I mounted the mule and pursued my journey toward San Luis. The country, for many miles after leaving San Miguel, was very wild and picturesque. Blue mountains loomed up in the distance; and the trail passed through a series of beautifully undulating valleys, sometimes extensive and open, but often narrowed down to a mere gorge between the irregular spurs of the mountains. Game was very abundant, especially quail and rabbits. I saw also several fine herds of deer, and occasionally bands of large

red wolves. It was a very lonesome road all the way to the valley of Santa Marguerita, not a house or human being to be seen for twenty miles at a stretch. Toward evening, on the first day after leaving San Miguel, I descended the bed of a creek to water my mule. While looking for the water-hole, I heard some voices, and suddenly found myself close by a camp of Sonorians. It was too late to retreat, for I was already betrayed by the braying of my mule. Upon riding into the camp I was struck with the savage and picturesque group before me, consisting of some ten or a dozen Sonorians. It is doing them no more than justice to say that they were the most villainous, cut-throat, ill-favored looking gang of vagabonds I had ever laid eyes upon. Some were smoking cigarritos by the fire, others lying all about under the trees playing cards, on their ragged saddle-blankets, with little piles of silver before them; and those that were not thus occupied were capering around on wild horses, breaking them apparently, for the blood streamed from the nostrils and flanks of the unfortunate animals, and they were covered with a reeking sweat.

Probably it may be thought that I exceeded the truth when I asked this promising party if they had seen six "Americanos" pass that way with a pack-train from San Luis, friends of mine



that I was on the look-out for. They had seen no such pack-train; it had not passed since they camped there, which was several days ago.

"Then," said I, "it must be close at hand, and I must hurry on to meet it. The mules are laden with *mucha plata*."

Having watered my mule, I rode on about five miles further, where I reached a small ranch-house occupied by a native Californian family. They gave me a good supper of frijoles and jerked beef, and I slept comfortably on the porch.

Next day I struck into the Valley of Santa Marguerita. I shall never forget my first impression of this valley. Encircled by ranges of blue mountains were broad, rich pastures covered with innumerable herds of cattle; beautifully diversified with groves, streams, and shrubbery; castellated cliffs in the fore-ground as the trail wound downward; a group of cattle grazing by the margin of a little lake, their forms mirrored in the water; a mirage in the distance; mountain upon mountain beyond, as far as the eye could reach, till their dim outlines were lost in the golden glow of the atmosphere. Surely a more lovely spot never existed upon earth. I have wandered over many a bright and beautiful land, but never, even in the glorious East, in Italy, Spain, Switzerland, or South America, have I seen a country so richly favored by nature as California, and never a more lovely valley than Santa Marguerita upon the whole wide world. There is nothing comparable to the mingled wildness and repose of such a scene; the rich and glowing sky, the illimitable distances, the teeming luxuriance of vegetation, its utter isolation from the busy world, and the dreamy fascination that lurks in every feature.

I had passed nearly across the valley, and was about to enter upon an undulating and beautifully timbered range of country extending into it from the foot-hills, when a dust arose on a rise of ground a little to the left and about half a mile distant. My mule, ever on the alert for some new danger, pricked up his ears and manifested symptoms of uncontrollable fear. The object rapidly approached, and without further warning the mule whirled around and fled at the top of his speed. Neither bridle nor switch had the slightest effect. In vain I struggled to arrest his progress—believing this, like many other frights he had experienced on the road, was rather the result of innate cowardice than of any substantial cause of apprehension. One material difference was perceptible. He never before ran so fast. Through brush and mire, over rocks, into deep arroyas and out again, he dashed in his frantic career, never once stopping till by some mischance one of his fore-feet sank in a squirrel-hole, when he rolled headlong on the ground, throwing me with considerable violence several yards in advance. I jumped to my feet at once, hoping to catch him before he could get up, but he was on his feet and away before I had time to make the attempt. It now became a matter of personal interest to know what

he was running from. Upon looking back I was astonished to see not only one object, but four others in the rear, bearing rapidly down toward me. The first was a large animal of some kind—I could not determine what—the others mounted horsemen in full chase. Whatever the object of the chase was, it was not safe to be a spectator in the direct line of their route. I cast a hurried look around and discovered a break in the earth a few hundred yards distant, toward which I ran with all speed. It was a sort of mound rooted up by the squirrels or coyotes, and afforded some trifling shelter, where I crouched down close to the ground. Scarcely had I partially concealed myself when I heard a loud shouting from the men on horseback, and, peeping over the bank, saw within fifty or sixty paces a huge grizzly bear, but no longer retreating. He had faced round toward his pursuers, and now seemed determined to fight. The horsemen were evidently native Californians, and managed their animals with wonderful skill and grace. The nearest swept down like an avalanche toward the bear, while the others coursed off a short distance in a circling direction to prevent his escape. Suddenly swerving a little to one side, the leader whirled his lasso once or twice around his head and let fly at his game with unerring aim. The loop caught one of the fore-paws, and the bear was instantly jerked down upon his haunches, struggling and roaring with all his might. It was a striking instance of the power of the rider over the horse, that, wild with terror as the latter was, he dared not disobey the slightest pressure of the rein, but went through all the evolutions, blowing trumpet-blasts from his nostrils and with eyes starting from their sockets. Despite the strain kept upon the lasso, the bear soon regained his feet and commenced hauling in the spare line with his fore-paws so as to get within reach of the horse. He had advanced within ten feet before the nearest of the other horsemen could bring his lasso to bear upon him. The first throw was at his hind-legs—the main object being to stretch him out—but it missed. Another more fortunate cast took him round the neck. Both riders pulled in opposite directions, and the bear soon rolled on the ground again, biting furiously at the lassos, and uttering the most terrific roars. The strain upon his neck soon choked off his breath, and he was forced to let loose his grasp upon the other lasso. While struggling to free his neck, the two other horsemen dashed up, swinging their lassos, and shouting with all their might so as to attract his attention. The nearest, watching narrowly every motion of the frantic animal, soon let fly his lasso and made a lucky hitch around one of his hind-legs. The other following quickly with a large loop swung it entirely over the bear's body—and all four riders now set up a yell of triumph and began pulling in opposite directions. The writhing, pitching, and straining of the powerful monster were now absolutely fearful. A dust arose over him, and the earth flew up in every direction.





LASSOING A GRIZZLY.

Sometimes by a desperate effort he regained his feet, and actually dragged one or more of the horses toward him by main strength; but whenever he attempted this the others stretched their lassos, and either choked him or jerked him down upon his haunches. It was apparent that his wind was giving out, partly by reason of the long chase, and partly owing to the noose around his throat. A general pull threw him once more upon his back. Before he could regain his feet, the horsemen, by a series of dextrous manoeuvres, wound him completely up; so that he lay perfectly quiet upon the ground, breathing heavily, and utterly unable to extricate his paws from the labyrinth of lassos in which he was entangled. One of the riders now gave the reins of his horse to another and dismounted. Cautiously approaching, with a spare riata, he cast a noose over the bear's fore-paws, and wound the remaining part tightly round the neck, so that what strength might still have been left was speedily exhausted by suffocation. This done, another rider dismounted, and the two soon succeeded in binding their victim so firmly by the paws that it was impossible for him to break loose. They next bound his jaws together by means of another riata, winding it all the way up around his head, upon which they loosened the fastening around his neck so as to give him air. When all was secure, they freed the lassos and again mounted their horses. I thought it about time now to make known my presence and stood up. Some of the party had evidently seen me during the progress of the chase, for they manifested no surprise; and the leader, after exchanging a few

words with one of the men, and pointing in the direction taken by the mule, rode up and said very politely,

"*Buenas dias, Señor!*" He then informed me, as well as I could understand, that he had sent a man to catch my mule, and it would be back presently. While we were endeavoring to carry on some conversation in reference to the capture of the bear, during which I made out to gather that they were going to drag him to the ranch on a bullock's hide and have a grand bull-fight with him in the course of a few days, the vaquero returned with my mule.

I had a pleasant journey of thirty-five miles that day. Nothing further occurred worthy of record. When night overtook me I was within fifteen miles of San Luis. I camped under a tree, and, notwithstanding some apprehension of the Sonorians, made out to get a good sleep.

Next morning I was up and on my way by daylight. The country, as I advanced, increased in picturesque beauty, and the hope of soon reaching my destination gave me additional pleasure. A few hours more, and I was safely lodged with some American friends. Thus ended what I think the reader must admit was "a dangerous journey."

A few days after my arrival in St. Luis I went, in company with a young American by the name of Jackson, to a fandango given by the native Californians. The invitation, as usual in such cases, was general, and the company not very select. Every person within a circle of



twenty miles, and with money enough in his pockets to pay for the refreshments, was expected to be present. The entertainment was held in a large adobe building, formerly used for missionary purposes, the lower part of which was occupied as a store-house. A large loft overhead, with a step-ladder reaching to it from the outside, formed what the proprietor was pleased to call the dancing-saloon. In the yard, which was encircled by a mud wall, were several chapadens, or brush tents, in which whisky, gin, aguardiente, and other refreshments of a like nature, for "ladies and gentlemen," were for sale, at "two bits a drink." A low rabble of Mexican greasers, chiefly Sonorians, hung around the premises in every direction, among whom I recognized several belonging to the gang into whose encampment I had fallen on my way down from Santa Marguerita. Their dirty serapas, machillas, and spurs lay scattered about, just as they had dismounted from their mustangs. The animals were picketed around in the open spaces, and kept up a continual confusion by bucking and kicking at every straggler who came within their reach. Such of the rabble as were able to pay the entrance-fee of "*dos reales*" were sitting in groups in the yard, smoking cigarritos and playing at monté. A few of the better class of rancheros had brought señoritas with them, mounted in front on their saddles, and were wending their way up the step-ladder as we entered the premises.

I followed the crowd, in company with my friend Jackson, and was admitted into the saloon upon the payment of half a dollar. This fund was to defray the expense of lights and music.

On passing through the door-way I was forcibly impressed with the scene. Some fifty or sixty couples were dancing to the most horrible scraping of fiddles I had ever heard—marking the time by snapping their fingers, whistling, and clapping their hands. The fiddles were accompanied by a dreadful twanging of guitars; and an Indian in one corner of the saloon added to the din by beating with all his might upon a rude drum. There was an odor of steaming flesh, cigarritos, garlic, and Cologne in the hot, reeking atmosphere that was almost suffocating; and the floor swayed under the heavy tramp of the dancers, as if every turn of the waltz might be the last. The assemblage was of a very mixed character, as may well be supposed, consisting of native Californians, Sonorians, Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, and half-breed Indians.

Most of the Mexicans were rancheros and vaqueros from the neighboring ranches, dressed in the genuine style of Caballeros del Campaña, with black or green velvet jackets, richly embroidered; wide pantaloons, open at the sides, ornamented with rows of silver buttons; a red sash around the waist; and a great profusion of gold fillagree on their vests. These were the fast young fellows who had been successful in jockeying away their horses, or gam-

bling at monté. Others of a darker and lower grade, such as the Sonorians, wore their hats and machillas just as they had come in from camp; for it was one of the privileges of the fandango that every man could dress or undress as he pleased. A very desperate and ill-favored set these were—perfect specimens of Mexican outlaws.

The Americans were chiefly a party of Texans, who had recently crossed over through Chihuahua, and compared not unfavorably with the Sonorians in point of savage costume and appearance. Some wore broadcloth frock-coats, ragged and defaced from the wear and tear of travel; some red flannel shirts, without any coats—their pantaloons thrust in their boots in a loose, swaggering style; and all with revolvers and bowie-knives swinging from their belts. A more reckless, devil-may-care looking set it would be impossible to find in a year's journey. Take them altogether—with their uncouth costumes, bearded faces, lean and brawny forms, fierce savage eyes, and swaggering manners—they were a fit assemblage for a frolic or a fight. Every word they spoke was accompanied by an oath. The presence of the females imposed no restraint upon the subject or style of the conversation, which was disgusting to the last degree. I felt ashamed to think that habit should so brutalize a people of my own race and blood.

Many of the señoritas were pretty, and those who had no great pretensions to beauty in other respects were at least gifted with fine eyes and teeth, rich brunette complexions, and forms of wonderful pliancy and grace. All, or nearly all, were luminous with jewelry, and wore dresses of the most flashy colors, in which flowers, lace, and glittering tinsel combined to set off their dusky charms. I saw some among them who would not have compared unfavorably with the ladies of Cadiz—perhaps in more respects than one. They danced easily and naturally; and, considering the limited opportunity of culture they had enjoyed in this remote region, it was wonderful how free, simple, and graceful they were in their manners.

The belle of the occasion was a dark-eyed, fierce-looking woman, of about six-and-twenty, a half-breed from Santa Barbara. Her features were far from comely, being sharp and uneven; her skin was scarred with fire or small-pox; and her form, though not destitute of a certain grace of style, was too lithe, wiry, and acrobatic to convey any idea of voluptuous attraction. Every motion, every nerve seemed the incarnation of a suppressed vigor; every glance of her fierce, flashing eyes was instinct with untamable passion. She was a mustang in human shape—one that I thought would kick or bite upon very slight provocation. In the matter of dress she was almost Oriental. The richest and most striking colors decorated her, and made a rare accord with her wild and singular physique; a gorgeous silk dress of bright orange, flounced up to the waist; a white bodice, with blood-red ribbons upon each shoulder; a green sash around



the waist; an immense gold-cased breast-pin, with diamonds glittering in the centre, the greatest profusion of rings on her fingers, and her ears loaded down with sparkling ear-rings; while her heavy black hair was gathered up in a knot behind, and pinned with a gold dagger—all being in strict keeping with her wild, dashing character, and bearing some remote affinity to a dangerous but royal game-bird. I thought of the Mexican chichilaca as I gazed at her. There was an intensity in the quick flash of her eye which produced a burning sensation wherever it fell. She cast a spell around her not unlike the fascination of a snake. The women shunned and feared her; the men absolutely worshiped at her shrine. Their infatuation was almost incredible. She seemed to have some supernatural capacity for arousing the fiercest passions of love, jealousy, and hatred. Of course there was great rivalry to engage the hand of such a belle for the dance. Crowds of admirers were constantly urging their claims. It was impossible to look upon their excited faces and savage rivalry, knowing the desperate character of the men, without a foreboding of evil.

"Perhaps you will not be surprised," said Jackson, "to hear something strange and startling about that woman. She is a murderess! Not long since she stabbed to death a rival of hers, another half-breed, who had attempted to win the affections of her paramour. But, worse than that—she is strongly suspected of having killed her own child a few months ago, in a fit of jealousy caused by the supposed infidelity of its father—whose identity, however, can not be fixed with any certainty. She is a strange, bad woman—a devil incarnate; yet you see what a spell she casts around her! Some of these men are mad in love with her! They will fight before the evening is over. Yet she is neither pretty nor amiable. I can not account for it. Let me introduce you."

As soon as a pause in the dance occurred I was introduced. The revolting history I had



BELLE OF FANDANGO.

heard of this woman inspired me with a curiosity to know how such a fiend in human shape could exercise such a powerful sway over every man in the room.

Although she spoke but little English, there was a peculiar sweetness in every word she uttered. I thought I could detect something of the secret of her magical powers in her voice, which was the softest and most musical I had ever heard. There was a wild, sweet, almost unearthly cadence in it that vibrated upon the ear like the strains of an *Æolian*. Added to this, there was a power of alternate ferocity and tenderness in her deep, passionate eyes that struck to the inner core wherever she fixed her gaze. I could not determine for my life which she resembled most—the untamed mustang, the royal game-bird, or the rattlesnake. There were fitting hints of each in her, and yet the comparison is feeble and inadequate. Sometimes she reminded me of Rachel—then the living, now the dead, Queen of Tragedy. Had it not been for a horror of her repulsive crimes, it is hard to say how far her fascinating powers might have affected me. As it was, I could only wonder whether she was most genius or devil. Not



knowing how to dance, I could not offer my services in that way; and after a few commonplace remarks withdrew to a seat near the wall. The dance went on with great spirit. Absurd as it may seem, I could not keep my eyes off this woman. Whichever way she looked there was a commotion—a shrinking back among the women, or the symptoms of a jealous rage among the men. For her own sex she manifested an absolute scorn; for the other she had an inexhaustible fund of sweet glances, which each admirer might take to himself.

At a subsequent period of the evening I observed, for the first time, among the company a man of very conspicuous appearance, dressed in the picturesque style of a Texan Ranger. His face was turned from me when I first saw him; but there was something manly and imposing about his figure and address that attracted my attention. While I was looking toward him he turned to speak to some person near him. My astonishment may well be conceived when I recognized in his strongly-marked features and dejected expression the face of the man "Griff," to whom I was indebted for my escape from the assassins near Soledad! There could be no doubt that this was the outlaw who had rendered me such an inestimable service, differently dressed, indeed, and somewhat disfigured by a ghastly wound across the temple; but still the same; still bearing himself with an air of determination mingled with profound sadness. It was evident the Colonel had misinformed me as to his death. Perhaps, judging from the wound on his temple, which was still unhealed, he might have been left for dead, and subsequently have effected his escape. At all events, there was no doubt that he now stood before me.

I was about to spring forward and grasp him by the hand, when the dreadful scene I had witnessed in the little adobe hut near San Miguel flashed vividly upon my mind, and, for the moment, I felt like one who was paralyzed. That hand might be stained with the blood of the unfortunate emigrants! Who could tell? He had disavowed any participation in the act, but his complicity, either remote or direct, could scarcely be doubted from his own confession. How far his guilt might render him amenable to the laws I could not of course conjecture. It was enough for me, however, that he had saved my life, but I could not take his hand.

While reflecting upon the course that it might become my duty to pursue under the circumstances, I observed that he was not exempt from the fascinating sway of the dark señorita, whose face he regarded with an interest even more intense than that manifested by her other admirers. He was certainly a person calculated to make an impression upon such a woman; yet, strange to say, he was the only man in the crowd toward whom she evinced a spirit of hostility. Several times he went up to her and asked her to dance. Whether from caprice or some more potent cause I could not conjecture, but she invariably repulsed him—once with a degree of

asperity that indicated something more than a casual acquaintance. It was in vain he attempted to cajole her. She was evidently bitter and unrelenting in her animosity. At length, incensed at his pertinacity, she turned sharply upon him, and leaning her head close to his ear, whispered something, the effect of which was magical. He staggered back as if stunned, and gazing a moment at her with an expression of horror, turned away and walked out of the room. The woman's face was a shade paler, but she quickly resumed her usual smile, and otherwise manifested no emotion.

This little incident was probably unnoticed by any except myself. I sat in a recess near the window, and could see all that was going on without attracting attention. I had resolved, after overcoming my first friendly impulses, not to discover myself to the outlaw until the fandango was over, and then determine upon my future course regarding him by the result of a confidential interview. I fully believed that he would tell me the truth, and nothing but the truth, in reference to the murder of the emigrants.

The dance went on. It was a Spanish waltz: the click-clack-clack of the feet, in slow-measured time, was very monotonous, producing a peculiarly dreamy effect. I sometimes closed my eyes and fancied it was all a wild, strange dream. Visions of the beautiful country through which I had passed flitted before me—a country desecrated by the worst passions of human nature. Amidst the rarest charms of scenery and climate, what a combination of dark and deadly sins oppressed the mind! What a cess-pool of wickedness was here within these very walls!

Half an hour may have elapsed in this sort of dreaming, when Griff, who had been so strangely repulsed by the dark señorita, came back and pushed his way through the crowd. This time I noticed that his face was flushed, and a gleam of desperation was in his eye. The wound in his temple had a purple hue, and looked as if it might burst out bleeding afresh. His motions were unsteady—he had evidently been drinking. Edging over toward the woman, he stood watching her till there was a pause in the dance. Her partner was a handsome young Mexican, very gayly dressed, whom I had before noticed, and to whom she now made herself peculiarly fascinating. She smiled when he spoke; laughed very musically at every thing he said; leaned up toward him, and assumed a wonderfully sweet and confidential manner. The Mexican was perfectly infatuated. He made the most passionate avowals, scarcely conscious what he was saying. I watched the tall Texan. The veins in his forehead were swollen; he strode to and fro restlessly, fixing fierce and deadly glances upon the loving couple. A terrible change had taken place in the expression of his features, which ordinarily had something sweet and sad in it. It was now dark, brutish, and malignant. Suddenly, as if by an ungovernable impulse, he rushed up close to where they stood, and draw-



ing a large bowie-knife, said to the woman, in a quick, savage tone,

"Dance with me now, or, damn you, I'll cut your heart out!"

She turned toward him haughtily—"Señor!"

"Dance with me, OR DIE!"

"Señor," said the woman, quietly, and with an unflinching eye, "you are drunk! Don't come so near to me!"

The infuriated man made a motion as if to strike at her with his knife; but quick as lightning the young Mexican grasped his uprisen arm and the two clenched. I could not see what was done in the struggle. Those of the crowd who were nearest rushed in, and the affray soon became general. Pistols and knives were drawn in every direction; but so sudden was the fight that nobody seemed to know where to aim or strike. In the midst of the confusion a man jumped up on one of the benches and shouted,

"Back! Back with you! The man's stabbed! Let him out!"

The swaying mass parted, and the tall Texan staggered through, then fell upon the floor. His shirt was covered with blood, and he breathed heavily. A moment after the woman uttered a low, wild cry, and, dashing through the crowd—her long, black hair streaming behind her—she cast herself down by the prostrate man and sobbed,

"O cara mio! O Deos! is he dead! is he dead!"

"Who did this? Who stabbed this man?" demanded several voices fiercely.

"No matter!" answered the wounded man, faintly. "It was my own fault; I deserved it!" and, turning his face toward the weeping woman, he said, smiling, "Don't cry; don't go on so!"

There was an ineffable tenderness in his voice, and something indescribably sweet in the expression of his face.

"O Deos!" cried the woman, kissing him passionately. "O cara mio! Say you will not die! Tell me you will not die!" And tearing her dress with frantic strength she tried to stanch the blood, which was rapidly forming a crimson pool around him.

The crowd meantime pressed so close that the man suffered for want of air, and begged to be removed. Several persons seized hold of him, and, lifting him from the floor, carried him out. The dark señorita followed close up, still pressing the fragments of her blood-stained dress to his wound.

Order was restored, and the music and dancing went on as if nothing had happened.

I had no desire to see any more of the evening amusements.

Next day I learned that the unfortunate man was dead. He was a stranger at San Luis, and refused to reveal his name, or make any disclosures concerning the affray. His last words were addressed to the woman, who clung to him with a devotion bordering on insanity. When

she saw that he was doomed to die, the tears ceased to flow from her eyes, and she sat by his bedside with a wild, affrighted look, clutching his hands in hers, and ever and anon bathing her lips in the life-blood that oozed from his mouth.

"*I loved you—still love you better than my life!*"

These were his last words. A gurgle, a quivering motion of the stalwart frame, and he was dead!

At an examination before the Alcalde, it was proved that the stabbing must have occurred before the affray became general. It was also shown that the young Mexican was unarmed, and had no acquaintance with the murdered man.

Who could have done it?

Was it the devil-woman? Was this a case of jealousy, and was the tall Texan the father of the murdered child?

Upon these points I could get no information. The whole affair, with all its antecedent circumstances, was wrapped in an impenetrable mystery. When the body was carried to the grave, by a few strangers including myself, the chief mourner was the half-breed woman—now a ghastly wreck. The last I saw of her, as we turned sadly away, she was sitting upon the sod at the head of the grave, motionless as a statue.

Next morning a vaquero, passing in that direction, noticed a shapeless mass lying upon the newly-spaded earth. It proved to be the body of the unfortunate woman, horribly mutilated by the wolves. The clothes were torn from it, and the limbs presented a ghastly spectacle of fleshless bones. Whether she died by her own hand, or was killed by the wolves during the night, none could tell. She was buried by the side of her lover.

Soon after these events, having completed my business in San Luis, I took passage in a small schooner for San Francisco, where I had the satisfaction in a few days of turning over ten thousand dollars to the Collector of Customs.

I never afterward could obtain any information respecting the two men mentioned in the early part of my narrative—the Colonel and Jack. No steps were taken by the authorities to arrest them. It is the usual fate of such men in California sooner or later to fall into the hands of an avenging mob. Doubtless they met with a merited retribution.

Eleven years have passed since these events took place. Many changes have occurred in California. The gangs of desperadoes that infested the State have been broken up; some of the members have met their fate at the hands of justice—more have fallen victims to their own excesses. I have meanwhile traveled in many lands, and have had my full share of adventures. But still every incident in the "Dangerous Journey" which I have attempted to describe is as fresh in my mind as though it happened but yesterday.





VIEW FROM THE BLUFFS AT CATAWISSA.

### THE CATAWISSA RAILROAD.

PENNSYLVANIA has long been celebrated for the magnificence of the scenery afforded by the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge, and by the valleys of the Susquehanna, Alleghany, Monongahela, Delaware, and Schuylkill rivers. Since the completion of the various lines of railway throughout the State, the facilities for visiting these mountains, valleys, and rivers have become entirely within the reach of all, especially the residents of the populous cities of our sea-board.

The Catawissa Railroad, with the roads directly connected with it, for one hundred and nineteen miles passes through the valleys and over the mountains of the Blue Ridge; commencing at Port Clinton, on the line of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and terminating at Williamsport, the county seat of Lycoming County. The lower portion of the road is that of the Little Schuylkill Railroad Coal

and Navigation Company, which is principally engaged in the transportation of coal from the Tamaqua District, being an important feeder to the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. The northern portion has largely aided in the development of the immense lumber traffic of the west branch of the Susquehanna River; Williamsport being surrounded by extensive steam saw-mills, cutting many millions of feet annually of most excellent timber, flooring, scantling, laths, and pickets from the rafts of logs floated down from the forests in the northwest section of the State.

The central portion of the Catawissa Road is that which affords the most characteristic scenery. The view of the Schuylkill River at Port Clinton will give the traveler, as he alights from the cars of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, a foretaste of the rich treat in store for him. The river, gracefully winding southwardly from the town, is lost to sight behind the mountain through which the railroad tunnel has been





VIEW AT PORT CLINTON.

cut. Its waters, of a bright-green color, completely landlocked, and calm as a lake, are only rippled by the slowly-lagging canal-boat laden with coal, which at intervals is dispatched from the coal "shutes" just on the other side, or coming from farther up stream, is bearing its freight of black diamonds to Philadelphia or New York and a market. Looking up stream, a very substantial bridge spans the river over which the Little Schuylkill Railroad crosses; and the route now for twenty miles follows the river of that name in its tortuous windings.

The banks of this river are fringed with the rank undergrowth peculiar to mountain streams. The tall pine-trees rear their stately forms upon either side, and here and there a bit of cleared land indicates the presence of thrift and industry, the out-buildings and tenement-houses giving evidence of the pursuit of a home under difficulties. At the town of Ringgold, just ten miles on the journey, the tank of the engine is replenished with wood and water. There is nothing special to note other than the reminiscence of the Mexican war and the brave commander of the battery which bore his name, afforded by the mention of this station.

Approaching the thriving borough of Tamaqua the traveler obtains, in many instances, his first correct impressions with reference to the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania. Vast piles of the refuse coal and dirt from the mines, covering miles in extent, are seen upon either hand. They are a source of immense loss to the operator or miner. The valley at and in the immediate vicinity of Tamaqua being so narrow, and the surface of the level land being consequently so circumscribed, it has been necessary to follow down the stream for miles to find

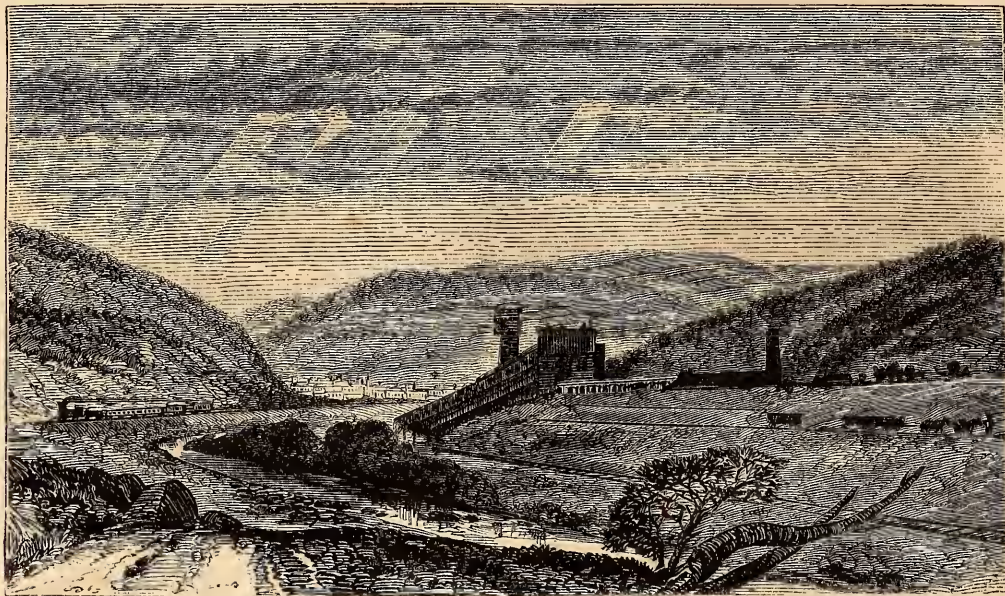
a place to dump the large quantities of dirt from the mines. These piles of refuse would appear, to the casual observer, to be of great value, the presence of coal in greater or less quantities being unmistakable. And so they would be fortunes for hundreds of people if in New York or Philadelphia; but the cost of transportation thitherward would far more than absorb the value of the portion of coal which they contain.

In passing these huge dirt heaps, the question of profit and loss, to the mind accustomed to such problems, most naturally comes up; and the hardships, the toils, and the losses of the miner are most vividly portrayed, when it is considered that it has cost him full as much to produce each ton of this refuse which is thrown aside as utterly valueless, as it has done to produce the ton of coal ready for market, and for which he is so sparingly paid.

About a mile below the town the opening or mouth of a mine, with its out-buildings, machinery, side-tracks, horses, mules, and drivers, furnishes a fair specimen of over one hundred and fifty just such extensive operations as are daily going on within a circuit of fifty miles from Tamaqua.

Fifteen miles to the eastward the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company have their extended and varied coal-fields, the thriving borough of Mauch Chunk being its mercantile and shipping point. About the same distance northwardly the Hazelton Coal Company, with other operations of newer organization, produce large quantities of coal; while to the eastward, within a range of twenty-five miles, the Pottsville, Minersville, and Ashland districts are dotted with openings, giving forth annually several hundreds of thousands of tons of anthracite.





COAL SHUTES, BELOW TAMAQUA.

The immediate surroundings of the opening of a coal-mine in full operation present a busy scene. The constant puffing of the pit engine, as it toils and labors in hoisting the coal-buckets from the bottom of the mine, or as it draws up upon the inclined plane the small mine cars loaded with the miner's products, reminds the traveler who has been on the Western waters of the lullaby those high-pressure steamboats afford in their hoarse cough, which never forsakes him while on board.

The large frame building, which inclines from a considerable elevation toward the tracks, covers the system of screens and "shutes" which clean and separate the different sizes of coals for steam, heating, and household purposes, after the larger lumps have been passed through the rollers or "breakers," as they are called, contained in the tower-like structure which surmounts all.

The breakers are rapidly driven by a separate engine from the pit machinery, and the crushing of the coals with the revolving of the large iron screw below, the running of the coals from shutes to the cars, the yelling of drivers as they urge their mules at their work, all combine to make a hideous noise entirely peculiar and never to be forgotten.

The town of Tamaqua is a very thrifty, interesting place, contains a number of churches, school-houses, banks, etc., and its interests, its hopes and fears alike, are dependent upon the coal-trade. The machine shops of the Little Schuylkill Railroad Company are here located; and in these identical shops there stands to-day, exempt from duty, the original engine imported by the Company nearly thirty years ago—one of the first, if not the very first, locomotive engines brought out from England to this country; and there still lives, in the borough of Tamaqua, the identical machinist who came out along with the wonderful machine to put it together and run it. The Little Schuylkill Railroad was the

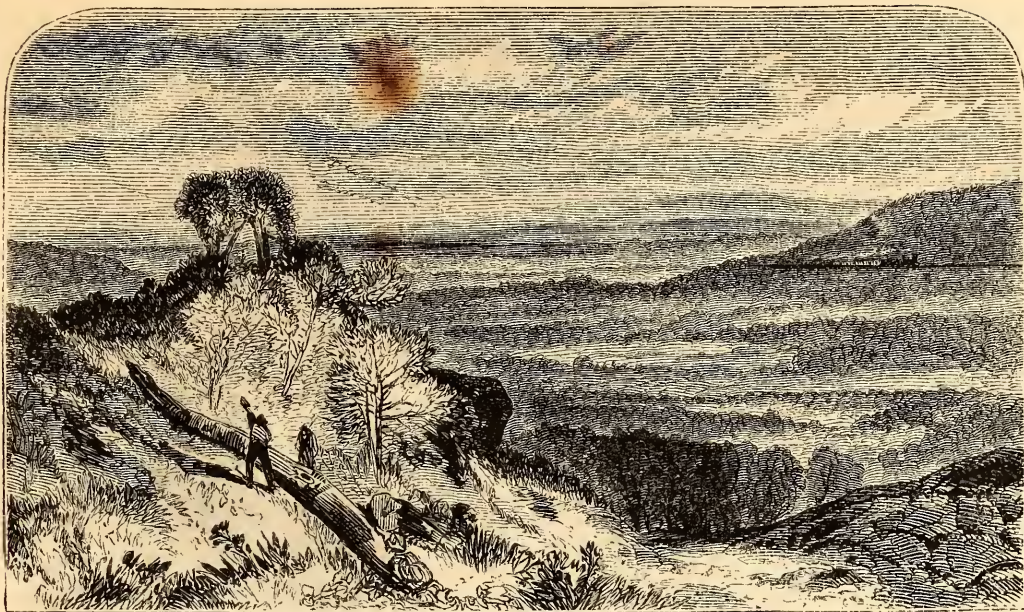
pioneer railroad in Pennsylvania, and the boiler of this locomotive was hauled upon a wagon drawn by horses the entire distance, eighty miles, from Philadelphia to Port Clinton, by turnpike; and all this within the memory of man. When we reflect that, to-day, more than four thousand locomotives of American manufacture are in daily use in the United States alone, and over twenty-eight thousand miles of railway are constantly traversed by them, it is surely a matter in itself of great interest to behold the imported engine of thirty years ago, and the man who came along with this great reformer to put it together for use.

The various coal-mines in the vicinity of Tamaqua will well repay the traveler to sojourn among and carefully visit them. The superintendents of these subterranean scenes of life are generally courteous, and happy to afford every opportunity to those in search of knowledge or pleasure to gratify their desires. True, it requires some nerve, more faith, and a total disregard to a temporary soiling of the hands, face, and clothes. Besides these prerequisites, the seeker for knowledge should have a guide in the person of the superintendent, or some one who is perfectly familiar with the special premises about to be visited.

Powder in large quantities, of coarse grain, is used in mining coal; and were it not for the perfect system of ventilation connected with every well-regulated mine, the air inside would be entirely insufferable from the impregnation of sulphur fumes arising from the frequent blasts. This ventilation also serves to carry off "the fire-damp" which collects in the mines. It also serves to free the galleries and tunnels of the carbonic acid and other deadly gases. The visitor to the inside of a coal-mine will be struck with the free circulation of pure air away below the surface of the earth.

In the vicinity of Tamaqua there is a burning





VIEW NEAR QUAQUAKE JUNCTION.

mine, which many years ago caught fire in one of the galleries from a fire ignited by some of the workmen to warm themselves by. Through some means or other the fire was left to burn in contact with the coal, which was of a highly combustible character, and communicating with large quantities of coal contiguous to it, the fire became of such magnitude as to be beyond the power or control of man, and no human agency has since been devised to quench it. The exact extent of its bounds is unknown; but like a volcano, it is a dreaded locality, and conjecture alone can approach the amount of the immense loss occasioned by this singular and uncommon accident. The direction from Tamaqua of the "Burning Mine" is known to every urchin of the place; and the traveler will have the opportunity to visit—at a safe distance—the mouth of the pit.

Leaving Tamaqua, the Little Schuylkill Railroad soon terminates and the Catawissa Railway commences. The transition from one road to the other is, however, unknown to the occupant of the cars, the gauge of track being precisely the same, and the roads for all traveling and freight intents and purposes one and the same. The grade of the road now becomes steeper than at any portion of it heretofore traversed; and the traveler is reminded, by the rapid falls of water of the mountain stream, now narrowing on the right as he proceeds, that the mountain is being climbed by the engine and train.

Nearly ten miles of heavy grade, full sixty feet to the mile, of such journeying and the Quaquake Valley is spread out far down the mountain side. Extending for many miles far away to the eastward, the valley is inclosed by range upon range of mountains, until all is lost in the haze of extreme distance.

As the railway winds around the mountain side the junction of the Quaquake Valley Road is soon reached, where the connection of a line

of railway to New York city, hereafter referred to, is made. After passing the short tunnel a few miles further on, the road enters one of those gloomy pine forests so peculiarly American. Huge masses of conglomerate rock crown the summit of the mountain, ponderous boulders lie scattered at the base, bespattered with the black and gray lichen; while the pines, dark, tall, and sinewy, seem to keep a grim watch over all. A feeling of awe steals over the mind while passing through this forest, giving all the more zest for the brightness and beauty which so soon follows.

The summit of the mountain is reached, and here the Little Schuylkill River has its birth. A bit of rude masonry on the west side of the road marks the spot where the young waters come gurgling forth from their dark confinement, and joyously go babbling on their way over snow-white pebbles, and under banks of moss and fern, to swell the great tide of the Delaware. This spot is one of peculiar interest to the tourist: the whole scene is particularly romantic. The spring, surrounded by dark hazel bushes, with here and there a stately pine-tree to relieve the back-ground, makes up a choice picture; while off to the eastward a rocky spur of the mountain, with the entrance to the tunnel in its blackness clearly defined, adds to the wildness of the locality.

Passing through this tunnel at the summit, the first view of the beautiful Valley of the Catawissa Creek is obtained—Catawissa, an Indian word, signifying "pure water." The creek has its rise in the tunnel in the form of a freely flowing spring, and is followed by the railroad, through its whole length, to its confluence with the Susquehanna. This occurs at the town of Catawissa, some thirty miles distant. From this point the views from the road present a series of grand panoramic pictures of the highest type of mountain scenery. Looking backward from the





HEAD WATERS OF THE LITTLE SCHUYLKILL.

curve at Sweet Spring Hollow (a few miles further on) a double valley is seen, formed by a secondary range of hills intersecting the valley from Summit Tunnel to this point. The mountains here attain their greatest altitude; and their ever-varying forms, with occasional glimpses of the sparkling Catawissa, caught through the light and graceful foliage of the mountain birch, form a series of charming pictures.

After passing Beaver Station, some three or four miles distant, there is presented a most striking and characteristic view from Stranger's Hollow. This is of a deep mountain gorge through which the Catawissa is seen hurriedly making its way over its rocky bed. The whole scene is particularly wild, and the surroundings give less evidence of the footprints of man than perhaps any other portion of the road.

Further on, at Maineville, there is a gap in the mountain chain, which, although not so grand as the Delaware or Lehigh Gaps, presents a very beautiful view. Approaching the mountain upon the west side of the Gap, the railroad track crosses a narrow ravine upon a substantial

bridge supported by stone piers, immediately beneath which, to the eastward, is located the town of Maineville. Looking through the Gap, a most beautiful highly cultivated valley brightens up the picture, which, at a distance of a mile or more, as the train approaches the bridge, seems to be framed by the mountains on either side. The view from the bridge, looking toward the Nescopeck and M'Cauley Mountains in the distance, is also very lovely.

The village of Maineville is a quaint, quiet, finished town that seems to have always been as it now is, and as if determined to remain so, looking up at each passing train with a wonder that never seems to grow less. Equally astonished seems the hitherto boisterous Catawissa, here for the first time checked in its freedom by the milldam. It seems illy to bear the impost it is now for the first time compelled to pay to the buckets of an uncovered, undershot mill-wheel belonging to the miller of Maineville.

Seven miles further on the ancient town of Catawissa is located—upon the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, at its confluence with



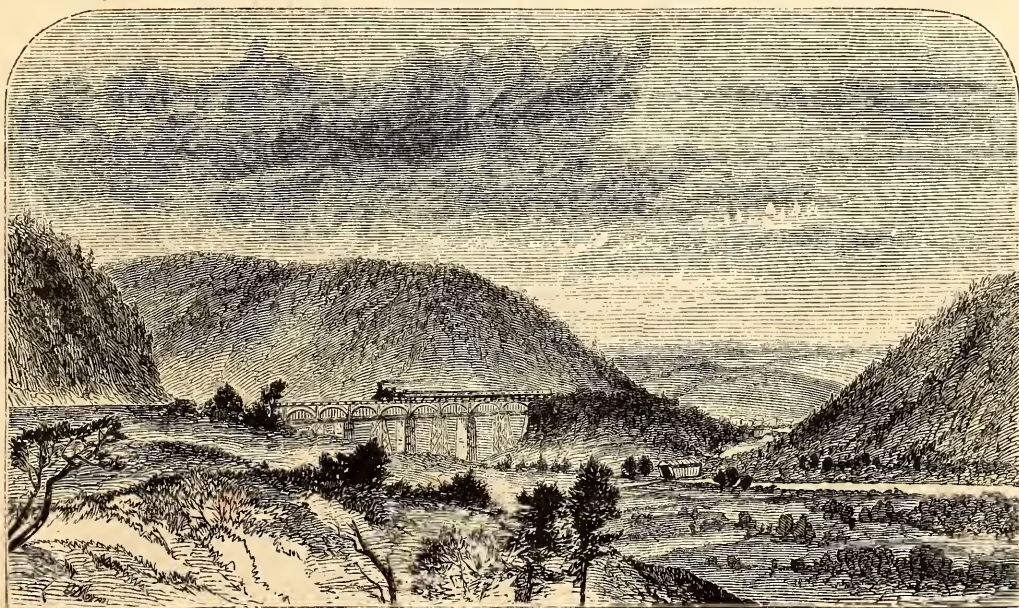


VIEW NEAR STRANGER'S HOLLOW.

the Catawissa Creek. Several churches, an excellent hotel, and a most hospitable resident population are the attractions of Catawissa proper; while it is the centre of some of the most sublime views along the whole line of this road. The mountain views and scenery, heretofore relieved by the waters of the Catawissa Creek, are now accompanied by the gracefully winding waters of the Susquehanna.

The view looking up the river from the bluffs a short distance below the town, has been pronounced inferior to none, in point of beauty, in this country. At an elevation of two hundred

feet perpendicular, which is readily attained by an easy ascending path just back of the town, a most beautiful panoramic view of the North Branch of the Susquehanna, with the island, bridges, canal, railroad, etc., is obtained. The island seen from the bluff is named the Catawissa Island, a most delightfully-shaded retreat from the summer sun, while the cool breezes constantly wafted from the river contribute to make it most desirable to visit. The canal seen to the westward, winding its way around the base of the mountain, is the "North Branch Canal." formerly the property of the State of



MAINEVILLE WATER GAP.





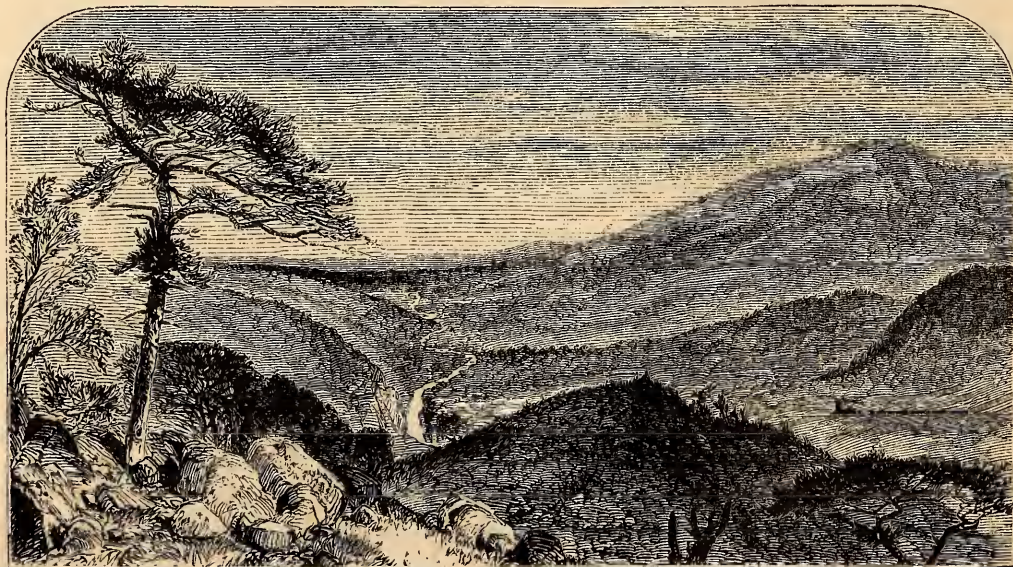
VIEW FROM MAINEVILLE, UP THE CATAWISSA.

Pennsylvania, but recently disposed of to private individuals, in accordance with an act of Legislature providing for the sale of all public improvements, canals, and railroads. Looking up to the bend of the river, the Catawissa Railroad Bridge is in view; and nearer, below the island, the County Bridge, one of the old-timed, covered wooden structures, with stone piers, crosses the river in front of the town.

Many years gone by the red men of the forest used to come to this point of the river, below and about the island, as a favorite fishing-ground. Salmon, large and plenty, abounded here; and even forty years ago it was no uncommon occurrence to catch salmon in their seine while fish-

ing for shad at this very point. The Susquehanna has long since, however, been without the excellent fish which once abounded in her waters. The building of dams, canals, etc., frightened off the fish, so that they ceased frequenting the former streams and localities, and are now, particularly the salmon, entirely foreign to the waters of the State of Pennsylvania.

Back of the town of Catawissa, from the top of the mountain looking due east, we have a most magnificent view of the Catawissa Valley, with the meandering course of the creek before us for fifteen miles, winding in the dim distance like a silver thread. This is another characteristic scene, and one that has attracted the atten-



VIEW FROM CATAWISSA.





TOWN OF CATAWISSA.

tion of artists; a work of great merit, taken from this identical landscape, having been produced by the artist Moran, of Philadelphia, which attracted considerable attention and elicited the highest encomiums from connoisseurs at the recent artists' reception of Philadelphians. The time chosen in his picture is the fall of the year—the forests tinged with gold and crimson—the first coloring of leaves by early frost, most beautifully delineated, greatly heightening the effect of the picture. The railroad, in sight all the way up the valley, furnishes, at times, the only lifelike object, when the train of cars with its engine, and white, puffing steam ascending, gives something moving to relieve the dull quiet, under certain conditions of the atmosphere, inseparably connected with so extended a view.

Ascending the mountain-slope to the north of Catawissa, a very striking view of the town and surroundings is obtained, not to be secured from the other eminences. The town is located on a flat piece of land between the mountains, extending down to the banks of the Susquehanna. Looking downward, the County Bridge, below the island, stretches across the stream; the railroad, winding southwardly from the bridge just beyond, enters the town at the foot of the mountain. Looking upward, or northwardly, the bridge of the railroad is very near to us, while beyond, the very pleasant town of Bloomsburg is in sight. Farther on are gracefully-sloping hills, dotted with farms, while the great North Mountain, dim from distance, closes the scene.

Leaving Catawissa, distant three miles the town of Rupert is located, at the junction of the Catawissa and the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg

railroads. This latter railroad takes the tourist to the historical and romantic valley of Wyoming.

Seven miles beyond Rupert the town of Danville is reached. Danville is the site of the extensive iron-works of the Montour Iron Company, which has for many years past been heavily engaged in the manufacture of *railway iron*. A large number of men are constantly employed by this Company; and the close proximity to furnaces of heavy capacity enables the mills to produce very large quantities of rails. Of late years the practice has obtained more than ever among the managers of the railway companies throughout the United States of re-rolling the rails heretofore disposed of as *old rails*, and credited at a sometimes nominal rate; whereas, under the existing state of things, the rails are re-produced and made to last many years. The Montour Company are, next to the Cambria Iron-Works, the largest in the State of Pennsylvania.

Further on the road reaches Milton, Pennsylvania. This is a very thriving town of small extent at the junction of the Sunbury and Erie Railway Company. The cars of the Northern Central Road, from Baltimore and Harrisburg, also are joined to the train, and proceed on to Williamsport, the terminus of the line of the Catawissa Railroad.

Williamsport possesses a new and substantially-built court-house, several hotels, a number of churches of various denominations, and a seminary of learning which has a wide reputation. Its location is very healthy—upon the right bank of the Susquehanna River. It has regularly laid-out streets, which are lighted with gas, and the houses supplied with the purest



water, conveyed from a stream upon the mountain back of the borough. The railroad running to Elmira here terminates, and from the several railroads the influx of strangers at times is quite large. In the summer season there could be no more delightful or healthful resort selected than this very town of Williamsport. The facilities of obtaining the dailies of the cities, with ease of egress or access, make it peculiarly desirable; while the mountain streams, on the line of the Catawissa Railroad, and also upon the Elmira Road, near to the town, afford the most satisfactory gratification to the followers of Isaak Walton.

The vast lumbering interests centering at this point afford employment to large numbers of men in the various capacities of sawyers, engineers, canal boatmen, raftsmen, etc. The mills themselves are extensive affairs in their line, and will well repay a visit. The large number of logs—saw-logs—necessary to carry on the business, on the scale upon which it is conducted in this immediate vicinity, renders a systematic protection of the various interests a matter of necessity.

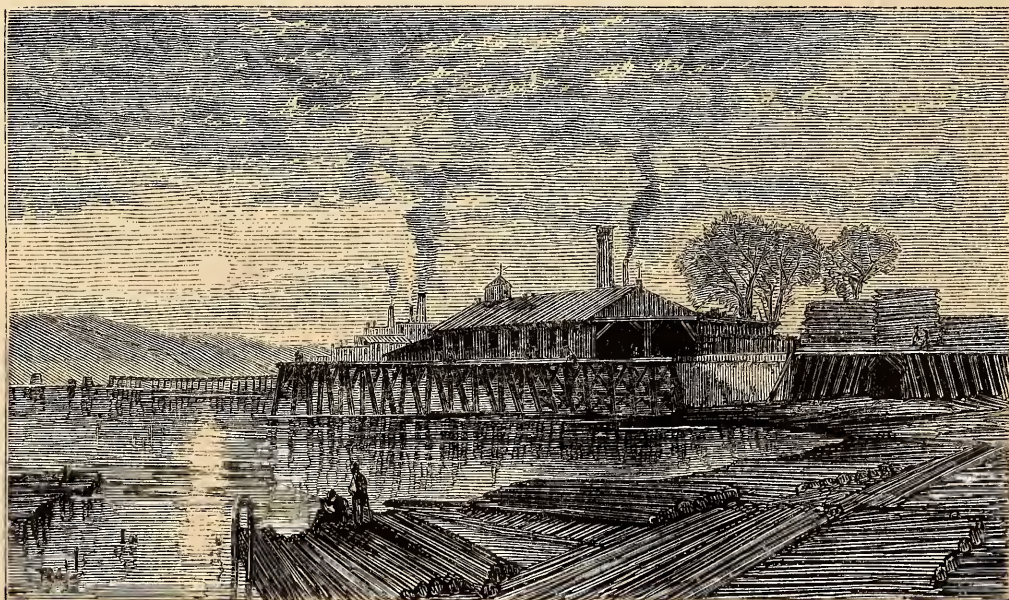
The manner of identifying the logs of the several parties engaged in sawing lumber is simple. The name, or private mark, of the parties owning the logs is branded by a heavy blow from an iron marker upon the logs at the point where they are first thrown into the river—away up in the wild woods of the interior. There are organizations, entitled "Boom Companies," who have the means provided at the several sawing points along the river in the way of long booms, or logs, chained together at their ends, and thus strung across the river at intervals to interrupt the passage of the logs. The logs owned at any given point being secured and fastened, either in the milldam or in a raft to the shore, the balance are let loose to float down to the next boom com-

pany, and so each and every of the owners gets his own.

The sawing of lumber into various shapes or sizes is a very interesting process to the novice, and many hours may be well employed in studying the various operations of the improved machinery at Williamsport introduced into this branch of mechanics.

The lumber, when sawed, is forwarded by railroad to New York, Philadelphia, and the various stations along the line of the several roads leading to the cities. Also, by means of canal transportation, large quantities go forward during the season of navigation. The capital invested in the lumber milling business is very heavy, and heretofore the results have been in a great degree satisfactory to the parties concerned.

Thus the coal-mining at the lower portion of the Catawissa Road, and the lumber milling at the upper portion of it, afford a world of pleasure and information when coupled with the very grand views in nature with which the route abounds. The various approaches to the Catawissa Railroad are in themselves very interesting and pleasant rides; and leaving New York, or Philadelphia, or Baltimore, the mountain scenery is reached in less than seven hours from either point—rendering it quite possible to view the whole in one day, and return the next. The routes from New York are by the New Jersey Central Railroad to Easton, Pennsylvania, thence by the Lehigh Valley and Quakake Valley railroads to Quakake Junction; or by the same to Easton, by the East Pennsylvania Railroad to Reading, Pennsylvania, thence to Port Clinton. Or by the New York and Erie Railroad to Elmira, Chemung County, New York, thence *via* Williamsport Railroad to Williamsport. The routes from Philadelphia are by way of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad to Port Clinton direct.



SAW-MILL AT WILLIAMSPORT.





ELECTIONEERING IN MISSISSIPPI.

## ROUGH RIDING DOWN SOUTH.

**A** LONG the Gulf of Mexico, or what the United States Coast Survey styles the Mississippi Sound, extending across the State of Mississippi, with a depth in the interior of about one hundred miles, there lies a region of country usually denominated the Pine Woods. The soil is sandy and thin, producing small crops of rice, potatoes, and corn, a little cotton, indigo, and sugar-cane, for home consumption. But it sustains a magnificent pine forest, capable of supplying for centuries to come the navies of the world. The people are of primitive habits, and are chiefly lumbermen or herdsmen. Exempt from swamps and inundation, from the vegetable decomposition incidental to large agricultural districts, fanned by the sea-breeze and perfumed by the balsamic exhalations of the pine, it is one of the healthiest regions in the world. If the miraculous fountain, in search of

which the brave old Ponce de Leon met his death in the lagoons of Florida in 1512, may be found any where, it will be in the district I am now wandering over. I have never seen so happy a people. Not afflicted with sickness or harassed by litigation; not demoralized by vice or tormented with the California fever; living in a state of equality, where none are rich and none in want; where the soil is too thin to accumulate wealth, and yet sufficiently productive to reward industry; manufacturing all that they wear; producing all they consume; and preserving, with primitive simplicity of manners, the domestic virtues of their sires. Early marriages are universal. Fathers yet infants in law, and happy grandams yet in the vigor of womanhood, may be found in every settlement; and numerous are the firesides around which cluster ten or a dozen children, with mothers still lovely and buoyant as in the days of their maiden bloom.

Leaving the Gulf shore at Pascagoula for the interior, in a couple of hours the traveler finds himself on the banks of a broad, deep, beautiful river, the Escatawba, curving gently down to mingle with the

ocean. It flows through a forest of colossal growth. Many of these hoary Titans were overthrown by the great hurricane of '52, which began at 10 A.M., August 24, and blew with increasing fury until 12 M. next day, raging with undiminished violence until 12 at night, when it began to abate. It tore away whole masses of bluff on the sea-shore, dug up the earth from the roots of trees, blew down the potato hills as it swooped along the surface, and prostrated forests in its mad career.

Here, at what is now called Elder's Ferry, once stood the lodge of the last chieftain of the Pascagoulas. His warriors had all perished in the fatal wars with the Muscogees of Alabama. Sole survivor of the last conflict, the enemy still upon his trail, he led the women and children from the Escatawba to the sea, preferring death in its much loved waters to captivity and slavery. You have heard of the mysterious music which at midnight chimes along these shores; a low,





THE LONELY GRAVE.

lute-like strain, sometimes a vesper hymn, sometimes like a harp-string breaking. When the winds and surges sleep, in the still hours of night, I have often heard this plaintive anthem; and tradition says it is the death-chant of the Pascagoulas that wails along the sea.

The Indian village stood on a picturesque bluff, the gentle river, flowing through prairies of verdure, margined by aged oaks that lift their heads among the clouds and bathe their mossy beards in the silver spray beneath. The country spreads out into a continuous meadow of boundless extent, on every side dotted with little islets of palm-like trees. At intervals a serpentine line of ravine comes sweeping along, fringed with dwarf laurel, myrtle, jasmine, and other parasites, and the whole plain around is embroidered with flowers of every hue. Ah! it is pleasant to bivouac in these solitary plains, the quiet stars smiling upon you, and the fragrant winds singing in the trees around. There is a charm in these grand old woods—in these laughing wa-

ters—in these remote retreats, where only an echo of the storms of life is heard. No wonder the imaginative ancients peopled them with divinities: for here, at every step, one can but feel the presence of a God; and the feeling chastens and refines the heart. It is not in your gorgeous temples, with coquettish eyes and Shylock countenances around, and vanity peeping out even from the pulpit, that one truly feels the sentiment of religion in its humanizing and exalting influences.

By the road-side, near the ruins of a rude country meeting-house, long since deserted, may be seen a solitary grave. Years ago a wanderer, once favored by fortune, high in the profession of the law, died near this spot, the wretched victim of a debasing vice. His body, his bottle, and the last lines he ever penned were found near where he now sleeps:

Pilgrim, wheresoe'er thou stray.  
Pause here upon thy weary way.  
Take this relic if thou may,  
And for its thirsty owner pray.  
Fatal gift, when overflowing!  
Oh, that man should ever know-

ing,  
Servant be to liquor's spell,  
Sorcery from the caves of hell!

Touch not—'tis poisonous to thee;  
Taste not—alas, it ruined me!  
The unclean thing forever shun,  
Or thou, O pilgrim, art undone!

In this silent house of grace  
Seek thy Maker, face to face;  
Ask thy conscience, if thou will,  
Dost thou good, or dost thou ill?

Lonely now my way I go,  
Lingering through my life of woe;  
Stranger, for the lost one pray,  
And God will bless thee every day.  
On thy hearth-stone he will fling  
Countless blessings following,  
In thy spring time, in thy age,  
Every day of life's brief page;  
In thy health, and in thy store,  
Grace and goodness evermore!

Crossing the Chickasawha River I took refuge from the noonday sun in the hospitable dwelling of Mr. R—. It is perched on an elevated bluff. Far down in a field below, on the river-side, his servants had been at work, and might now be seen winding up a zigzag path toward the house, to get the mid-day meal. A group of tiny darkeys were sitting under the trees in the yard awaiting their mothers. Suddenly a



little cloud gathered on the horizon—there was a single burst of thunder—a single flash that blinded me for a moment—and then, oh what a shriek of agony from the wretched mothers! Three of the children had been killed by the fatal bolt. Never, ah never shall I forget that sight of sorrow, and the wailings of those broken hearts! I have seen the strong man crushed; the fond mother swooning over the loss of her first-born; the young and beautiful, just stepping into life on a pathway of flowers, stung by the serpent, and snatched away, leaving for the survivors, in the dim future, only a long despair; but never had I witnessed the intense grief of these simple slaves. All that they had to live for was wrapped up in the stricken infants that now, all lifeless, they pressed to their distracted bosoms.

Leaving the scene of sorrow, I entered the great pine forest that leads to the town of Augusta. The woods were on fire. The road lies on a high ridge or backbone, and at short intervals on each side there are lateral ridges running down into deep reed-brakes below. Along one of these vertebræ, on my left, a mighty volume of smoke and flame and eddying leaves came rolling rapidly toward me. The road itself, but rarely traveled at this season of the year, was covered several inches deep with pine straw, which was soon in a blaze. There was literally “a fire in my rear.” Dashing forward, I meant to drive down a ridge on my right until the road should be cleared, but the flames, swept by the whirling winds, had by this time burst out there, and came surging into the sea of fire just behind me. I had no choice but to run for it. Though noonday, it was as black as midnight. The smoke of one hundred thousand acres of combustibles was around me. The roar of the devouring element, like the boom of a tremendous surf, was above me. The flames were protruding, like the tongues of boa constrictors, on each side of me, melting the varnish of my buggy and crisping my whiskers; and, ever and anon, the crash of a falling pine, uprooted by the fire, seemed to be discharging minute-guns in token of

my distress. On rushed the fiery torrent—flank and rear—up hill and down—and on I drove, at a killing gait, only ten paces in advance; my carpet-bag smoking, my hat and coat singed, my face and hands charred, when suddenly the wind shifted, and the flaming dragon plunged away to the left, hissing through the crackling reed-brakes, and shaking his terrible crest among the lofty trees.

Exhausted by this frightful contention, I was glad to find shelter at the wayside inn of my worthy friend, Mr. Hiram Breeland, of Greene County. He is famous for peach and honey; for river trout, venison steaks, and fried chicken, and indeed for every thing that a weary traveler covets. His wife is a model in her way. They have had eighteen children, and are yet a young and handsome couple. Far and near this is known as “the musical family.” Six daughters in the bloom of life, richly dowered with those perfections that men sigh for and never forget, possess rare musical gifts; and



THE BEREAVED NEGROES.





THE WOODS ON FIRE.

their concerts with voice and violins are really enchanting. Excited and nervous after the fiery ordeal I had passed, they soothed my soul with melody, and my slumbers with charming dreams. Long after the witching hour of night, in the delicious delirium between sleeping and waking, the tinkle of the guitar and a sweet voice, softer than a sigh, mingled with the lullaby of the winds in the tops of the aged pines.

Their names are in harmony with their music. What can be more melodious than Elizabeth Amanda, Priscilla Brunetta, Louvena Aneta, Martha Miranda, Zelphi Emmeline, and Sophronie Angelina?

This house has been a favorite stopping-place for candidates for many years, and Breeland is pretty well posted up with anecdotes.

When Harry Cage and Franklin E. Plummer were canvassing for Congress they came here together, and Cage began to joke and sport with the children, much to the mother's delight. But

Plummer soon won her heart. He picked up the little wee one, just then toddling about, placed it across his lap, turned up its little petticoats, and began to search for *red bugs*!

Next morning Cage stole out before day, went to the wood-pile, cut a turn of wood, determined to win the "old lady's" favor by making her fire, while Plummer, as he fancied, lay snoring in bed. While toiling up the hill with his load, what was his astonishment to see the old 'un milking her cow, and Plummer *holding off the calf by the tail*!

A day or two after this, said Squire B., Cage made a tip-top speech at Greene Court House. It was hard to beat, and Plummer knew it. So when he got up he said: "Fellow-citizens, I would answer the gentleman's argument if there was any argument to answer. It reminds me of an honest couple down in my county who are troubled with a very small specimen of a child that cries all night. The husband, much tormented, complained that he could not get a moment's sleep. "Spank it, then," says the wife. He fumbled about, but the child continued to cry. "Well, why don't you spank it?" says she. "Because," said he, "*I*

*can't find any thing to spank!*"

It is hardly necessary to say that Cage "incontinently caved in," and refused to travel any farther with the Yankee wagon-boy.

"Plummer was hard pressed sometime after this, being charged with sundry matters affecting his integrity. He deliberately sat down and wrote an account of his visit to my house, charging that he had attempted to swindle me, had behaved with gross indecorum to my family, and had been kicked out of doors. This he contrived to have published, and it went the round of the papers, creating great excitement. He called on me for my certificate, which, of course, was promptly given, for I was surprised and indignant at such a slander. The reaction was tremendous; and after this nobody in this section would believe any thing against Plummer."

When the Hon. Powhatan Ellis, a very finished gentleman, was traveling through this district electioneering for some office, he lost his



portmanteau in attempting to ford a creek. Plummer immediately advertised its contents: "6 ruffled shirts, 6 cambric handkerchiefs, 1 hair-brush, 1 tooth-brush, 1 nail-brush, 1 pair curling tongs, 2 sticks pomatum, 1 box pearl-powder, 1 bottle Cologne, 1 do. rose-water, 4 pairs silk stockings, and 2 pairs kid gloves." This defeated the Judge. He was set down as a born aristocrat and "swelled head."

Plummer was a poor young lawyer, boarding, or loafing, at a tavern in Westville, when he announced himself for Congress. He hadn't a single "red" in his pocket. He opened the canvass in Benton, put up at the best hotel, dined a dozen friends every day, and opened a very liberal account at the bar. On the third day, when about to depart, he cried out to the crowd, "Gentlemen, I wish to make my public acknowledgments to our generous landlord. He has treated me like a prince; he has feasted my friends; his tipples has run freely. Sir," said he, turning to the landlord, "if you ever come to my town don't go to a hotel: put up with me; I shall be proud to reciprocate your hospitality!" With these words he vaulted on his horse, and was out of sight before the astonished Boniface could "say turkey" about his bill.

While sojourning at this pleasant retreat it was agreed, one day, that we should go out on a deer-drive. I was wrapping up a lunch to put in my pocket, and said to my boy Tom, "Well, Tom, how about this butter? I can't put it in my pocket." "No, massa," said Tom, "him run away. But you kin eat him 'fore you go!"

On a deer-drive in the South one man follows the hounds in the thickets or reed brakes where the herds usually feed, while three or four others take their stands at various points which they are expected to cross in their flight. The dogs soon broke cover; a noble doe came bounding by me. I fired and missed; but passing on, the Squire, who is a noted shot, brought her down. The outcries of the huntsman soon called us down to the brake, and there we saw a most extraordinary spectacle. Two bucks of the largest size in deadly combat, their branching antlers so interlocked that neither could use them against the other. The ground was torn up all around; their sides were dripping blood; and they had evidently fought long before this singular union of their weapons terminated the combat. Their furious struggles at our approach only united them more closely; and thus they would have perished. The hunters shot them, and informed me that they had often found the skeletons of bucks that had thus died, their horns so locked that no ingenuity could undo them.

The buck is a timid animal until wounded. He then stands at bay, and is dangerous to approach. He is the sworn enemy of the rattlesnake. When he perceives one, he walks around it until it throws itself into a coil, and then the buck vaults into the air and comes down upon it with his pointed hoofs. Not content with killing it, he stamps it into shreds. Those noxious reptiles always multiply as the deer diminish.

Speaking of rattlesnakes, my friend Colonel Wilkins, of Green Court House, tells me that he was once rolling logs in a piece of new ground on the Bigbee River, near Bladen Springs, when one of his men cried out, "Here's a rattlesnake!" Presently another sung out; and all round the "clearing" they kept up the cry, until the Colonel, quite angry, cried out, "*Let the logs alone, and all of you go to snaking!*" They piled up fifty-three in the course of the evening.

I once went to purchase a country seat on the bayou of St. John, in the vicinity of New Orleans, belonging to Mr. Michel, who had gone to France. It was occupied by Mr. Creecy, an old Vicksburg editor. Strolling into the garden, I was about to step toward an orange hedge to gather a few leaves, when he said "Look out for snakes!" "What," said I, "have you snakes here?"

"Walk this way," said Creecy. He led me to a point where three or four ditches, communicating with the bayou and with the swamp, intersected, and I counted a dozen dead moccasins lying about, and some twenty navigating the different ditches. "This is our only game," said he. "I shoot moccasins every afternoon!"

Mr. Michel lost an excellent purchaser for his place, and my brother editor held on until the snakes fairly run him out of the house.

There was once a man by the name of Galendee living in Hancock county, who was, perhaps, rather unjustly suspected of hog stealing. He came running in from the woods one day shouting murder, the shirt fairly whipped off his back. He assured me it had been done by a coach-whip snake that had wrapped itself round his leg and thrashed him over the shoulders; but uncharitable people suspected it had been done by Judge Lynch!

The same man went to the late Judge Daniel to complain of these accusations, and to ask his advice. "Well," said the Judge, "I will tell you what to do. If you feel innocent, face these charges like a man. But if you are guilty, get into Louisiana as soon as you can." That evening his client crossed Pearl River, and became a citizen of our sister State.

Having recruited at this pleasant anchorage, I bid adieu to my friend Breeland, and set out for the village of Augusta, bowling merrily along in my blood-red buggy. The road is beautiful, roofed over with trees and tendrils, and the air fragrant with the breath of flowers. There was, however, one drawback to my comfort—myriads of flies of every species, that swarmed around and ravenously cupped the blood from my horse. It was what is appropriately termed here "fly time"—that is to say, the period when this numerous family of scourges have it all their own way, and neither man nor beast can sojourn in the woods without much suffering. Now the deer plunge into deep pools and lakes, leaving only their heads exposed, and browse only during a portion of the night while these insects sleep. The cattle from a thousand hills seek the abodes of man, and huddle around some



smoking pine or in some open field to escape their tormentors.

On a sudden curve of the road I found myself near one of these "stamping grounds," and a simultaneous roar from five hundred infuriated animals gave notice of my danger. It is well known that the Spanish matadores provoke the wounded bulls in the arena by flaunting the *moleta* or blood-red flag in their faces. It was the vermilion of my buggy that excited this bellowing herd. They snuffed the air, planted their heads near the ground, tore it up with their hoofs and horns, and glared at me with savage eyes. The fierce phalanx blocked the road, and it was the "better part of valor" to retreat. The instant I wheeled the pursuit commenced. A cloud of dust enveloped them, and the trampling of their feet was like the roll of thunder. My horse dashed forward frantic with terror, and on they plunged on every side, crushing down the brush-wood in their course, goring and tumbling over each other, filling the forest with their dreadful cries, and gathering nearer and nearer in the fearful chase. The struggle now became desperate. In five minutes we should have been overturned and trampled to death; but at this juncture Tom threw out my overcoat, and with an awful clamor they paused to fight over it, and to tear it into shreds. Driving at full speed, I directed Tom to toss out the cushion. The infuriated devils trampled it into atoms, and came charging on, their horns clashing against the buggy, and ripping up the ribs of my horse. At this fearful moment we were providentially saved. A huge oak, with a forked top, had fallen by the wayside, and into this I plunged my horse breast-high, and he was safe, the back of the buggy being then the only assailable point. At this the whole column made a dash, but I met the foremost with six discharges from my revolver; two bottles of Cognac were shivered on their foreheads; next a cold turkey; and, finally, a bottle of Scotch snuff—the last shot in the locker! This did the business. Such a sneezing and bellowing was never heard before; and the one that got the most of it put out with the whole troop at his heels, circling round, scenting the blood of the wounded, and shaking the earth with their thundering tramp.

I was now fairly in for it, and made up my mind to remain until night, when I knew they would disperse. I was relieved, however, by the approach of some cattle-drivers, who, galloping up on shaggy but muscular horses, with whips twenty feet long, which they manage with surprising dexterity, soon drove the belligerent herd to their cow-pens, for the purpose of marking and branding. This is done every year in "fly-time." The cattle ranging over an area of thirty square miles are now easily collected, driven to a common pen or pound, when the respective owners put their mark and brand on the increase of the season. Thus this Egyptian plague is turned to a useful purpose.

I was now approaching the ancient village of Augusta, once the stamping-ground of the fa-

mous Coon Morris. Being advised to take a near cut when within three miles, I turned to the right and drove ahead through leafy by-paths and across deserted fields grown over with stunted pines. For three hours I drove about, describing three segments of a circle, and finally got back to the point I started from. [*Nota bene:* Let all travelers stick to the beaten road, for in this country one may travel twenty miles without meeting a traveler or a finger-board.] The country through which I passed was poor, the population sparse, and no indications of the proximity of a town that I had heard of for twenty-five years. I drove on, however, expectation on tip-toe, the sun pouring down vertically, and my flagging steed sinking above his fetlocks in the sand, when, lo! the ancient village stood before me—an extensive parallelogram, garnished round with twelve or fifteen crumbling tenements, the wrecks of by-gone years! Not a tree stood in the gaping square for the eye to rest upon; the grass was all withered up; the burning sun fell on the white and barren sand as on a huge mirror, and was reflected back until your cheeks scorched and your eyes filled with tears. Even of these dilapidated houses several were unoccupied, and we drove round two-thirds of the square before we could find a human being to direct us to the tavern. It was a log-cabin, with one room, a deal table, some benches and cots, and a back shed for kitchen. Stable there was none, nor bar, nor servant, nor landlord visible. I turned my horse on the public square and took peaceable possession of the establishment. Nobody was to be seen. I was hungry and fatigued. The idea of a town once famous, and its hundred-and-one little comforts for the traveler, had buoyed me up during the morning drive, and fancy had diagramed something very different from what I was then realizing. In a few hours, however, the bachelor landlord came in. Not expecting company he had gone out on a foraging expedition. He feasted us on delicious venison, and, being a Virginian, soon concocted an ample julep. The mint grew near the grave of a jolly lawyer, a son of the "Old Dominion," who died there a few years before. No man can live in such a place without losing his energies. The mind stagnates, and in six months one would go completely asleep. I never saw such a picture of desolation. All was silence and solitude. In reply to my inquiry, my old friend, Colonel Mixon, said that times were dull; there was a little activity in one line only; and hobbling off he soon returned with a pair of babies in his arms—twin gems, plump, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, hanging around his neck like flowers on the stump of a storm-battered oak. Counselor Barrett, who seemed thoroughly posted in this branch of statistics, informed me that, during the last twelve months, thirteen matrons of that vicinity had produced doublets! The Colonel said that any disconsolate pair who would board with him six months, and drink from a peculiar spring on the premises, without having their expectations realized, should have



a free ticket at his table for sixty days to try it again.

These infant phenomena, however, are by no means confined to Perry County. East Mississippi every where is equally prolific. In the *Paulding Clarion* I read the following, from the Rev. Marmaduke Gardiner, of Clarke County:

"FALLING SPRING, Feb. 2.

"More than one hundred persons have visited my house since Saturday last, for the purpose of seeing three beautiful boy babies which my wife gave birth to on the 28th ult. One weighs  $7\frac{1}{2}$ , the others  $6\frac{1}{2}$  each, and are perfectly formed. We have named them Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I married my wife twenty years ago, and she has given me nine sons and nine daughters, but no triplicates until the last."

Married couples in search of heirs often cross the Atlantic, or drug themselves with nostrums and stinking mineral waters, when a single summer in these pine-woods would accomplish what they desire without extraordinary efforts, and at one-twentieth of the expense.

The old town next day presented a more lively scene. That certain premonitory of a piny-woods' gathering, the beer and ginger-bread cart, came rumbling into the square.—Rickety vehicles, of odd shapes, laden with melons, trundled along behind. A corner shanty displayed several suspicious-looking jugs and kegs. Buck negroes, dressed in their holiday suits, strode in, looking about for the candidates as one would for the giraffe. No candidate except the Hon. Robert J. Walker had visited the defunct town for years. It was quite an event. Finally, the stout sovereigns from the country came in, and the comedy commenced. The largest portion of the crowd was in the court-house to hear the orators, but a pretty considerable group was posted about the doggerly. A number were playing "old sledge" on the heads of empty whisky barrels, and others were discussing the preliminaries of a quarter race.

Three of the candidates had spoken, when the late Judge Mitchell (formerly a well-known Member of Congress from Tennessee) rose. After an elaborate reply to the arguments of two of them, he turned to the third, and laying his hand on his head, said, "I

have only one word to say in answer to my young friend. He has a leetle soft spot right here, and it is *mushy* all round it."

When R. J. Walker was canvassing against George Poindexter for the Senate, he was accompanied, said Colonel Mixon, by a queer fish, one Isaac M'Farren, a fellow of infinite jest, and whose countenance was a comedy of itself. On a certain occasion they put up with a new settler, and had to sleep on the floor, while the man and his wife occupied a bunk in the same room. A very buxom damsel slept in a small kitchen near by. Mac had cast sheep's-eyes at her, and being uncomfortable on the floor, concluded to go and whisper a few soft nothings in her ear. He slipped out very quietly; but it being a crispy and frosty night, the door of the kitchen creaked upon its hinges, and the woman exclaimed, "Husband! husband! one of them men's arter Sally!" He sprang up, seized his rifle, and was rushing out, when Mr. Walker seized his arm. M'Farren hearing the



THE HURRICANE.





BARRETT AND THE BOAR.

noise, appeared at the other door rather *en désahillé*. "Je-men-y!" cried the man, and cocked his rifle. Mr. Walker threw it up, and Mac, running forward, seized him by the hand, exclaiming, "Sir, it is only a frolic and an indiscretion; I am a man of honor, incapable of injuring sleeping innocence. Sir, I throw myself on your generosity. I see that you belong to the honorable fraternity of free and accepted masons. Brother, I give you *the right hand of fellowship*!" The man was overwhelmed with this volubility, and flattered at the notion of being mistaken for a mason. He accompanied the party over the county, but finally voted the Poindexter ticket, because Walker would persist in running when M'Farren was the proper man for the place!

"I was in —," said Counselor Barrett, "when Governor —, who was a candidate for re-election, came there. The county had been recently organized, and few of the people had been there long enough to vote under the Constitu-

tional provision which requires six months' residence in the county and twelve in the State. They were anxious to vote, and got up a petition to the Board of Police (which has the supervision of elections) to dispense with the requisitions of the Constitution."

"Did the Board comply with the petition?"

"I can't exactly say," said the Counselor; "but as they all voted, I presume the order was duly made. The best of the joke was, the Governor signed the petition!"

Next day the Counselor accompanied me a few miles on my way. Showing me a road running down toward the swamp, he inquired if I knew how that road came to be made. On replying that I did not, he said: "Some years ago I was down in that swamp with some fellows after wild hogs. I was standing on the edge of it hallooing on the hounds, my gun resting against a tree, when out rushed an enormous boar and charged right at me. I could only straddle my legs to escape his furious onset; but as he passed under, being rather low in the crotch, I found myself astride of him. Almost unconscious from terror, I involuntarily seized his tail,

and stuck my heels under his shoulders. At every stride he took my spurs goaded him on. Thus he ran some three miles through the brushwood, making a clean sweep as he went, but finally fell exhausted, when I dispatched the monster with my bowie-knife. The road is now used for hauling timber from Leaf River swamp, and is called Barrett's trail."

The country through which I am journeying is sparsely settled, and is only adapted to grazing. Its surface undulates like the roll of the ocean, and hill and valley are covered with luxuriant grass and with flowers of every hue. Herds of cattle stand in the plashy brooks. Red deer troop along the glades; wild turkeys run before you along your road, and the partridge rises from every thicket. But for these the solitude would be painful. Settlements are often twenty miles apart; the cheering mile-post and gossiping wayfarer are rarely met with. The gaunt pines have a spectral aspect, and their long shadows fall sadly upon the path. At



nightfall, when the flowers have faded away, no fire-flies gem the road; one hears no tinkling bell; the robber owl skims lazily by; fantastic shades chase each other into deeper gloom; and instead of "the watch-dog's cheerful cry," the "wolf's long howl" comes from the reed-brakes, and is echoed by its prowling mate on the neighboring hills.

The day was dark and lowering. For weeks nor rain nor gentle dews had refreshed the calcined earth. A heavy cloud hung overhead, and its pent-up fury burst upon the forest. The few birds that tenant these silent woods flew screaming to their eyries; some cattle dashed across the hills for shelter. The whole wilderness was in motion. The pines swayed their lofty heads, and the winds shrieked and moaned among the gnarled and aged limbs. A few old ones fell thundering down, casting their broken fragments around; and then the hurricane rushed madly on, tearing up the largest trees, and hurling them like javelins through the air. The sky was covered as with a pall; and lurid flashes, like sepulchral lights, streamed and blazed athwart it. The earthquake voice of nature trembled along the ground, and, ere its running echoes died away, came again, crash after crash thundering forth. But at length, as though weary of the agony, it paused, and the phantom clouds scudded away. The scene around was appalling! Hundreds of trees lay prostrate, while, here and there, others stood shivered by the bolt of heaven and smoking with its fires. God preserve me from another ride through these giant pines in such a tempest!

## MADELEINE SCHAEFFER.

### I.

AT twenty years old Madeleine Schaeffer found herself three against Fate, as Descartes against the murderous sailors: God, I, and my sword—the last a weapon whose fine edge the dull armor of her opponent had already partly turned. In other parlance, she had not a friend in the world, and had forgotten how to make one. Born in the faith that the race of Schaeffer crowned humanity, and that, owing to their rare condescension, the rest of creation shared sunlight and starlight, dew and rain, it was a stern teacher that wrought a new creed. In her native village her father ruled supreme, and art and wealth had done their best to make his daughter worthy of her blood; culture and accomplishment could hardly go further. When at length he looked upon his work, and saw that it was good, there came a great gap into his life—he had met with fulfillment. It was then that a malevolent deity whispered at his ear. His daughter's fortune—was it at all equal to what such a creature had the right to demand? Were there not flocks of golden fleece rambling about the earth, whose rightful shepherds were Schaeffers? And so the simple old country-born-and-bred aristocrat plunged into the vortex of speculation. An excellent nut for Wall

Street to crack, and they found the meat sweet! One day he came home to Madeleine with Ruin as plainly lettered on his face as Dante's Omo. It was impossible for him to stay and front the vassals of his little burgh, and so they fled before the sheriff to the city; and there, after two years of hard struggle and much want, the old man died. What little remained in the purse Madeleine spent in conveying the dear form to its rest—that last in the long row of ancestral graves whose sunken stones, wreathed with wild-brier vines and wrought with lichens, slanted and crumbled before the sun and wind of two centuries. Then the coach deposited her at the station once more just as the great, panting train came in. Her foot was on the step before thought struck her, and she paused to ask herself what was to be sought in the city—what but blanker ruin faced her in those swarming lanes? Madeleine drew her shawl about her and moved away. As well die here as there; at least the autumn leaves would drift and mound above her—and the train thundered by. She turned under the late, dull sky, and once more mechanically sought her father's grave. But she did not enter the inclosure, only sat on the low gate-stone, like a sad sphinx to question the passers-by, while twilight hastened up to wrap her in its shadows.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment," she sighed through the stillness.

"Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation," said another voice.

Madeleine started; she did not know that she had spoken; and looking up through the gray dampness she saw the old clergyman standing above her. He took her home with him, and had her put to bed and to sleep, and allowed her the refuge of torpor and grief. A friend of his knew of some gay Southern travelers who, at the North in the summer, had desired a governess. A letter came and went with its swift white wings, and Madeleine was checked and ticketed on her way to the Carolinian coast—kindness which the good, glad-giving man could ill afford since the generous Schaeffer tithe had failed him.

A weary journey both by nights and days—clattering over leagues of pine barrens—coaching through everglades that were sloughs of despond—skirting luxury, unthrift, and squalor—at length they plunged into an almost unbroken forest, hung with long veils of bleached moss, and Madeleine found herself the solitary female on the deck of a crazy little steamer bound down river. She drew her veil over her face, and sat apart on the deck, for there remained no great distance before her. Approaching it, her future, that she had kept resolutely out of mind, now rose and refused to be dwarfed. It was an ugly sight to her; her sensitive pride, her inborn hauteur recoiled: yet it was work, and to meet it she summoned endurance. Sitting there, she watched the banks of the narrow channel down



which the steamer was shooting—banks which, in spite of the early autumn, were yet dense with lofty greenery, and often gorgeous in the floral garniture of riotous vines—still wild and virgin as when the river first burst its way between them. Here the engines stopped for food; or here the bows were half shoved in toward shore, and a long-limbed young man, rifle in hand, leaped on deck; or here there was fretting delay over piles of waiting cotton-bales; and here the little steamer went on her noisy way again. It was all very tiresome, and Madeleine turned to discover the nationality of her companions—an uproarious set of tobacco-feoffs for the most part. In one spot they threw the dice; in another, bartered and discussed the merits of crops, human and cotton; in a third, loud words, picturesque gestures, and angry eyes betrayed the political quarter of that microcosm. In the centre of this group, leaning on his gun, stood the young man who had lately leaped on board, hailed with a halloo. His shooting-clothes of some very coarse and thick stuff—his heavy boots—the hat slouched over his face—these things allowed him no exalted station; but there was a certain air in his manner of wearing them that said autocrat as distinctly as ermined velvet and jeweled orders could have done. Boon companion of them every one, he yet seemed to surround himself with a personal atmosphere which none of these creatures could penetrate; his brief and curt harangue, received with acclamatory acquiescence, had been uttered like a ukase. If, as he stood there, leaning in this lordly way upon his gun, his cigar, with its faintly-curling wreath, held carelessly away between downward fingers—if, standing so, he vouchsafed a sentence, it was rather tossed at them than spoken; and this fawning public of his, like any other spaniel, seemed to relish his thrusts better than another man's caress. But since she understood nothing, this, too, soon wearied, and, in despite of her tremor, she gladly greeted the sight of her little box thrown upon a landing where overhanging boughs darkened the stream, and a plank flung out on which she was to walk ashore. The tall young man with the rifle preceded, and, with a bow, offered a hand to assist her—a hand not much in accordance with the rest of him, and gleaming with a singular ring. Directly afterward he disappeared. Within a yard or two Madeleine now discovered an old coach awaiting her, and the driver having, satisfactorily to his own understanding, decided upon her identity in the affirmative, she was conducted at a funereal pace toward her final destination. The road was a causeway built above the dykes of broad rice-fields that every where, as far as eye could see, were green with the rank malarial tinge of a new, rich, second springing, although already stacked with the abundant harvest. At length they entered under a broad avenue of ancient oaks, a magnificent growth, huge and columnar, with vast arches and cathedral spaces. The pendent sheets of misty moss—the wild and brilliant parasites, whose blossoms fluttered like

splendid wings in the dark and polished leafage—the carpet of dazzling verdure, sprinkled with shifting sun and shadow from its emerald under-sky, made a scene that filled Madeleine's soul with rest; and when, weary of gazing, she leaned back with closed eyes, the lofty murmur among the waving boughs seemed to sing the very strain of her dreams. She would have been content to jolt on under this antiphonal vault forever; but, as nothing is eternal, there came an end to leisure and pleasure in the shape of a large and irregular house, not in particular repair, and singularly weather-stained, half covered with vines, and backed with a lofty grove of sycamore and cypress, and beyond, a dim line of sea.

Mrs. Ediston met her with a brood of little Edistons clinging about her skirts, and in ten minutes Miss Schaeffer had found her level for so long as she should teach beneath that lintel. Weary at heart, she gladly availed herself of permission to retire, and to dull with sleep the first edge of service.

It was early on the next morning when she awoke. Unpacking and arranging her slight wardrobe, she then made the most elaborate toilet of her life. A glance, a word, had taught her what to expect of Mrs. Ediston: white, but a servant. The haughty Schaeffer blood ill brooked it. But there is a pride far more tremendous than any other—that of proud humility, and behind this the girl intrenched herself beyond reach of all of Mrs. Ediston's arrows. From her few dresses, once rich, now turned and pieced, she chose the plainest, and bound her throat and wrists with a narrow linen. But first, all those drooping veils of darkest hair that yesterday hung their ever-changing shadows about her face, that waving and waving below the soft, round chin, had at length broken into globy masses of curl, she combed out and brushed straight along the brow, to be coiled behind in one heavy knot. It is true there was thus left exposed an ear delicate and pink as any faintly-tinged whorl, and an outline fine and soft enough for a Madonna; yet one scarcely notices such things in a dependent. Moreover want, and care, and grief had somewhat sharpened them all; and thus attired, pale through fatigue, and with no lovely expression in the curves of those reticent lips, certainly no one would have accused Miss Schaeffer of beauty.

Some dozen years before this epoch Mr. Roanoke the elder had died, leaving his youngish widow and her son well provided with stocks, mortgages, and railroad bonds, and his estate to a son by a previous marriage. On the estate, however, the widow continued to reside for a part of every year, traveling during the spring and summer. In one of these journeys she met with an admirer who speedily made her Mrs. Ediston, and returned with her to manage her step-son's affairs. This son, in process of education at the North, afterward chose to bury himself on one of the few rice-lands on the Mississippi, a maternal inheritance, leaving Mrs.



Ediston for the present in undisputed possession. But on the death of Mr. Ediston the vast outdoor arrangements of a plantation proved too much for her skill, and Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke returned to his ancestral acres. It was to this young man, then, that Mrs. Ediston presented Miss Schaeffer as she entered the breakfast-room that morning—presented as to a potentate. Mr. Roanoke was deep in his newspaper, but glancing up, he rose, bowed, and extended his hand after a moment's deliberation, with that chivalrous deportment due to any woman. Miss Schaeffer bent coolly in return, chose not to see the hand, and passed to the seat indicated by Mrs. Ediston, between the Misses Ally and Essie Ediston, who were already clamoring for every thing on the table. Quieting them, Miss Schaeffer scarcely suffered aught to escape her, since the first few moments of acquaintance are foundation-stones. It was more by intuition than otherwise that she recognized the state of affairs between the young man and her mistress. On the one part, a financial arrangement that spared the privy purse. On the other, she had been his father's wife; therefore was to be treated with respect; in the mean time managed his household admirably. But to say that there was love lost between them would have been a waste of words.

"Another cup, my dear Geoffrey? Julius, Mr. Roanoke's cup." And between the periods of his paragraphs Mr. Roanoke sipped his coffee, black and bitter—a habit which Miss Schaeffer supposed he had contracted to guard against the miasms. As she looked at him he wore a strangely familiar air; she wondered where she had seen him before; and then as the ring on his hand flashed in her face she remembered. It was true he wore broadcloth now rather than fustian; and the countenance, crowned with its white forehead above deep-set but glowing eyes, had a somewhat less sardonic guise than when the brown beard and mustache alone appeared beneath the shade of a slouching brim. Still it was the same; and then an older remembrance struck her. A hand ungloved to fasten her cloak, and a strange ring scattering light from it. Well, why should he recognize in a pale, serge-clad governess the brilliant being who floated on his arm in swooning circles amidst music, and incense, and lustre? Damask cheek, dropping tresses, raiment of gold-colored satin that seemed but the shadow thrown by her topaz gems. Miss Schaeffer glanced at the mirror that hung opposite: no, severe and old, she would not have known herself. As her eye fell it rested for a moment on Mrs. Ediston's. Mrs. Ediston smiled, and stirred her coffee, and tasted.

A servant brought round Mr. Roanoke's horse for his daily visit to the fields; the cheerful banquet was concluded, and not a word had been thrown away.

It did not take Miss Schaeffer long to fall into the round of her new duties, which were not heavy; for after class-hours there was nothing but Clara's music, and Mr. Roanoke him-

self attended to Rob's Greek. For a day or two it was hard work with the uproarious Essie and Ally; but then the pair found that they were under that strong but light hand and succumbed with riotous pleasure; and in all Miss Schaeffer's stay at Roanoke Fields she had no more feal subjects than these breezy little things. Rob regarded his governess rather as a region to be explored, did not at once surrender his affections, held her command as a personal indignity, and refused allegiance. Miss Clara Ediston was the easiest victim of the whole. She had attained her twelfth year, and was advanced in her studies so far as the third volume of the "Children of the Abbey." Upon promotion she was struck with a fit of the sulks, during which her mamma prescribed and administered a dark closet. With her release she fled incontinently to Miss Schaeffer, and bewailed her fate in a style unworthy of Amanda, and found solace thereon in "Clara's Waltz," with which Miss Schaeffer silenced her, and for which she suffered her that day to put by the exercises. Thus established the autumn went fleeting into winter; but Miss Schaeffer had lost her bearings, she had no motive for notching off the days on her memory, and since the weather was like May she forgot that it was December. She had not become a whit more reconciled with her condition; she had only hardened her armor. Mrs. Ediston could not keep her at a greater distance than she kept Mrs. Ediston. As for Mr. Roanoke, she did not know that beyond the table courtesies she had yet exchanged a word with him. She was left out of all his plans. He regarded her as a subordinate, and treated her with quiet respect. To Miss Schaeffer it seemed quiet contempt. The frequent visitors did not know of her existence, of course. She never lingered at the table, never was to be found in drawing-room or on veranda; but in the school-room, if Mrs. Ediston sought her, or Mr. Roanoke came about Rob's Greek, she received them like a queen in her own domain.

"Why don't you ever come down when there's company, Miss Schaeffer?" asked Essie, skipping into the room on one foot and resting it with the other.

"Both feet, Essie."

"Oh, I forgot. Why don't you? There's going to be dancing to-night, they're fixing—"

"What is it?"

"I mean—why, Miss Schaeffer, what *should* I say?"

"What is it they are doing?"

"Mending the balcony."

"That's what you should say then."

"They're mending the balcony for the fiddlers. Don't you know how to dance? Don't you like to dance?"

"Yes, very well."

"So do I!" And Essie pirouetted round half the chairs.

"Not quite so much fling, Essie. A little more quietly," said Miss Schaeffer; for Essie danced after the fashion of a reckless *figurante*.



"Why, I don't make a bit of noise!" was the round-eyed reply.

"No; but a gentler movement. This way." And Miss Schaeffer, binding up a fallen tress, suddenly paused with a color in her cheeks, finding herself softly humming the gayest of tunes, and waltzing down the room with Essie.

"O Miss Schaeffer, you dance better than mamma!" cried the child in an ecstasy. "Do come down and waltz with me to-night."

"To-night you will be in bed. There, Essie, now I must draw your copies."

"No, indeed, we always sit up when there's company, to learn ease, mamma says. Miss Schaeffer, won't you?"

"No. Run away."

"But why not?" pursued Essie.

"Why not?" repeated Miss Schaeffer, throwing down her pencil. "Oh, because my dancing days are over."

"Over! What makes them over?"

"I've lost my slippers," said Miss Schaeffer, with half a smile.

"Wait not to find your slippers,  
But come in your naked feet,"

hummed a voice in the corridor; and as Miss Schaeffer heard a retreating step she felt an uncomfortable suspicion that a witness of the little drama had been in the door-way. But if Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke had allowed himself such freedom, it must have been an inadvertence; more probably he had heedlessly caught the word in passing; and a moment after, as if to dispel the very idea, Mr. Roanoke himself, grave as Rhadamanthus, marshaled in the refractory Rob, bowed silently to Miss Schaeffer, and proceeded to scatter Rob's wits through the mazes of an irregular verb.

One morning shortly after this occurrence, when Miss Schaeffer took her seat at the breakfast-table, her eye was arrested by an envelope lying beside her napkin. A letter to her? And from whom in the world? Ah no; Mrs. Ediston allowed Mr. Roanoke the pleasure of paying her bills. Such was his method. As few words as possible with his serfs. All this without the movement of an eyelash.

"I suppose you know that the holidays are upon us, Miss Schaeffer?" said Mrs. Ediston.

"I had forgotten. You wish the children should have vacation?"

"Oh, certainly. From Christmas until Epiphany, always. It will be such a relief, Geoffrey, if Rob ever gets to college!"

"A relief not to be immediately experienced. He is very well as he is. A good enough boy as boys go," said the young man, scarcely glancing up from the price-current of the *Mercury*.

"You will not have time to return to the North, Miss Schaeffer, in twelve days?" continued Mrs. Ediston.

"I do not wish it. I suppose there is some place in the neighborhood where I can stay till they resume."

"Oh, here of course. There will be care enough for you. But I should have thought

you would wish to go home," said Mrs. Ediston, meditatively.

"I have no home to go to," replied Miss Schaeffer, after a pause, gazing into her cup, and then looking steadfastly up.

"No home to go to! But where are your relatives?"

"I have no relatives."

"And no friends?"

"No friends."

"No relatives? no friends? Great Heavens, Geoffrey!" cried Mrs. Ediston in French across the table. "What sort of thing is this in the house with no relatives and no friends?"

Miss Schaeffer colored—a deep, warm tint that clung to her cheek. She smiled too, a smile that disclosed little bits of pearl.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ediston, but I understand French."

"As my governess should!" retorted that lady, flushing angrily.

Miss Schaeffer did not notice the words, for her glance had caught Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke's; and with the dimpling smile, the gay glint of dark eyes, the color, Miss Schaeffer was for a moment again radiantly lovely—and knew it. Only a moment; then it all fell, and she was the gray-faced governess of old. Yet brief as the moment was, it was a small triumph; for Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke had been altogether in the habit of making the most trifling remarks to his mamma, in the French tongue, as if to exclude the white servant from any participation. He smiled himself—he could not help it; and as his eyelids dropped, it was on that perfect picture. In a breath he glanced up again as if to assure himself that it was still there. No, it had been a glamour—nothing else; no one but the pale, stern, black-clad woman sat before him. Miss Schaeffer had certainly taken a liberty. Mr. Roanoke's demeanor became icily lordly. At least so Miss Schaeffer construed the meaning of the next few moments. Little did the governess care. Indispensable, and knowing it, giving them good work for good payment—they were welcome to indulge their little whims. Her sole solicitude was to amass such a sum as would allow her to open a day-school in the city at no distant period, and after that perhaps to pay her father's debts. This very scene was another plate for her armor. She rose from the table, took the envelope, bowed to Mrs. Ediston as usual, and withdrew—Essie and Ally skipping down to follow her. But at sight of that money I can not say that a tortured fiend did not turn in her heart anew. It wanted yet a half hour to class-time, and in the school-room Miss Schaeffer composed herself above a sheet of paper. There was too much nobility in Madeleine's nature to attempt offering the good clergyman repayment of the sum he had expended for her. Necessity had forced acceptance upon her; it was impossible to cancel an obligation. But she could at least devote a portion of her earnings toward alleviating wants that she knew too well. Poor people in the surrounding coun-



try she had not yet met, for her walks with her pupils had been restricted to Roanoke Fields, the large island entirely occupied by Mr. Roanoke's plantation; and yet she felt as if there were a debt due Providence from her. An installment of this debt then, her letter being concluded, she folded within the delicate leaf, and superscribed and sealed it. Running down stairs with that light heart which makes a light foot, she saw Mr. Roanoke crossing the hall at their base.

"Oh, Mr. Roanoke," she cried. "Are you going into town to-day may I ask?"

"I am, Miss ——"

"Schaeffer, Sir. Will you have the great kindness to post this for me?" And she handed him the letter and the dime; for it was before that glorious invention of three-penny bits.

This was too much for Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke. He lightly, half-unobservantly shook the dime off into her hand, saying, in his courtliest style, "I take pleasure in doing so."

Miss Schaeffer opened her eyes. She was not aware that it was the first time she had ever voluntarily addressed him. But thanking him now, she turned away and dropped the dime into the palm of a little blackball who came tumbling down the stairs at the one opportune moment of his life.

"What is it, Geoffrey?" asked Mrs. Ediston, at his shoulder, as he drew on the riding-gloves, and before Miss Schaeffer was beyond hearing.

"You can see, mamma."

"Dear me! 'Rev. Cyrus Grey, Schaefferslin, N. Y.' Some little deacon studying for orders, I suppose; and after ordination there's to be a Mrs. Cyrus Grey and love in a cottage! What does the direction say to you?"

"Fallen fortunes, mamma."

"How?"

"The Schaefferslin. But I hadn't read it."

"Well. Don't forget to call at Spray Rocks. The children accept with pleasure. And there's my——"

"I am going the other way. Send Julius."

"Why, Geoffrey! it isn't a minute since you promised me to go at once yourself! And Julius will make a mess of it."

"Very well, then. I will call on my return."

"What! right in the noon?"

"At some time to-day. Now I have an engagement in town."

But Miss Schaeffer went springing up stairs and along the hall, with a half laugh lighting her face.

"What are you laughing at, Miss Schaeffer?" asked Essie, capering beside her.

"At laughing thoughts."

"So am I. What are your laughing thoughts?"

"What are yours, Essie?"

"Oh! cakes and tarts and Dr. Develin—he always gives us such pocketfuls. I wish Europe was in Guinea, and a thousand miles off! That's where he is now. He used to be here at Christ-

mas. And he won't be home for—oh, for months! What *are* you thinking of, Miss Schaeffer?"

"I am thinking of an old woman who will have two blankets this winter instead of none. Of the little girl who looks like dying, and who is to have flowers and sherry wine and bits of chicken. Of three miles down river to school that Tom Allan shall skate now with flashing heels, instead of the five he used to walk. And what *are you* thinking of, Clara?" as that damsel confronted them in an aureole, apparently.

"Oh, Essie! oh, Miss Schaeffer! We're going to Juliet Develin's!"

"Pooh!" said Essie. "Who cares?"

"I do. Oh, Miss Schaeffer, she's just so beautiful! And she lets me stand at the toilet while she's dressing——"

"I like the Doctor best; I don't care a snap about her, except that, if she were a doll, maybe I'd like her in my stocking. Great black eyes, without any winkers, just like a doll's. And she slaps Silver—I've seen her!"

"Well, what if she does? Mother slaps Julius."

"Geoffrey don't; and he don't allow us. And he says no lady——"

Just here the bell tinkled, and the remaining personalities were lost to the world and Miss Schaeffer.

The holidays slipped over easily enough, on part of them the children being absent visiting Miss Develin, who, under the surveillance of an ancient aunt, kept her brother's house; and on their return, and the reopening of school-books, life jogged along the foot-pathway till spring. Mrs. Ediston bustled about the house; the children made it resonant; Mr. Roanoke was absent the greater portion of the time, either busy at the rice-mill or absorbed in caucuses and other such embroglios—not in the caucuses themselves, however, for he never condescended to lift his finger politically to pull a wire or turn a card; but on the dinners and routs that figured previously to their sessions if he had a wish he expressed it, and every body else acted upon it. Indeed so long had the Roanokes lorded it over that district, that few would have known how to withstand their precedent, even had Mr. Geoffrey himself been a person to withstand; and if some new-comer or some old malcontent dared object, then Mr. Geoffrey rose in might and annihilated him. Of course this gave him but small life at home; days passed in which the governess never saw nor remembered him—what little intercourse they did have was of the curtest; and lost in his thoughts he sat with that sardonic shadow on his face, and gave few words to any. With March, however, he took Rob on a long Northern journey, and Miss Schaeffer followed the remainder of the family to certain Virginian Springs, where, having established her with the children, Mrs. Ediston spent the summer in visits to her countless acquaintance—in September gathering her brood under her wing at home in the city house, since it was yet too early to breathe the poisonous atmosphere of the plantation. The year had



been a trying one to Miss Schaeffer. Rob, enfranchised in soul, was more refractory than ever at being again obliged to own the female sway; the girls were also turbulent; and weary and worn, Miss Schaeffer would have given worlds for some friend to exchange a word of sympathy, to rest her and relieve her with love.

Three weeks of the city life, and Miss Schaeffer longed for that cool, sweet quiet of the island of Roanoke Fields. But Mrs. Ediston was in her element; the place was very gay. She went out every night—crape mitigated by lace—for a long seclusion gave her pleasures zest. At length one morning she planned a sailing party to the Fields—a party which should go and return by sunlight, owing to the nightly ascendency there of mists and miasms; and she consulted Mr. Geoffrey, who rode or sailed down and back every day, in reference to her designs.

"Damn the place!" said Mr. Geoffrey, kicking over a foot-stool. "I'd swop the whole of it for one acre of my Mississippi land if I had to choose. There it's as healthy as a New England corn-field; here, if you sneeze, you're a dead man. Freshes and salts—I'm tired of the sound! It was a fresh in the spring, and then had to come drought and upset the tide; and here's a salt to kill my plants just out of the long flow. It's the life of a dog—of the dogs of war! Good-morning!" And Mr. Geoffrey was off, to swear some unlimited oath in the privacy of his morning ride. But Mrs. Ediston, nothing baffled by this statement of a rice-planter's miseries, proceeded with her plans, and one day packed her hampers. She had, it might be confessed, a secret longing to look into the house, and see what ravages summer had made there—a longing which this course was one to satisfy and justify.

A hot, sultry morning, and the gay party went winding down the harbor in their boat, Mr. Geoffrey leading the way with Essie in a tiny yawl. The sun was blazing overhead; it seemed as if the furnace-blast of the wind should make the water smoke; but they went simmering on, reached Roanoke Fields, and disembarked.

How changed was every spray! The rankest, lushest, most entangled foliage; the foot sinking ankle-deep in flowery turf whose clouds of incense bewildered the brain with satiety. Overhead the boughs at noon made midnight with myriad leaves, that seemed each in their juicy strength capable of distilling the poison they sucked in from the ambient air; and far and wide, stretching away into the dim sea-line, clothed in deadly verdure, virulently virid, lay the long rice-fields smiling falsely under that mask of tenderest, freshest green. It was a glad day. No more graceful host than Mr. Roanoke, when he chose, ever stood in the door; he made the moments light even for Miss Schaeffer. But at length the bell sounded to recall all wanderers, who, coming laden with the wild and pulpy things they had pulled, hastily crowded

the boat, and when the larger float pushed off Miss Schaeffer was left standing on the bank.

"I have hurried them home," said Mr. Roanoke to the overseer—who was about riding away, for he did not sleep on the place, as the slaves are the only ones who can remain there overnight, and they not with entire impunity—"because," continued Mr. Roanoke, in a voice very much as if he were soliloquizing, since although it was necessary for these people to have the information, it would be sufficient for them to hear him give it to himself, "because the day has been so hot that the mists will rise early and fall heavy." But here the man paused for a few last words—last words that took a half hour—and then Mr. Roanoke impatiently cut them short, ran up the little sail, and the two went skimming down the creek, and neither of them speaking, for Mr. Roanoke did not choose, Miss Schaeffer did not wish it. As they sailed, Miss Schaeffer leaned idly back in the boat and tried to forget herself. She watched the sky, cloudless and just beginning to give an answering glow from the horizon; the overhanging banks that threw such green glooms upon their shining way; the trailers that every here and there sent out a shoot of resplendent blossom, a lasso of tough cord to delay them; the dark water that gently parted beneath them; the flaws that sailed slowly on before them; the faint and tiny threads of vapor, laden with fragile beauty, that, rising half imperceptibly from the stream, faded away into the burning air; watched these elfin wreaths that breathing up and curling tendril-like on the skirts of the shadow of the shores, already streaked that burning air with coolness, nor knew that each cool waft could pierce the brain like blades.

"What do you see, Miss Schaeffer?" asked Mr. Roanoke, condescendingly breaking at length his haughty silence, as if her ways amused him.

"Little bubbles, Sir, little balloons of white air rising like sprites, Mr. Roanoke. Can they—"

"Accursed sprites! Twice cursed if the wind should fall!"

And the wind did fall. Mr. Roanoke got out the oars, bent above them, and shot on with sweeping strokes, and without a word. Fine and thin particles grained the air. The sun had not yet set, but the sky began to haze, and they saw him through a dun golden veil that seemed all at once to be steaming every where about them; they went breast-high through long-rolling waves of cloud combed white as wool. The veil thickened and clung to them, the thwarts were already dripping from it. The sun was neither to be seen nor felt; they were chilled to the soul and reeking with the foul leaden mists. Those sprites had grown and towered and thrown off disguise, and stalked along beside them and before them like giants walking the water, columns of white vapor. It became rapidly darker, they could only dimly discern the writhing, twisting forms of shadow that mounted on either side, the air they breathed stifled with heavy clogging



clamminess; there was ringing in their ears as if they had been fathoms deep under the sea. So cold, so wet, they seemed to be rowing into the mouth of an icy hell. Once or twice they had passed the confluence of the countless waterways among these islands—they took their course by instinct. But as it darkened currents of mist seemed to be branch streams, the channels disappeared. They should long since have reached the sea and been in safe and clear night sky. Mr. Geoffrey felt obscurely for a bank; the beads were condensing on his forehead in blisters.

"I have lost the way," he said, hoarsely. "It will be better to walk, find the house, and build fires, than to stay here all night. It is doubtful," he muttered to himself, "if we either of us ever see sunshine again!" And making foothold, he handed her to the shore.

As damp, as dank, as dark. They plunged under roofing of black, poison-dripping boughs, through thickets that crouched beneath the withering mildew, and all the while they breathed this eurdling cloud of miasm and decay.

"We are under the oaks!" at length exclaimed Mr. Roanoke. "We have rowed round the island and passed every sea-opening! Fools! We were mad to come!" But in a moment he had opened the hall-door and elanged it behind them. The thick air returned only an answering thud. "We will have a fire in the school-room. The mists may not mount so high. By closing every shutter we may escape, providing we be not already done for!" In a few seconds he had thrown heaping armfuls of wood on the hearth there, and a great blaze leaped up the chimney. Then Mr. Roanoke seated Miss Schaeffer. She was tired and pale, but had not after all endured such transition as he when he dropped the heated oars. It was plain that from her Northern birth and her but partial acclimation he expected at every breath to see her drop. Yet sitting there—and since sleep was death—they each shook off the drowsy weight upon them; began to sparkle by mere force of will; to laugh, and jest, and talk blithely; to relate, to invent; and Mr. Roanoke opened hoards of unsuspected learning, and became fired as he imparted it. They talked of the books they liked, and his criticisms were inalterable as crystals; they spoke of music, and he described to her a concert, with the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, in such words that the strains seemed repeated in the air; they spoke of the drama, and he gave her sudden and swift impersonations of a great actor so vividly that she would have said there was a third person in the room; he fell to telling her of the region and its soil; it seemed to her that the earth had opened and she were plucking chemical secrets from the pictured depths. Once or twice as he spoke he gave her, so to say, an almost impalpable touch with a hand as cold as her own. Was it possible that this was Mr. Roanoke; the cold, unsympathetic, silent man—the cynical master? Miss Schaeffer leaned back in her chair, in a measure fascinated, in a measure irate. This

airy grace, she knew, was like the cloud on some bald mountain's brow—the rock was underneath.

"Ah yes, Miss Schaeffer," said he, rising and lighting a cigar; "this does not offend you, I hope? That *Midsummer-Night's Dream* touches some very curious facts in our psychology, moreover. As much so as if Shakspeare were making very sport of human nature. Do you know—you must have had chances enough to learn this summer, if never before, since before you were one of the phantasmagoria, this summer one of the spectators (provided, as I say, that your own eyes were open at those Springs to learn)—that the juice of that flower called *Love-in-idleness* is tossed about on folks' eyelids to-day by some capricious Puck as resistlessly as ever in that old Grecian forest?"

"Mr. Roanoke, it never struck me as Grecian before."

"Exactly. It isn't. It is universal. World wide over; having once sat down beside Bottom on that flowery bank, and stuek musk-roses in his sleek, smooth head, the knave of hearts may lay traps for you; Apollo descend with lyre, and lute, and pipe, and flute; Cupid riddle you with arrows—and all in vain, because your blind eyes first opened on that elown with the ass's head. Is it so? God! But this is a ghastly *Midsummer-Night's Dream*! A very nightmare! Ah, what a chill! Miss Schaeffer, where are you?" His hand, that a moment since had been ice, seized hers with a grasp of fire, and he fell his length upon the floor insensible.

Miss Schaeffer sprang to her feet and had recourse to a vinaigrette, to a carafe of water, to hot frietion. She drew him nearer the hearth; she piled the logs upon the blaze; she found his flask and poured the brandy between his teeth; she heaped upon him all the blankets to be found. But the malaria had done its work: he lay in statue-like immobility, and if his stupor broke at all, it was only from one swoon into another. In the mean while her very endeavors fortified herself, and she hoped, as indeed it proved, that her constitution was one of those few which are proof against all the envenomed missiles of the nightly swamps. She was worn enough to have all her senses dissolve in sleep, when, suddenly, a long, red ray slanted through a chink of the shutters; she darted forward and threw them open. It was morning—fresh, jubilant morning—blue sky, and golden light, and such hoary weight of dew loading the dripping branches and showering from them, in prised rain-flashes, as they frolicked with the glad, free wind; such song, such color, such radiance!

She heard the galloping hoofs that sped the overseer along, bethought herself of the alarm-bell, and summoned him to her aid; and ere long, having been borne there on a litter, Mr. Roanoke rested among the cushions heaped on the boat's floor, and, with his head held by Miss Schaeffer, was swiftly flying down the creeks and up to the city with the overseer at the helm.

Finally at home, Miss Schaeffer answered Mrs.



Ediston's queries as she could, and the whole house trembled round the point of Mr. Roanoke's life. It was the intermittent fever, too generally fatal, but with his iron frame there was hope. And so in a few weeks it appeared. The subtle foe had only taken the outposts, the citadel remained intact. And at length Mr. Roanoke came down stairs and once more sat among them; silent as ever, quiet, languid, paler but gentler, and looking up with a somewhat grateful smile at the slight and unexpected attentions which every one hastens to pay a convalescent. Mrs. Ediston had faithfully performed her duty; and now, as she again went out in evening dress, she thought him well provided with company in the children and Miss Schaeffer and stray visitors. But it was little society that he suffered Miss Schaeffer to be to him; and so coldly *distrained* was his behavior that one might have fancied him endeavoring to annul some influence of hers. Mr. Roanoke was not so omnipotent but that he must make an ambitious marriage. In fact, it was evident that he was struggling with himself; but to Miss Schaeffer it read only like an attempt to obliterate memory of any past condescension. Nevertheless he was yet ill, yet weak, and in these things the battle is to the strong.

The children had all been taken away, and the last caller had made adieux, as they sat there one night with the lighted windows opening on the gay city street.

"Ah, Miss Schaeffer," said Mr. Roanoke, impulsively, looking up at her as she remained disentangling the errors of Clara's work. "Calm little automaton, are you never lonely, never sad?"

"I? Why should I be?"

"True. You have a great deal of self-respect. It must be pleasant to live with a person whom you respect so much. You enjoy these evenings better than the last one I had the pleasure of spending with you?"

"I don't regret that experience, Sir," she replied, "except—"

"I understand," he said, and bowed. "I am very glad then. For certainly what life crawls through this very narrow chance is due to you."

"Not at all," responded Miss Schaeffer. "I did nothing. And should have done the same for any mortal being."

"Very equivocal," said Mr. Roanoke, with a smile, but then remained silent for a while, his head resting on his hand. As they sat Miss Schaeffer was at first recalling the conversation of that plague-stricken night, and remembering how through it all in his manner there had gleamed only an effect of will—a will to be fascinating, that he might kindle her into interest for the moment, and make her as fascinating in return, since he needed to find that charm in her in order to be roused and alert himself against the insidious enemy of the air, in order himself to battle off drowsiness and death. He was sweet then, and genial, and full of courteous grace; he treated her as his

equal, his friend, simply through an instinct of self-preservation. Nevertheless (she had not felt it at the time, but now as she remembered it), all that glitter had only been like the cold sparkle round the peaks of icebergs. He had made a foil of her, and his brilliance of air and speech was no more than the gaudy beauty with which one trims one's salmon-flies. He would have conducted himself the same had she been a ghoul or a gorgon. And then Miss Schaeffer dismissed the subject, and went wandering back and away to remember happier scenes. At length, however, Mr. Roanoke, who had sat pale and rapt, raised his glance again, dark and piercing, and rested it on her. She sat absorbed in the work, the red on her cheek, the light in her eye, one long tress of hair fallen in slight disorder, and an abandon about her, a forgetfulness of his presence that made her seem more like a picture than a woman.

"Madeleine," said Mr. Roanoke, half in a dream, "do you suppose I do not remember that night when we danced together, the light dazzling back again from a dazzling raiment; the lonely salt-scented sea-breeze blowing in to lift that same tress, to trouble the topazes, to fan the carmine in the cheek—those imperious feet beating out the measure of the music?"

"You are asleep, Mr. Roanoke."

Mr. Roanoke laughed. "If I am may I never wake," said he. "Why do you not answer me? Do you forget it yourself? Have you danced with too many? Are you sorry to afford me a pleasant memory, as you were just now to afford me a pleasant debt? Sit down."

Should she lie? He was choosing to remember it now, only to ignore it to-morrow, and accustom her to his old superciliousness. Why not?

Madeleine's hand was raised upon the door, her face turned in his direction. I can not say what made such a rage surge in her heart.

"You must have taken your coffee too strong, Sir, this morning," said she. "If I had ever danced with a Southern satrap I should certainly recall the fact!" and was gone.

If Madeleine had not lost every other thought in her indignant feeling she would scarcely have begun to call Mr. Roanoke names. As it was, from that day he proved his right to the satrapy. His sentences to Miss Schaeffer—frequent as a racked ingenuity could devise—were brief as requests could be modeled, and had that freedom from the rising inflection which rendered them commands. Miss Schaeffer was summoned without ceremony to open the morning papers. Miss Schaeffer aired the evening papers. Miss Schaeffer was called to drop the wax upon his folded letters. Miss Schaeffer broke the seals and read aloud his business dispatches. Miss Schaeffer was sent to sketch any desired view. Miss Schaeffer was told to find the book and read till forbidden, and when the auditor's eyes closed, instead of dropping the page where she found it, Miss Schaeffer had the sublime revenge of reading on with the completest indiffer-



ence as to whether he slept or whether he waked, until his voice dismissed her. If he enjoyed his tyranny is uncertain; but certainly Madeleine liked it better than any one's condescension. It left her on firm ground, and she hasped her purse with a less vindictive snap. But when it grew beyond further endurance, having been summoned one morning from lessons a dozen trifling times, she appeared in the door-way, and said:

"Am I hired as the children's governess, Mr. Roanoke, or as a companion for you?"

"You may go, Miss Schaeffer," said her tyrant, and was from that moment as innocent of her existence as the master of a house could well be.

The season was so late, the city so gay, and Mr. Roanoke's health so precarious, that they did not return to the plantation till orange-picking. And once re-established there, Madeleine forgot that she had ever been away; the place seemed like home; and if Mr. Roanoke remembered that other time of their mutual experience he said nothing, and she banished it. So they used life. Great preparations were toward. Dr. Develin had returned, and the holidays were to be kept this time at the island of Roanoke Fields. Mr. Geoffrey was little in the house, was carelessly cold to Miss Schaeffer when he was, and as carelessly cordial to the others. The last week went slipping by; every one waited gayly for the expected chimes, and the two days before Christmas began to bring guests in clusters.

## II.

It was the first Christmas for some years that Mrs. Ediston had entertained. There were fine folks from Charleston, and gay folks from Savannah, and the Sea Islands sent tribute. There were the Hunts from the Cross Roads, the Pinckneys from Red Hill, the Prestons from the Ledge. They and their servants filled the house with cheery clamor. Last of all came the Develins. Miss Schaeffer had been out with the children gathering clumps of glossy foliage that should give finishing touches to the decorations, since Mrs. Ediston had pressed her into the service. She sat now, resting for an instant, at the foot of an oak in that great wood of the open spaces through which the avenue was cut, and the children were busying themselves about her like bees round a flower. They had woven a crown of the dark and prickly holly leaves, and hovering on tip-toe, were trying to adjust clusters of the scarlet berries therein, while their bright sprays were scattered countlessly about her, clinging to her shawl and nestling in her skirts. Slightly inclining her head to their touch, and yet oblivious of it, Miss Schaeffer sat, when a clatter of hoofs beat the ground, and a brilliant train swept by. One face and form only met Miss Schaeffer's gaze—and both, it seemed to her, were perfection. The full round shape hid half its voluptuous curves in the shade of the dark-green riding-suit, the face was softened by its floating veil into a vision of the night wind

that came rising behind them. They passed like the creation of that careering wind; and as Miss Schaeffer looked she saw another figure following—a gentleman slowly walking beside his horse, his arm thrown across the creature's bending neck. As he caught sight of the gay group glinting in there among the trees he half paused, with an intent and startled eye, and then stepped in their direction. But the light there was uncertain, the wizard mingling of sunset and moonrise, and he resumed his way.

"It is Dr. Develin!" cried Essie; and the three fled in full chorus after him.

Miss Schaeffer, left to herself, gathered up her armful, and, still under the shelter of the oaks, turned her feet houseward. It was growing cool and damp; she would be glad when the home lamps blazed up across her path; the shadows already fell thick athwart her, and all the orange had died out of the air. Thus stepping swiftly, she heard a voice calling "Rob!" and paused a moment to listen. "Rob!" was repeated. "Julius!" and then the same voice executed a rapid roll of all the house-servants, accompanied by execrations obligato. It was plainly Mr. Roanoke, and in want of some assistance. Miss Schaeffer had half the mind to let him continue to wait; then, by a natural impulse, retraced her steps, and following the frequent sound, her shawl falling about her, her arms heaped with the wild growth, the points of the leaves and the berries shining like gems in her hair, she came out into the rising ray of the full moon, and upon the bank of the creek, down which the wild wind was blowing the faint mist in ribbons.

"You need help, Mr. Roanoke?" she asked, sweetly. "The servants must be engaged. Can I answer?"

Mr. Roanoke did not reply, but stood gazing at her a moment.

"Oh!—Miss Schaeffer!" said he then, coolly. "Have the goodness to catch this rope. I do not care to lose a boat-load of game. Orders were left that Fez and Rocco should await me, for Master Robert went ashore at Spray Rocks. That will do. I thank you." And Mr. Roanoke leaped upon the bank.

"Look down there a moment, Miss Schaeffer," he said; but the governess was flitting on, a twinkling form in the shade. Miss Schaeffer was not the person with whom he could caprice—to-day attend, to-morrow rebuff; she understood, moreover, or thought she did, that his seldom condescensions were made not to her, but to the accidental instant in which something had heightened her appearance into an object of pleasure. Such condescension she would not receive. But with a bound and a long stride Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke was beside her.

"Why didn't you wait for me?" he said, half imperiously.

"There was nothing more that I could do, Sir," she replied, stately.

"A voice from the North Pole, that has sighed through the fissures of an iceberg. Yes, ma'am, there was, if you will allow it."



"And what, Mr. Roanoke?" she said, pausing, and slightly turning, as if she wished to leave no duty unfulfilled.

"I wished you to look down into the boat and have a pretty sight: the great antlered thing lying there on heaps and meshes of bright-scaled fish, and surrounded with those soft-feathered birds that I shot between wind and water as they rose to skim away—the whole part smitten with moonbeams, part wrapped in the ragged mist."

"I did, Mr. Roanoke. It was very picturesque."

"And what part did *I* play?"

"You looked, Mr. Roanoke—"

"Like the purveyor to Michael Scott?"

"Or like one of those genii who brought the basket to the Sultan's cook."

"Or, better yet, like the fisherman Kureem, who washed his nets at the foot of the Caliph's Garden of Delight. Eh?"

"Very like."

"Permit me," said Mr. Roanoke, bending to relieve her of her armful.

What had taken possession of him? He, who had for so long scarcely shown her a civility! She could not refuse herself the malicious pleasure of turning and saying,

"I think, Mr. Roanoke, you forget that I am Miss Schaeffer."

"Indeed, I am unlikely to!" he replied, biting his lip; and Miss Schaeffer fled on.

Entering the house by a side-door, she hastened to finish the task in the dining-room for which her shining leaves and berries were designed; then went to seek Mrs. Ediston. As she left the dining-room and was crossing the hall a gentleman slowly and listlessly descended, lightly leaning on the baluster and looking about him—the same person who led his horse up the avenue an hour previously. A slender man, who appeared taller than he was, but with a shape and manner of careful elegance; his face very white, with delicate but pronounced features, made yet whiter by a blazing contrast of black and brilliant eyes, whose lids had a habit of drooping, and by fine soft hair, that, parting on the forehead, swept away at either side in bending lines of raven tint; a countenance like a mobile mask over a bronze purpose, that made you remember the hand of iron in the glove of velvet; always somewhat melancholy in repose, and that now, as his glance fell side-long on Miss Schaeffer, suddenly lighted up like a torch. He faced about, bent over the balusters, then went leaping down, swift and wordless. But Miss Schaeffer had disappeared.

"An *ignis fatuus*," said the gentleman, and returned to the contemplation of certain Roanokes impanneled along the hall to give verdict on posterity.

The next morning the governess, running down, contrived to procure a tray, which she brought into the school-room, and there made her breakfast, the novelty of the occasion tempting even Essie and Ally to join her, at which she allowed them to dress the table with leaves

and flowers, and procure, through the hands of Venus, several dainty additions to the feast. In at the gay little scene which followed Master Rob chose to peer. It did not look unpleasantly—the bright sunshine, the fragrant blossoms, the fire sparkling on the hearth, the bird-song pouring in at the open window. After his head, Master Rob inserted the rest of him. There was, moreover, a certain savory suggestion of delectation; Miss Schaeffer had cooked a strange little dish at the fire there—a fire which he had heard his brother Geoffrey say Miss Schaeffer kept only in deference to the old Yule log. Why need he go down and face all those strangers? He knew he deserved nothing, yet Rob drew near the table, and was received with acclaim, while Ally covered his confusion by plunging retrospectively into the depths of her stocking and bringing up its contents anew for his edification. Before Rob had finished his repast Miss Schaeffer had seized the handle of this golden opportunity, and leading the three on and on, was soon deep in the King Arthur legends, to which Rob listened with open mouth, while she concluded by repeating to them, with a dramatic vivacity, the "Lady of Shalott." Rising at this point, Miss Schaeffer brought upon the table a small, square, shagreen port-folio, and, completing her rarefaction, placed it before Rob. Bit and bridle were in his mouth. He opened it with speedy fingers, and there lay a score of exquisite water-colors, each one the pictured phantasm of some verse, brilliant and beautiful. The three heads were bent over it in pretty grouping, when there came a tap, and Mrs. Ediston entered, for that lady had instinct enough to know the tap to be necessary. "Oh, mamma!" cried the three in chorus; and she bent with them. Mrs. Ediston would have been a much harsher person than she was had she refused to be pleased; and only looking in through curiosity in the first place, she now threw herself into a chair by the fireside, and took a moment's rest.

"Breakfast is over down stairs," said she.

"Why didn't you come down, Miss Schaeffer?"

"Did you wish for me?" asked Madeleine, in sweeter tones than ordinary.

"Oh no; I didn't remember you till I saw the children's places. However, it's a very good plan. I had quite as lief they would breakfast and lunch up here. You can bring them down to dinner though, and that will answer for them. I do really wish that Dr. Develin should have some peace at this visit, and Essie devours him!"

"No, mamma—only his sugar-plums," interpolated the third person.

"You mustn't take me up so, child. Ally don't. Robert, did you thank Miss Schaeffer? I don't see what they're all about. Did you do them yourself, Miss Schaeffer? Very prettily done. They put me in mind of my own at school. There's Clara following Miss Develin down the avenue like a poodle, I'm morally sure! She's perfectly fascinated by her, and no wonder!" Here Mrs. Ediston's monologue was interrupted by Julius, who brought a note. The



lady took it with sparkling eyes, broke the seal, and the sparkle fell. "Whatever shall I do?" cried Mrs. Ediston. The note dropped into her lap, and she buried her face in her hands.

Madeleine sprang to her side.

"She can't come! She ruptured a blood-vessel at the concert in the city last night! I had depended on her!"

Miss Schaeffer smiled, and drew back.

"Who, mamma?" asked the children.

"Don't bother me! The *prima donna*—Madame Cichi. Dear me! dear! dear! I had engaged her for to-night under immense difficulties. It is irremediable. What is to be done, Miss Schaeffer?"

"About Cichi? Oh, I don't think you have lost much," said Madeleine, thoughtlessly, "except in *éclat*. She is a miserable singer. I could do as well myself."

"You, Miss Schaeffer?"

An idea suddenly filled Mrs. Ediston's blank countenance. "There, children, take your pictures and run away. Quick! do you hear me? I've to talk with Miss Schaeffer." And Mrs. Ediston bustled up, threw open the door, seized Ally's shoulders, and set her on her feet outside, brushed the other two along and shoved them through, shut and locked the door with a triumphant snap, and came back to the fire.

"Do you really mean to say, Miss Schaeffer," said she then, breathlessly, "that you can sing as well as Madame Cichi?"

"I should think but poorly of myself if I could not."

"Well, we all know that you don't think poorly of yourself," said Mrs. Ediston. "And yet, I don't think you're vain—I'll allow that. Clara has certainly improved under your hands. Juliet Develin was astonished at hearing her play last night. I do hope she will turn out as handsome a girl as Juliet Develin; I shall be perfectly satisfied. Nobody dresses more stylishly in all the country. But bless me! that's not Cichi. Miss Schaeffer, they're all out under the oaks now. Close the window and sing to me any little thing you remember. Make haste. I haven't much time."

Miss Schaeffer wonderingly obeyed.

"That will answer," said Mrs. Ediston, before she was well through a single measure. "You must enact Cichi for to-night, Miss Schaeffer. There hasn't a soul of them ever seen her. I will take care that you are properly dressed. You needn't sing but three songs; and the higher and mightier you are the better they'll be imposed upon!"

"But, Mrs. Ediston—"

"No buts about it, Miss Schaeffer. It must be done."

"It is impossible!" said Madeleine, drawing in her breath.

Mrs. Ediston began to walk hurriedly about the room. Pausing at length, she said: "You can do as you please, of course, Miss Schaeffer. And so can I. Only if you can not obey my orders, I can not have you in my service!"

There rose before Madeleine the vision that had hung before her that night on the churchyard step, a gaunt vision of starvation and of death. This little taste of luxury had sweetened life too much despite the blows of pride. To go out alone into the world again? The thought was madness.

She stood there, pale and like marble.

"Well, Miss Schaeffer?" was the impatient question.

"I would sing for you with pleasure if I might do so without deceit and such charlatanry."

"Oh," said Mrs. Ediston, with a long breath, and scarcely noticing the hard words, "I'll see to all that. Thank you very much. Now Venus or France shall sew for you all day long—I'll make Christmas up some other time. You couldn't wear any of my dresses—you're too tall. But there are some of Mr. Geoffrey's mother's up garret packed in flannels, and if there's a decent one left—we can't keep silks from spotting on these rice-plantations—you shall have it. I'll see directly. Venus can fit it, and you must wear my jewels and make as splendid a toilet as possible!"

There was no help for it. Madeleine had to endure Venus's refitting, and she took a needle herself, that the girl need not sew more than all the morning, and thus the preparations were complete at noon. But to wear the dress of his mother! The humiliation was hateful to her; and the angry pride that had for once yielded to terror tormented her very soul. Before Mrs. Ediston descended to the late dinner she knocked again at Madeleine's door and left on her table a jewel casket, a great blaze of diamonds, cold emeralds, and glowing garnets, softened by masses of threaded pearls. She was excused from dinner, and sat looking through her window into the already bare and misting oak-wood. This was not the Christmas of Madeleine's remembrances; this gayety and pomp were not the broad and genial cheer with which her father's hall had beamed. Ah, at this moment how she missed that smile upon a tender lip—that warm, close clasp about her wrist! So utterly lonely—her heart ached for a little of the affection of those old days.

The harsh stroke of a bell struck across her reverie; Madeleine dragged herself up, for it was time that she should dress. There lay the array, and briefly she stood before her glass wrapped in its heavy drapery. All of Miss Schaeffer's soft bloom was on her cheek to-night; much of the pristine roundness had already returned to her form; gradually enough to be unconscious both to herself and others, she had been becoming lovelier every day. Now standing at the little table, white shoulders rising out of the deep tints of the ruby-colored silk that fell about her in perfumed folds, white arms half veiled in falls of old and creamy point, her hair dropping once more in its abandon and wreathed with long sprays of snowy jasmine flowers that trailed along her brow and cheek massed themselves among the coils behind, and



lay in fresh and fragrant eluster on her bosom—never had that glass reflected so gorgeous a picture. She moved with half a sigh, and took up the little gloves awaiting her, and her eyes fell on Mrs. Ediston's casket. Impossible to tell what passed in her mind; but plainly at one conclusion had she arrived. This was not the dress for a governess. Off it slipped, as a tree might rustle down its crimson leaves. There hung in the closet an old gown of her own—the one thing retained by her—a silk unglossed and black; and no one need know it had been turned, nor in the lamplight would suspect its court-plasters. This indued, she shaded throat and wrists with ruffles of soft lace that had been scarcely worth offering at a pawnbroker's in those dire days of need. Her hair yet fell about her face, but dark and unadorned with other than its own lustre; and stripping the breast-knot of half its blossoms and all its green, she placed it where a brooch would have lain had she owned one. Thus enshadowed, it seemed as if Miss Schaeffer's beauty were only encaptivated and disguised and ready at any moment to break bonds.

Miss Schaeffer listened. They had long since come in from the dining-room, been joined by the gentlemen; the evening guests had all arrived; there was no cessation in the continuous murmur and rippling laughter; there was only, above it all, the quick, sharp tinkle of a bell, by which she knew that a servant was to be sent for her. Miss Schaeffer left her niche, slipped noiselessly down another stairway, entered at a side-door, crossed the crowded room to the piano with swift grace, drew off her gloves, sat down, and broadly struck a full, deep chord that, running up the keys in climbing arpeggios, lightly blossomed atop in another. Silence fell upon the circles, the clusters, the lovers, all but a few remote dowagers who yet hummed, a few butterflies who needs must flutter. And then, every one turning with suspended breath, the first notes of a Christmas Hymn stole softly out on the slow pastorale of accompaniment:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down  
And glory shone around."

Mrs. Ediston could have boxed her ears. But to those who listened, that deep, clear voice was like the crystal of some slow stream that mirrored the high Hebrew heaven full of glad, solemn stars; the wide darkness over a hilly land; the wandering flocks; the obscure group of a thoughtless vigil; and all about the singer there seemed to float the breath of the night wind, of the dew, of the heavy-hanging full-blown blossoms, till her voice soared higher and fuller and rested, with outspread wings, on the triumphal glory of the shining throng. A momentary pause, as if to break the chain of all connection, and easily from that the voice slid into recitative and the Infelice of the Zauberflöte, with the pathos of its adagio. Here was bravura enough. Ladies laid their white-gloved hands together, gentle-

men turned an awaiting ear—roulade, trill, cadenza, what not, all iridescent floriture, and a shake, sweet and clear as distant bell-notes sprinkled on the wind, was half-drowned in a rapture of applause. There followed a little serenade, without ornament, without accompaniment, a melody borne along by its own impassioned strength; as if the rose should sing, or some great heavy-petaled flower had sent all its fragrance curling out upon the strain—the strain of dewy alleys, of whispering shrubs, of sliding starbeams, and freighted love. Then the hands flashed upon the keys once more, and through the singer's lips bubbled up the Brindisi, with all the sparkle and foam of rosiest Champagne. There was an intoxication of enthusiastic greeting; the crowd surged up around the piano-forte where Geoffrey Roanoke, one knee in an antique chair, his arms across its top, had all the time stood facing her. Dr. Develin darted forward, saying, in semitone, "Madeleine! Miss Schaeffer! Do I see you here!" But the long casement on the other side of the piano was open, and Miss Schaeffer had vanished.

"So Develin," said Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke, unbending himself from his position, and his voice well shrouded in the universal hum of delight, "I believe if I brought here an angel out of heaven you would have a previous acquaintance! Ah, I see. A proposition just demonstrated, is it?"

"I have met Miss Schaeffer at Newport, and—"

"It is true then?" asked Mrs. Ediston, joining them.

"What is true, Madame?"

"The fallen fortunes. Geoffrey was saying—"

"I presume so. Mr. Schaeffer was a magnate. They lived in great splendor. Their hospitality exceeded every thing—but Mrs. Ediston's," he concluded, bowing to that lady, for he had been speaking with difficulty.

"Really! But she hasn't the first idea of style!" exclaimed Mrs. Ediston. "I was never more provoked than when I saw her come in to-night!"

"Except when you saw her go out, mamma!" But the mamma had already turned to another corner.

"You wish to speak with Miss Schaeffer, Doctor? I will find her for you!" with the air of an obliging man.

"On no account! Don't trouble yourself, Roanoke."

"No trouble," and Roanoke in turn disappeared through the casement.

But Miss Schaeffer was not outside. Neither was she in her own apartment. She had taken refuge by the school-room fire, and there, after a half hour's search, Mr. Roanoke discovered her, sitting on the rug just without the fender, her arms folded whitely across the crimson-cushioned seat of an easy-chair, and her head pillowed thereon, the firelight playing over all, tinging the dark lustre of her hair, lingering on the soft



peach-bloom of the cheek, touching up the curve of the lip, sparkling and glancing and flickering again in the tears that hung on the points of those fallen eyelashes, for Miss Schaeffer was asleep. How long Mr. Roanoke staid to contemplate this picture is none of our affair; but at length he lifted the little silver school-bell and struck three or four fairy peals close at her ear. The dark eyes opened in a moment's fright, then Miss Schaeffer rose as if nothing had happened, and confronted Mr. Roanoke, disappointingly void of surprise.

"Did you wish for me, Sir?" she asked.

"I? No, Miss Schaeffer. I am sent. A friend of yours, not to speak of—"

"Is that all?" she replied, with a weary tone.

"I thought Mrs. Ediston—"

"Mrs. Ediston lays her commands," said Mr. Roanoke, unblushingly, "as well as this adoring host below. Ah, Miss Schaeffer, you will have all Charleston at your feet to-morrow; they will carry you off, and we shall lose our—"

"Governess."

"I was not about to use that word."

"Well, it makes no difference. I will come down. But you needn't wait, Mr. Roanoke."

Mr. Roanoke's brows contracted and darkened.

"Miss Schaeffer, how long is this devil of pride that rules your heart going to rule this house?" he said, and strode toward the door.

In an instant, however, he returned, and this time beaming—as well he might be, after having relieved himself of an ugly sentiment; but if Miss Schaeffer had shrunk in any sudden pain thereat, he was none the wiser. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I beg your pardon. But certainly I have chimed with that pride long enough, and given insult for insult till I can no longer. Seal friendship with your hand."

"I am not your friend, Mr. Roanoke," she said, with a firm, grave face, but her gaze upon the floor.

"What then? Ah, I recollect—my servant. I wish you *were* my servant!" he exclaimed, with a savage accent as he leaned against the wainscot. "I would soon bring that haughty spirit to terms!"

"Unfortunately, my skin is white!" And Miss Schaeffer would have passed him. But, springing forward, he drew her arm within his own, and led her down unfrequented passages and out once more under the leafless oaks.

"If ever there were hate in your heart it flashed in your eyes on that moment," he murmured. "Truly, I can not blame you. I, too, should hate if—" Suddenly he lifted her hand to his lips, and drew her into the lamplight and through the open casement.

The guests were just going out to supper. Mr. Roanoke's gesture arrested two of them, and he presented Miss Develin and her brother to Miss Schaeffer. A frank smile parted her lips and deepened her dimples as Miss Schaeffer took Juliet Develin's hand. She had heard of her before. Short bright hair, curling closely to her head in rings of gold; eyes purpler than

the pansy, and to-night as velvet-soft as if they had never known the fire; other features rather piquant than classic: a child's face, capable of little but a child's expression and a child's wild freaks of passion. But her brother Miss Schaeffer met differently—downcast eyes, and heightened color, and an inflexible something in her mien. Plainly there was a bit of recollection between the two. Mr. Roanoke surveyed them, swift at conclusions. He had heard Dr. Develin's smothered "Madeleine, this is Fate!" But whether Dr. Develin were indeed a rejected lover of Miss Schaeffer's there is no record other than that engraved on Mr. Roanoke's consciousness. Thereat, transposed, the four followed the defiling pageant.

It was pretty to see the change which these others wrought in Miss Schaeffer's manner. She met them on terms of equality. For the nonce she ignored Mr. Roanoke—that is, as much as he allowed any one to do—but toward the Develins wore all her ancient courtesy, and that which had ever distinguished her, a gracious condescension, not from the heights of rank, but from the heights of womanhood. She forgot herself and became happy, and bloomed and sparkled as only happy people can. Then, too, she was at home in the house, or much more so than they were, and therefore attended to their ease in trifling ways, till all that was taken out of her hands by Mr. Roanoke, who, with a certain half-sarcastic grace, seated her, and thenceforth let her find herself surrounded and met at all points by the most careless care that ever frustrated any woman's attempts at independence. The supper-room was cool; Mr. Roanoke brought from an ante-room a black lace shawl and laid it on Miss Schaeffer's hair; it caught in the comb, and, rather than attend to this matter of toilet, she suffered it to remain mantilla-wise, and was soon glad to draw the light drapery about her throat.

"It is Spain!" he said, as he stood bending over his plate toward her. "Sweet Spain, and stately. Do not make it Spain inquisitorial, Spain of the torture."

"What has Miss Schaeffer to do with that region of the round earth?" asked Dr. Develin.

"Miss Schaeffer's veil has a great deal to do with it—also Miss Schaeffer's eyes," he added, *à côté*:

"O settentrional vedovo sito,  
Poi che privato sei di mirar quelle!"

"Miss Schaeffer," said the Doctor, "you have learned ere this that one of Mr. Roanoke's choicest rôles is to evoke spirits?"

"Spiriting of 'blue spirits and gray?'"

"An *équivoque*," remarked Juliet.

"Nothing of the kind, Miss Schaeffer," said Mr. Geoffrey. "Being interpreted, he says I raise Satan in every body's soul, and do *not* cast out devils."

Madeleine's indrawn breath gave mute acquiescence; and Mr. Roanoke, turning on his heel, went down the table to exchange a flirting sentence with all whose eyes he caught.



"What possesses Mr. Roanoke?" asked Miss Juliet then. "He has been just this way every time we've seen him for— Miss Schaeffer, how long have you been here?" she asked, archly.

"Oh my being here has nothing to do with Mr. Roanoke. I rarely see him."

"Yes, he is changed," said the Doctor. "If you had known him in those days when he lived in Louisiana, and, buried in books, seemed to have no more life than any waif of the great river there, you would find it so. We all have our phases. Roanoke woke up at last to his importance as a unit at the head of a great many ciphers. One day he will blaze, a great and shining light, to show the country its ways."

"Spontaneous combustion?" said Juliet, over her shoulder.

"Parties and politics have long been laying a train," continued the Doctor, obviously; "but who is applying the spark?"

"Are you talking of the divine spark, Doctor?" asked the person spoken of, rejoining them, and hanging some spray of glowing fruit over a salver's edge, and before Miss Schaeffer's eyes.

"*Cela se peut.*"

Mr. Roanoke seated himself on a foot-stool as conveniently as he was able.

"Trying to fan a breeze! Treason in a man's own household! The penalty of treason, you know, is a rope's-end."

"With a noose in it!" laughed Miss Juliet, turning a moment from her hovering devotees (a throng of whose ilk Mr. Roanoke's last movement had barred away from Miss Schaeffer), for which words, while her brother bent to reprove her, Mr. Roanoke unbent his lips again.

"That is what my mamma calls style, I suppose. A saucy minx, is she not, Miss Schaeffer? Yet one forgives every thing to such a face."

But Miss Schaeffer not choosing to humor his fancy and prolong the subject by a reply, looked up with a smile at Dr. Develin, who offered her a glass of wine that seemed like a bubble full of rosy sunlight.

"Yes, Miss Schaeffer," continued Mr. Roanoke, in his frequent demi-voice, "it is very true that I can not cast out devils, since I have lived so long in the house with you and—"

"You take pains to be rude," she responded, holding the glass away from her lips and preventing him from qualifying his sentence.

"Not at all. It is perfectly natural. Miss Juliet, allow me?" And he had flashed off with the brilliant little thing upon his arm—his head bent toward hers, his face wreathed with smiles—to open the dancing in the hall, as the first strains of the strings became audible.

Miss Schaeffer moved away with Dr. Develin; declined dancing; and a moment after was sorry for it.

"Madeleine," murmured her companion, "three years ago do you remember such a night in Venice?"

She ventured no reply.

"Madeleine," he murmured yet lower, "then

you did not seem to hate me; now I have a right to know why so suddenly I lost you there."

"Nor did I seem to love," said she.

"And now, Madeleine? You regret?"

"I regret nothing, Dr. Develin."

He was silent a moment, looking down as one looks after a stone thrown into some deep well, and waits for the ripple to ascend; then lifting his glance he watched the daneers, who whirled by them like a storm of colored snow-flakes.

"Roanoke dances well, Miss Schaeffer," said he, quite as if nothing else had been said. "So he does every thing. Some day, perhaps, he will confide to you the secret of his success."

"Mr. Roanoke and I have nothing in common."

"Except the 'mounting devil in the heart,'" said a voice at her shoulder, and he glided along.

"Am I ambitious?" she asked, facing the Doctor, and half laughing.

"No, child; you look as if you wanted nothing but peace."

A change came over Madeleine's face—floated there on a flood of remembrances. She suddenly grew pale and still. Almost before she knew it she was seated and half-curtained in the window, and the Doctor stood beside her, and she heard his voice rippling on till she was able to catch the words. The minutes flew by; and at length an audacious hand lifted the curtain.

"Deep in the charms of some Oriental city, where roses and nightingales and fountains make divine melancholy all night long! Very cozy indeed!" said Mr. Roanoke. "But if Miss Schaeffer is going to sing me that little song she promised—"

"I beg pardon. What little song?"

"It seems that I am not to be allowed to finish a sentence to-night. You promised me the *Du meine Seele*."

"You forget, Sir. It must have been some other young lady."

"The music is put out, and half the candles—"

"And you are very near being so!" exclaimed Miss Juliet, coming to bid her brother good-night. "Every one has gone home, or gone to bed, or I wish they had, and here you sit mooning with Develin. Has he not reached the end of his rope yet? What occult arts has he been teaching you? How to make a witch of yourself? Ah, Miss Schaeffer, it is very plain that he needn't teach you how to bewitch Mr. Roanoke!"

Mr. Roanoke turned upon Miss Juliet a look that made her eyes drop, then gave his arm to Madeleine and led her away. At the foot of the staircase he paused, and said, "But you will yet sing it to me—*Du meine Seele*—that I swear! Good-night, *Ruiseñora*!"

At dinner next day, Mrs. Ediston having put the length of the table between the governess and Dr. Develin, Mr. Roanoke found himself in one of his lordly moods again, and treated his quiet neighbor to items of ancient superciliousness. Perhaps he remembered too sharply that



last night had turned the tables upon him; perhaps it was not best all at once and so suddenly to change his tactics; perhaps he had been too *dévoté*; perhaps he was incensed at her indifference; perhaps he would suggest to her the distance between his love and his hate. In short, there were a thousand perhapses, not one of which occurred to the quiet neighbor's mind; for as it was—an instant surprised at such renewal of arrogance—Miss Schaeffer then listened to the table-talk, and took no further notice than that evinced by a little spot of scarlet in the cheek, that spread into a joyous flush when the truant Rob, in an extremely soiled and briery condition, came in and laid a spray of wild Christmas roses beside her hand. Mr. Roanoke sat with his arms folded on the mahogany, sending shafts here and there, and upsetting every body's arguments with one solid thrust of some briefer sentence. Miss Schaeffer took up her roses and turned to thank Rob, who had been beckoned to his mamma, and through a series of vindictive whispers sent away for repairs.

"Ah, Rob!" cried Mr. Roanoke, after the retiring hero. "Abjure the *salic law*? Conquered at last!" and thereupon fell suddenly into his last night's caprice and sparkle.

Juliet Develin left her nuts, slipped round to Madeleine, and telling her she had forgotten her pin, fastened the blossoms in her bosom.

It was the following morning that Miss Schaeffer found, upon her toilet-table, a kid case inclosing a tiny diamond spray—stem and leaf and half-blown blossom—the diamonds looking up at her, in their immortal freshness, and seeming to hang on their thread of filigrane like the very dew of the morning: she almost expected that they would shake before her breath, blow away, and vanish into the great reservoir of vapor, and light, and color. Yet Miss Schaeffer did not give these embodied atoms of lustre a second glance, but passing Mrs. Ediston's apartment, and finding the door ajar, she slipped in and laid them beside the restored jewel-casket, as if they had been overlooked. At the table, then, Miss Schaeffer's throat seemed snow above its knot of roses; but Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke had the pleasure, so soon as he was at liberty to look about him, of seeing Mrs. Ediston's purple blazing with the diamond spray, like a constellation on the violet velvet of heaven—while she displayed it to the lady below Dr. Develin as one of dear Geoffrey's graceful gifts. Mr. Geoffrey bit his lip and bent his gaze full upon their rightful owner, but Miss Schaeffer was carving her rice-bird and answering Mr. St. Pierre's remarks with the unconcern of innocence. Thereupon a quick frown darkened Mr. Roanoke's brows; silent and waiting before—now a cold wit began to scatter its prisms about; satire pointed his spears; keen, and polished, and glittering as an icicle, he once or twice dazzled, but never warmed the unconscious object about whom all his lightnings played. For Miss Schaeffer had not troubled herself to consider how her action would affect Mr. Roanoke; she

had done what she thought best and half forgotten it.

Coffee having been served in the drawing-room, Miss Schaeffer sat in a window sipping her own, and her eye fell on Mr. Roanoke leaning carelessly against a bracket and looking down abstractedly, while he held his saucer in one hand and his cup with the uplifted fingers of the other. It was a great glow on one of those uplifted fingers which had caught Miss Schaeffer's eye anew—as often before—a coal of fire it seemed, burning with inward and intense light. All the cynical darkness had left Mr. Geoffrey's face; there was shadow there yet, but it was of a softer and sadder thing. As he raised his cup now he suffered his glance to sweep round, under the half fallen lids, in her direction. Immediately afterward he stood before her and held the resplendent carbuncle beneath her eyes.

"It is the Roanoke ring, Miss Schaeffer," he said. "You refused my pin; will you wear my ring? Will you wear the Roanoke ring, Miss Schaeffer?"

Madeleine looked at it, calmly enough; its flame did not touch her; she only saw engraven on it singular and ghastly emblematic lines—the death's head and cross-bones.

"It is fearful!" she said, without looking up, and drawing in her breath as she was wont. "Do you always wear that, Mr. Roanoke?"

"From mother to son, from son to mother, always. It is our escutcheon—dust and ashes. Then you will not wear it, Miss Schaeffer?"

"I wear no jewels, Mr. Roanoke."

A fire like the spark imbedded in that stone shot into Mr. Roanoke's eye; he bent lower to speak, when Dr. Develin's hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Come, Roanoke," said the Doctor. "Here's Mrs. Ediston wants your help, and Miss Schaeffer mine. To your post, man!"

Mr. Roanoke stepped away in his masterful manner, and stopping to place his cup on the bracket against which he had been leaning, certainly no one would have supposed that it were aught but the sorriest accident, through which that bronze statue of Will fell shattered to the floor, having crushed the delicate cup to dust. Dr. Develin sprung to arrest its fall. "Never mind," said Mr. Roanoke, in that semitone of his, "the servants will remove it. Julius! Certainly there are enough bronzes in the house without it!" and proceeded toward Mrs. Ediston, while Julius and his subsidiaries obeyed orders; for though Mr. Roanoke never raised his voice, the person to whom he addressed himself could scarcely have lost a syllable had horizons been between them.

The hours wore on, and Madeleine had been playing some singular murmuring music of Chopin's, music that was like the talk of flower-roots and fibres below the damp, rich, fragrant earth. As she sat now idly twirling out little silvery runs from the twinkling fingers of one hand, Mrs. Ediston's demi-voice in Juliet's ear came also to her own. "Really, if I'd have



known what a fuss it was going to make I wouldn't have let her sing a note! I never can keep such a fine lady in service, *I'm* sure! How can you give orders to a person that takes them like a born duchess? There's the blessing of having one's servants black. It would be the greatest relief in the world if that languishing hair of hers would turn as crisp as chain lightning!"

"Mrs. Ediston!"

It was Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke who spoke, as he stood at no great distance, with folded arms and looking down. Whether it was because his eyes were flashing to such extent that he feared lest they should wither the woman if he glanced up, I can not say; but though they were so resolutely bent below, some subtle rays must have darted through the very lids, for Mrs. Ediston blanched before them.

The chorus of fiends in some demoniacal opera clanged up, and resounded, echoed, and died under the player's hands. Then Miss Schaeffer rose, her face pale as any marble masque that ever hung upon a statuary's wall. She went herself and sat down beside Dr. Develin.

"I must leave Roanoke," she said.

A light leaped into his glance; his face grew luminous as a cloud under which the sun sheathes himself. He dared not ask if it were to Spray Rocks she would go; any where, any where away from here was one step nearer there. He bent to listen, to assist, to arrange; a city chart and directory were opened, pocket-book and pencil required; animated words, promises, smiles, cheer, counsel; the two heads bowed together for a while over a side-table. Then the future was lapped to rest, and the present moment rose uppermost once more. So, passing into lighter talk, Madeleine stood playing carelessly with her fan—woven out of wild grasses and the pearly spires of rice by Essie's little fingers—and forgot herself into all the old ways with which she once queened it by sea-shore and mountain: the soft flush upon the cheek; the eye suffused with light; the laugh—that thing so seldom heard from her at Roanoke Fields—chiming like the last fringe of the surf in the silvery shells: others besides Dr. Develin were drawn about her. She was glad, confident, beautiful. She held again a court, and all men crowned her.

Looking into Mr. Roanoke's haggard eyes, what sprite then possessed Juliet Develin to dare break out in singing—to sing in a weird, little, murmuring voice like the bee's in a blossom?

"But one, one wish. It can not come too soon.

Alike to me the sunshine or the rain,  
Alike the gibbous and the waning moon—  
All vacant and in vain.

"One wish. Whether the sky burn blue at noon,  
Or the cold stars shine on my dreamless bed,  
One wish whose answer can not come too soon—  
That I were dead."

But the evening went, and Mr. Geoffrey Roanoke could have known nothing of how it went with her, except by his happy faculty of seeing through the back of his head, since she never

once saw him look in her direction. At length came the bed-candles. As Miss Schaeffer lighted hers, while a dozen moths hovered about to take the office on themselves, they were put to flight by something in the mien of one who approached, and the hand that gleamed with the great engraven carbuncle passed before her eyes, took away the candle, and kindled it at leisure.

"Madeleine," said Mr. Roanoke, suddenly lifting the little blaze close before her face, as if he would inspect her very soul, "did you understand me this evening?"

"Yes, Mr. Roanoke."

"And did I understand you?"

"Yes, Mr. Roanoke."

"And it is he, then, who receives you; who is to be the wall between you and the world; who is to be allowed to love you!" he exclaimed, with an intensity of suppressed tone to make one tremble. "I love you!" he muttered. "I love you, and all the Develins in creation can not love you more! By the God in heaven above us, you shall leave this house to-morrow, or you shall stay in it my wife!"

But Mr. Roanoke's proud and insolent passion was like a rushing tract of shallow sea; it broke on the pride of a firmer spirit. For all answer, Miss Schaeffer drew from her reticule a card, carefully inscribed:

*Miss Madeleine Schaeffer,*

DAY SCHOOL. 7 — STREET,

Charleston.

References:

DR. CHARLES DEVELIN.  
W. GILLMORE REEVES, ESQ.  
HIS EXCELLENCY CHENEVIX BUTLER.

It was one of those paper missiles which the Church of Rome declares thunder-bolts. Mr. Roanoke stood stricken, with the card trembling in his hand. Miss Schaeffer passed on.

## GEORGE BANCROFT.

IN 1834 Bancroft published the first volume of his "History of the United States," "the mature fruit of a long-cherished purpose." He had indeed, as early as 1818, while a student at Göttingen, determined to devote himself to historical pursuits, and for this purpose had marked out a course of study admirably adapted to the development of the lofty object to which he intended to devote his life.

After graduating at Cambridge in 1817, he went to Germany for the purpose of prosecuting, in the universities of that country, a comprehensive range of studies, contemplated by few, and prosecuted to a successful termination by a still more limited number of his countrymen. This scheme included nothing short of the whole range of ancient and modern literature, both sacred and profane. In the development of this plan he remained at the University of Göttingen for two years. He studied German literature under Benecke; French and Italian under Artaud and Bunsen; the Oriental languages under



Eichhorn; Natural History under Blumenbach;\* and with Dissen, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Plato, prosecuted a thorough course of Greek philosophy, including nearly all the writings of Plato. While pursuing his philosophic studies at Göttingen he resolved to devote himself to historical composition, in the prosecution of which object his comprehensive range of studies could be made directly available.

In 1820 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Göttingen, and soon after went to Berlin, where he was kindly received by William von Humboldt, Varnhagen von Ense, Lappenberg, Savigny, and Schleiermacher. Here he listened to the lectures of Wolf, of Schleiermacher, and of Hegel. At Heidelberg he spent several hours each day with the historian Schlosser. In Italy he formed the acquaintance of Manzoni at Milan, and a life-long one with Chevalier Bunsen at Rome. In Paris he made the acquaintance of Benjamin Constant, Cousin, and Alexander von Humboldt. He returned to the United States in 1822, and although for a portion of the time engaged in other pursuits, yet he never lost sight of his original intention, and in 1834 gave to the public the first volume of that history with which his name is now so intimately associated.

In the prosecution of his historical studies and in the composition of his works he has always acted upon the suggestion that "facts would clear up theories and assist in getting out the true one." With what success his carefully arranged and systematic labors have been prosecuted is evinced by the reception which has been given to his works, and the position which they have secured for their author as a man of letters and a calm, thoughtful, and philosophic historian.

"A History of the United States by an American writer," says Edward Everett, in an able article in the *North American Review* in the year following the appearance of Bancroft's first volume, "possesses a claim upon our attention of the strongest character. It would do so under any circumstances; but when we add that the work of Mr. Bancroft is one of the ablest of the class which has for years appeared in the English language; that it compares advantageously with the standard British historians; that, as far as it goes, it does such justice to its noble subject as to supersede the necessity of any future work of the same kind, and if completed as commenced will unquestionably be regarded both as an American and as an English classic, our readers would justly think us unpardonable if we failed to offer our humble tribute to its merit."

\* Humboldt, when about twenty years of age, was a student of Natural History with Blumenbach, and there first learned the progress Zoology was making in advance of the great development of Cuvier, since continued by Agassiz, by means of which this branch of science is placed upon a new basis; for Blumenbach was unquestionably the first who presented a classification of the animal kingdom based on a knowledge of its structure.

With the exception of occasional intermissions, induced by his appointment to offices of high political trust, Bancroft has devoted himself almost exclusively to the great work he has undertaken. Although nearly thirty years have elapsed since the appearance of the first volume, yet the zeal with which he prosecutes his self-allotted task never falters, nor does he weary in subjecting, over and over again, each fact to the most rigid scrutiny and philosophic deductions before it is admitted into the chain of evidence by which the future will judge of the acts of the founders of the Government of the United States.

The separate volumes have appeared at irregular intervals. The second was published in 1838, the third in 1840, the fourth and fifth in 1852, the sixth in 1854, the seventh in 1858, the eighth in 1860, and the ninth will probably appear in 1863. The completion of the third volume formed an important epoch in the progress of this work, inasmuch as it terminated the "History of the Colonization of the United States." The colonies, which for a century had been struggling through the first feeble steps of existence, had now become firmly established and prosperous. From this epoch a new order of things was to take place; and these colonies, hitherto the dependencies of a great nation, were to become the integral parts of a great nation themselves. Prescott, already eminent as a historian, seized this opportunity to write a review of the work as thus far advanced for the *North American Review*, in which he thus alludes to this important epoch. "What Mr. Bancroft has done for the colonial history is after all but the preparation for a richer theme—the History of the War of Independence: a subject which finds its origin in the remote past, its results in the infinite future; which finds a central point of unity in the ennobling principle of independence that gives dignity and grandeur to the most petty details of the conflict; and which has its fore-ground occupied by a single character toward which all the others converge as to a centre—the character of Washington in war, in peace, in private life, the most sublime on historical record. Happy the writer who shall exhibit this theme worthily to the eyes of his countrymen."

The best evidence that Bancroft has performed his labor in such a manner as to find acceptance in "the eyes of his countrymen," is to be found in the numerous editions of his works absorbed by the public. In 1840, when Prescott's review appeared, the three volumes then published had already reached their ninth edition, and the demand has since continued unabated. We have before us the eighteenth edition, and are not sure if this is the latest.

My first acquaintance with Bancroft began in 1852, while the American Medical Association, in its various wanderings, was assembled at New York. Among the entertainments to which, as a member, I was invited was a breakfast at Dr. Kissam's. The greater part of the guests were medical men, and included Doctors Warren of



Boston, Parsons of Providence, and Delafield and Francis of New York. Of those who were not attached to the medical profession was Bancroft. There were in all some fifteen guests, and among them many of varied intellectual attainments and much conversational ability; but in regard to colloquial powers the rest were left far in the back-ground by Dr. Francis and Bancroft. Dr. Francis had the reputation of being the most facetious and pleasant dinner-table companion in the city; and I must acknowledge my great surprise in discovering that the grave historian, whom I had expected to find a sedate if not a taciturn man, was fully the equal of the humorous Doctor in his power to engage the attention of the company.

We left the house together, and, as our pathway lay in the same direction, we continued to walk, chatting pleasantly upon such topics as presented themselves. Bancroft remarked that our association was not devoid of interest to him, as in the course of his studies he had become particularly interested in physiology, which he considered a vast field for contemplation. While at Göttingen he had received instruction in natural sciences from Blumenbach, whose physiological researches gave to him an exalted position in his day. The advance of science, which had largely affected physiology, had rendered many of the views of Blumenbach obsolete; yet it must be confessed that, from the lights in which he was enabled to view these facts, few minds were more acute or logical than his.

I remarked that New York, by its enlarged facilities, was attracting not only business men, but those who were devoted to literary pursuits, as well as men of leisure. He replied that on his return from abroad he found New York—taking it all together—a pleasanter place for a residence than any other city, but that he had for a long time made himself independent of external aid, in the prosecution of his historical researches, by taking care to possess himself of every work bearing on his particular pursuits. I fully realized the force of this remark, a few years after, when I came to see his collection, which in certain departments, and those in which he most requires its aid, far surpasses any public library in the country, not excluding the Astor Library.

Bancroft's habits are essentially those of a student. He rises early, and his morning hours are devoted to literary labor. In the later part of the day, if the weather is at all favorable, he takes a ride on horseback, and returns in time for dinner. The evening is devoted to the society of his friends, either in accepting invitations or in receptions at his own residence. Following the custom of his early friend Schleiermacher, he is at home on Sunday evening, and in the simplest and most unostentatious manner receives those who from personal friendship, or attracted by his reputation as a writer, fill his saloons.

While preparing a work on Private Libraries, I frequently saw Bancroft in his library, which

occupies the entire third story of his residence. On such occasions he was always surrounded by papers and books, and deeply immersed in documentary examinations, historical composition, or the revisal of proof-sheets. At this time he very rarely allows himself to be interrupted, and almost invariably declines to receive visitors until a later hour in the day.

The library contains not only every work he can procure bearing upon the history of the United States, and their early colonization, but also some of the best authors in each of the departments of knowledge; so that few questions can arise that he has not the means of answering in his own collection, which has already attained to the number of from twelve to fifteen thousand volumes, and, from the accessions constantly being made, promises to be much larger in the future.

The department of Philosophy, which is particularly rich, contains the complete works of his early instructors, Hegel and Schleiermacher. Reference to these naturally led the conversation to their authors, and his personal acquaintance with them. Of all the great German philosophers, he was, while in Berlin, upon the best terms with Schleiermacher, and a pretty constant attendant upon his Sunday evening receptions, where he was almost certain to meet a number of the most brilliant literary lights in Berlin. Upon the foundation of the University of Berlin in 1810, Schleiermacher was elected as the head of the Theological Faculty. He had already eminently distinguished himself as a writer on theology, as well as by his translation of Plato, which he had originally undertaken in connection with Frederick Schlegel, but had finally completed alone. As a pulpit orator he had great renown. Short and almost deformed in stature, with a remarkable conformation of body, and a sickly and delicate constitution, and an almost habitual sufferer from nervous maladies, he bore up against these infirmities with the heroism of a philosopher and the equanimity of a Christian. "I have known him," says Dr. Lücke, "while suffering from spasm of the stomach, not only to deliver lectures, but to preach to large and attentive audiences, who did not perceive that he was not in the most perfect bodily health." He never wrote his sermons before delivering them, and those which are in print are from notes taken by others while he was speaking. His plan was arranged in his own mind by previous reflection; and on Saturday evening he made out what he termed his "bill," consisting of the text and a few divisions of his subject, which was all he carried into the pulpit. It has been facetiously said of him that he composed his sermons while drawing on his boots. So too in his lectures—such as those on the History of Philosophy—a small scrap of paper answered for his memoranda. But so exact and logical were the sequences of his ideas, so clear his comprehension of the subject, and so great his mastery over it, that he never faltered in delivery or failed to infuse his own fer-



vor into the minds of his auditory; and frequently, when under the influence of extreme bodily pain, rose to a point of pathos that swept through his audience like a strong wind through a forest of slender reeds, bowing down their judgments in obedience to his own superior will. In those pedestrian excursions in which the German professor as well as student, during the long vacations, is accustomed to lay up a stock of health for future use, he was usually the most active. He was fond of the society of his friends, and always received them with a cordial welcome. His eye, bright and sparkling, ever seemed to be lit up with a pleasant smile; and however stoutly he might be called on to defend his own particular views of philosophy or religion, or combat those which he deemed false or pernicious, he always did so without personal animosity, and often with much good feeling for his opponent. Toward such a man it is not surprising that the enthusiastic student of philosophy should have been warmly attracted; nor is it at all remarkable that the distinguished Professor should have warmly welcomed to his circle his young transatlantic friend.

Nor was Bancroft less kindly received by Savigny, who occupied the position of chief of the Law Department of the University, and ranked among the ablest jurists of Germany. His masterly production on "The Vocation of our Age for Legislation and Jurisprudence," originally published in 1814, is one of the clearest and most logical expositions of the nature of the law necessary to regulate Germany that was ever written, and is alone sufficient to entitle him to a distinguished place among liberal writers on jurisprudence, had he never written his "History of Roman Law in the Middle Ages" and "System of Roman Law at the Present Day," through which he obtained such celebrity. Savigny was likewise the intimate friend and correspondent of Niebuhr, at that time the Prussian Minister at the Court of Rome; and it is possible that the friendly reception Bancroft met with from him on his visit to Rome soon after may have been partly induced by the high regard which Savigny entertained for him.

Niebuhr, although strictly engaged in the diplomatic service, had been at intervals of leisure a close and profitable student of Philology. Upon the foundation of the University of Berlin, with Buttmann, and Herndorff, and others, who made Berlin the centre of literary life in Germany, he was appointed a Professor, and, as such, delivered those lectures on Roman History which formed the basis of his great work. The success of his lectures was such, that, although in the beginning he had only intended to prepare a course of lectures on the subject of Roman History without undertaking to write a history, which, to use his own language, he considered "a less rash undertaking," he almost insensibly commenced the latter, and devoted to it the best part of the several following years. The first volume appeared in 1811; the second in 1812; and when, several years after, Bancroft

met him at Rome, he not only occupied a distinguished position as a diplomatist but had established a world-wide reputation as a historian.

Bancroft's acquaintance with Niebuhr was, however, far less intimate than with his Secretary of Legation, Chevalier Bunsen, who was at that time possessed of much reputation as a philologist; and, moreover, was a proficient in the language and maxims of Plato, which served as a still additional bond to draw the young American admirer of this great Grecian philosopher more closely toward him. Bunsen occupied a residence separate from that of Niebuhr; but the two were on terms of the warmest friendship. Indeed Bunsen was indebted to this source for his present position, and afterward, on the retirement of Niebuhr from the mission, to his elevation to the post of ambassador.

Among the acquaintances of Bancroft in Berlin was Wolf, who was perhaps the most thoroughly conversant with the Greek language of any one in Germany. He told Bancroft on one occasion that he could read Aristophanes in Greek with the same facility as he could his prayer-book in his native language. Bancroft afterward repeated this remark to Foss, who replied that he did not believe it to be possible. "For my own part," said he, "whenever I am anxious to find a passage in Homer with facility I take my own translation of the work in preference to the original." Certain it is that Wolf translated one hundred lines of the "Odyssey" into German, daetyl for daetyl, spondee for spondee, and even cæsura for cæsura, and, stopping short in the middle of a line, defied all Germany to complete the translation—a challenge never accepted.

Bancroft, while a student at Göttingen, met Goethe at Jena, and afterwards at Weimar. He bore a note of introduction to him at Jena, where he was temporarily occupying apartments in a public edifice belonging to the Grand Duke. Goethe received his visitor in the garden, where he happened to be, and here they continued to walk and talk for an hour or two. He was carelessly appareled, but his carriage was majestic, and his manner stately and dignified. He was quite frank in the utterance of his thoughts, and conversed upon many topics; but most about Byron, who was then at the height of his fame. He said that he eagerly devoured every thing that Byron wrote. "Don Juan," of which two cantos were then published, he considered as evincing the most genius of any of his works, although he greatly admired "Manfred;" probably the more, because he believed it to be an imitation from his own "Faust." In this, however, he was mistaken. In an interview with Byron a few years later Bancroft mentioned Goethe's criticisms, and particularly that relating to his imitation of "Faust."

Byron replied that he was, much to his regret, unacquainted with the German language; and the only knowledge he had of Goethe's "Faust" at the time of writing "Manfred" was



derived from Monk Lewis, who had translated to him some of the scenes, and had given him a general idea of the plot some time before he thought of writing "Manfred." It was, he declared, honor enough for "Manfred" to be mentioned by the side of "Faust."

This conversation occurred during a visit which Bancroft paid to Byron in May, 1822. In his rambles through Italy, after having spent three weeks of spring in Florence and its environs, and mounted the peaks of the Apennines to obtain a view of the Adriatic and the Tuscan sea, as well as to follow, with becoming reverence, the footsteps of Milton among the shades of Vallombrosa, Bancroft reached Leghorn while a squadron of United States vessels, under the pennant of Commodore Jones, in the flag-ship *Constitution*, lay off the harbor. In company with the other Americans who chanced to be in Leghorn, he was invited to be present on board the *Constitution*, which was to be visited the day after his arrival by Lord Byron. He had, however, on this occasion but little opportunity for conversation with Byron.

On that day an incident occurred which is worth relating. A lady of great personal beauty approached Byron with the remark that, unless she bore some memento back to Philadelphia, no one would believe that she had seen him, and asked permission to appropriate the rose he wore in the button-hole of his coat. The poet not only yielded up the flower, but on the following day sent a charming note, accompanied by a copy of the "Outlines to Faust," as a more enduring memento of the occasion.

I was curious to know the kind of deformity under which Byron labored, as many versions of it had been given—the last and most unpardonable being that by Captain Medwin, who, according to his own account, had taken advantage of the temporary absence of the faithful Fletcher not only to uncover the feet of his deceased friend as he lay stretched on his bier, to satisfy his own curiosity, but had given the result of his observations to the world—I therefore asked a gentleman who was present on this occasion concerning it.

"I can not say," replied he, "in what his lameness consisted. When he made his first appearance on the deck of the *Constitution* he did so with an unsteady gait, which gave an apparent embarrassment to his motions. This was at the time attributed to the fact that he supposed a group of ladies, whom he observed on the deck, to be English; but it was afterward thought that it was occasioned by his lameness, or perhaps his attempt to conceal it."

I remarked that he was by some thought to have had a club-foot; but I hardly thought that could have been the case, because the lameness, from a deformity of this kind, is so uncompromising and ungraceful as at once to detect its source, and I had been informed that Byron's movements in walking were far from being ungraceful.

"I certainly did not consider them graceful,"

said my friend; "and there was nothing in his movements, as I casually observed them, to put the idea of a club-foot out of question." In the absence of any positive testimony on this point, I am inclined to the belief that the limb was slightly shortened, and the ankle-joint permanently ankylosed or stiffened.

On the morning of the day following Byron's visit to the national ships in the harbor of Leghorn, Bancroft accepted an invitation given him by the poet to visit him at Monte Nero, where he was then residing. The dwelling, which was of brick and of a flaming red, stood in the midst of a landscape of well-cultivated grounds, with no unusual attractions for a summer residence except its proximity to the Mediterranean, which lay some three miles distant, and was visible from the house.

At eleven Bancroft sent a note to Byron desiring to know when it would be convenient for him to wait on him. The answer promptly returned was, that he should be most happy to see him an hour hence, as he was lazy and was not dressed. At the time appointed he repaired to the residence, and was shown into a spacious apartment, where he was at once joined by Byron, who immediately began the conversation by a number of questions about the squadron he had just visited, and the ships of war and naval battles of the United States; with all of which subjects he was conversant, as also with most of the minutiae connected with the affairs of honor which had taken place among distinguished American naval officers.

In politics he professed himself on the Liberal or Democratic side, and cherished the hope that he might visit the United States, and give, what he confessed had not been done, an impartial view of the country, its progress, and political institutions. It was at this period that he had his famous liaison with the Countess Guiccioli; who was, in fact, at that moment an inmate of his establishment, and was at a later hour in the day presented to his young American visitor. The embarrassments into which this connection involved him, on account of the political relations of her father and brothers, and in which he was made to share a part, rendered his continued residence in Italy soon after not only unpleasant, but absolutely impossible, except at a sacrifice of his interest in the Countess and her family.

That his intention to visit America was something more than a passing thought is evident from the circumstance that soon after this visit, when he apprehended the alternative of surrendering the Countess or sharing her fate in some other land than Italy, he wrote to a friend that he had determined to take up his residence with her in America.

With the character and productions of the literary men of the United States Byron was well acquainted, and spoke with great respect of Edward Everett and Washington Irving. Of the latter he had most to say, and expressed himself highly pleased with all his works, but



most of all with "Knickerbocker's History of New York."

Bancroft expressed his acknowledgments for the high appreciation in which he held the favorite author of America.

"I esteem Irving," replied Byron, "only in common with all my countrymen, among whom there is but one opinion concerning his genius."

Byron, who at this time was smarting under the fancied or real wrongs imposed upon him by his countrymen, separated, against his own volition, from her who might have rekindled the better nature within him, and, expatriated from his native land, still spoke and acted as an Englishman. He alluded to the clamor that had been raised against him on all sides, and appeared to view it with indifference. "But it was plain to see that under all this assumed careless gayety he was deeply wounded, and that the scorn he sometimes professed for English opinion was, after all, but a proof how highly he would have valued the good opinion of the best and noblest in his native land, had he had the good fortune to have secured it."

Byron was in excellent spirits, and, under one pleasant suggestion after another, managed to detain his visitor long after politeness had induced him to offer to take leave. On one of these occasions, while looking out of a window which commanded a view of the sea and Napoleon's prison at Elba, they found, on leaving it, that a lady had noiselessly entered and taken a seat on the sofa. This was the Countess Guiccioli. She was about twenty-five, of fair complexion, rosy cheeks, light auburn hair, and fine large dark eyes, expressive of gentleness. While the visitor was not particularly impressed with the high order of her beauty, he at the same time attributed to her a manner of uncommon gentleness and amiability. This description corresponds much better with my conception at least of this lady's personal appearance than many of those which invest her with remarkable personal charms. A lady who saw much of her in Paris long after Byron's death, and when she had grown to be a middle-aged woman, has often described her to me as somewhat short, rather fleshy, and on the whole what Byron would have denominated a "dumpy woman;" without much beauty, but gentle in manner and agreeable in conversation.

Bancroft has, from time to time, quitted the seclusion of the study to mingle in the more active arena of politics, and always with great effect. The question of a National currency, which largely occupied the public mind about the period of the election of Andrew Jackson to the office of President of the United States, called forth some able suggestions from his pen, which personally gave him a high position with the chief executive, and probably led to his selection, as collector of the port of Boston, by Van Buren, at a later period, without solicitation on his part. During Mr. Polk's administration he occupied, for about eighteen months, the post of Secretary of the Navy, which he exchanged

for that of Ambassador to the Court of Saint James.

His administration of the Navy Department was signalized by the most rigid economy in expenditure consistent with its successful working; and he is probably the only Secretary of his day whose estimates were allowed to pass without cavil by the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives. During his administration of the Department the Naval School, whose importance and efficiency is now generally admitted, was established at Annapolis. Its site is now temporarily removed, but its value in the early training of naval officers is so universally acknowledged that its permanent continuance can scarcely be doubted.

The commercial knowledge gained as Collector of the port of Boston enabled him, while in charge of the Embassy to St. James, to aid very materially these interests in both countries. Among his public acts in this capacity is the negotiation of a postal treaty between England and the United States, which was duly ratified by both Governments. This treaty places this important service upon the most liberal footing for both nations, and is conceived and executed in a spirit of candor that renders it alike popular to the people of both countries. The twentieth clause of this treaty, which, in view of our present disturbed relations, is of great significance, stipulates that, in the event of a war between England and the United States, those vessels connected with the Isthmus of Panama, belonging to either country, and engaged in the mail service, shall be free from molestation for six weeks after a notification shall have been given by either Government to the effect that their trips must be discontinued.

While occupying the position of Minister in England Mr. Bancroft availed himself of the opportunity to add largely to his collection of manuscripts by liberal extracts from the public archives of both England and France, which were freely thrown open to him for this purpose, as were also the private collections of many persons whose ancestors occupied distinguished positions in America. The whole collection of documents relating to America thus obtained is handsomely bound in about two hundred folio and quarto volumes, which are justly regarded by him as the most valuable, as it is undoubtedly the most expensive, portion of his collection.

His time is now almost exclusively devoted to the completion of that history which has been the chief occupation of a life now far advanced toward that period which usually bounds the span of human existence. Whatever may be the disadvantages of this epoch in life in other pursuits, it certainly favors the historian in the circumstance that it enables him to "see the worth of great men, who can not see the worth of each other;" to cast aside party prejudice and personal feeling; and to do justice to those who by the force of circumstances were made the victims of combinations too mighty for them to control.



## MISTRESS AND MAID.

## A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

## CHAPTER IX.

THE day of the Grand Hegira came.

"I remember," said Miss Leaf, as they rumbled for the last time through the empty morning streets of poor old Stowbury—"I remember my grandmother telling me that when my grandfather was courting her, and she out of coquetry refused him, he set off on horseback to London, and she was so wretched to think of all the dangers he ran on the journey, and in London itself, that she never rested till she got him back, and then immediately married him."

"No such catastrophe is likely to happen to any of us, except, perhaps, to Elizabeth," said Miss Hilary, trying to get up a little feeble mirth, any thing to pass away the time and lessen the pain of parting, which was almost too much for Johanna. "What do you say? Do you mean to get married in London, Elizabeth?"

But Elizabeth could make no answer, even to kind Miss Hilary. They had not imagined she felt the leaving her native place so much. She had watched intently the last glimpse of Stowbury church tower, and now sat with reddened eyes, staring blankly out of the carriage window,

"Silent as a stone."

Once or twice a large slow tear gathered on each of her eyes, but it was shaken off angrily from the high cheek-bones, and never settled into absolute crying. They thought it best to take no notice of her. Only, when reaching the new small station, where the "resonant steam-eagles" were, for the first time, beheld by the innocent Stowbury ladies, there arose a discussion as to the manner of traveling. Miss Leaf said decidedly—"Second-class; and then we can keep Elizabeth with us." Upon which Elizabeth's mouth melted into something between a quiver and a smile.

Soon it was all over, and the little household was compressed into the humble second-class carriage, cheerless and cushionless, whirling through indefinite England in a way that confounded all their geography and topography. Gradually as the day darkened into heavy, chilly July rain, the scarcely kept-up spirits of the four passengers began to sink. Johanna grew very white and worn, Selina became, to use Ascott's phrase, "as cross as two sticks," and even Hilary, turning her eyes from the gray sodden-looking landscape without, could find no spot of comfort to rest on within the carriage, except that round rosy face of Elizabeth Hand's.

Whether it was from the spirit of contradiction existing in most such natures, which, especially in youth, are more strong than sweet, or from a better feeling, the fact was noticeable, that when every one else's spirits went down Elizabeth's went up. Nothing could bring her

out of a "grumpy" fit so satisfactorily as her mistresses falling into one. When Miss Selina now began to fidget hither and thither, each tone of her fretful voice seeming to go through her eldest sister's every nerve, till even Hilary said, impatiently, "Oh, Selina, can't you be quiet?" then Elizabeth rose from her depth of gloomy discontent up to the surface immediately.

She was only a servant; but Nature bestows that strange vague thing that we term "force of character" independently of position. Hilary often remembered afterward how much more comfortable the end of the journey was than she had expected—how Johanna lay at ease, with her feet on Elizabeth's lap, wrapped in Elizabeth's best woolen shawl; and how, when Selina's whole attention was turned to an ingenious contrivance with a towel and fork and Elizabeth's basket, for stopping the rain out of the carriage-roof—she became far less disagreeable, and even a little proud of her own cleverness. And so there was a temporary lull in Hilary's cares, and she could sit quiet, with her eyes fixed on the rainy landscape, which she did not see, and her thoughts wandering toward that unknown place and unknown life into which they were sweeping, as we all sweep, ignorantly, unresistingly, almost unconsciously, into new destinies. Hilary, for the first time, began to doubt of theirs. Anxious as she had been to go to London, and wise as the proceeding appeared, now that the die was cast and the cable cut, the old, simple, peaceful life at Stowbury grew strangely dear.

"I wonder if we shall ever go back again, or what is to happen to us before we do go back," she thought, and turned, with a half-defined fear, toward her eldest sister, who looked so old and fragile beside that sturdy, healthy servant-girl. "Elizabeth!" Elizabeth, rubbing Miss Leaf's feet, started at the unwonted sharpness of Miss Hilary's tone. "There; I'll do that for my sister. Go and look out of the window at London."

For the great smoky cloud which began to rise in the rainy horizon was indeed London. Soon through the thickening nebula of houses they converged to what was then the nucleus of all railway traveling, the Euston Terminus, and were hustled on to the platform, and jostled helplessly to and fro—these poor country ladies! Anxiously they scanned the crowd of strange faces for the one only face they knew in the great metropolis—which did not appear.

"It is very strange—very wrong of Ascott. Hilary, you surely told him the hour correctly. For once, at least, he might have been in time."

So chafed Miss Selina, while Elizabeth, who by some miraculous effort of intuitive genius had succeeded in collecting the luggage, was now



engaged in defending it from all comers, especially porters, and making of it a comfortable seat for Miss Leaf.

"Nay, have patience, Selina. We will give him just five minutes more, Hilary."

And Johanna sat down, with her sweet, calm, long-suffering face turned upward to that younger one, which was, as youth is apt to be, hot, and worried, and angry. And so they waited till the terminus was almost deserted, and the last cab had driven off, when, suddenly, dashing up the station-yard out of another, came Ascott.

He was so sorry, so very sorry, downright grieved, at having kept his aunts waiting. But his watch was wrong—some fellows at dinner detained him—the train was before its time surely. In fact, his aunts never quite made out what the excuse was; but they looked into his bright handsome face, and their wrath melted like clouds before the sun. He was so gentlemanly, so well-dressed—much better dressed than even at Stowbury—and he seemed so unfeignedly glad to see them. He handed them all into the cab—even Elizabeth, though whispering meanwhile to his Aunt Hilary, "What on earth did you bring her for?"—and then was just going to leap on to the box himself, when he stopped to ask "Where he should tell cabby to drive to?"

"Where to?" repeated his aunts in undisguised astonishment. They had never thought of any thing but of being taken home at once by their boy.

"You see," Ascott said, in a little confusion, "you wouldn't be comfortable with me. A young fellow's lodgings are not like a house of one's own, and, besides—"

"Besides, when a young fellow is ashamed of his old aunts, he can easily find reasons."

"Hush, Selina!" interposed Miss Leaf. "My dear boy, your old aunts would never let you inconvenience yourself for them. Take us to an inn for the night, and to-morrow we will find lodgings for ourselves."

Ascott looked greatly relieved.

"And you are not vexed with me, Aunt Johanna?" said he, with something of his old childish tone of compunction, as he saw—he could not help seeing—the utter weariness which Johanna tried so hard to hide.

"No, my dear, not vexed. Only I wish we had known this a little sooner, that we might have made arrangements. Now, where shall we go?"

Ascott mentioned a dozen hotels, but they found he only knew them by name. At last Miss Leaf remembered one, which her father used to go to, on his frequent journeys to London, and whence, indeed, he had been brought home to die. And though all the recollections about it were sad enough, still it felt less strange than the rest, in this dreariness of London. So she proposed going to the "Old Bell," Holborn.

"A capital place!" exclaimed Ascott, eagerly. "And I'll take and settle you there; and

we'll order supper, and make a jolly night of it. All right. Drive on, cabby!"

He jumped on the box, and then looked in mischievously, flourishing his lit cigar, and shaking his long hair—his Aunt Selina's two great abominations—right in her indignant face: but withal looking so merry and good-tempered that she shortly softened into a smile.

"How handsome the boy is growing!"

"Yes," said Johanna, with a slight sigh; "and, did you notice? how exceedingly like his—"

The sentence was left unfinished. Alas! if every young man, who believes his faults and follies injure himself alone, could feel what it must be, years afterward, to have his nearest kindred shrink from saying, as the saddest, most ominous thing they could say of his son, that the lad is growing "so like his father!"

It might have been—they assured each other that it was—only the incessant roll, roll of the street sounds below their windows which kept the Misses Leaf awake half the night of this their first night in London. And when they sat down to breakfast—having waited an hour vainly for their nephew—it might have been only the gloom of the little parlor which cast a slight shadow over them all. Still the shadow was there.

It deepened, despite the sunshiny morning into which the last night's rain had brightened, till Holborn Bars looked cheerful, and Holborn pavement actually clean, so that, as Elizabeth said, "you might eat your dinner off it;" which was the one only thing she condescended to approve in London. She had sat all evening mute in her corner, for Miss Leaf would not send her away into the *terra incognita* of a London hotel. Ascott, at first considerably annoyed at the presence of what he called a "skeleton at the feast," had afterward got over it, and run on with a mixture of childish glee and mannish pomposity about his plans and intentions—how he meant to take a house, he thought, in one of the squares, or a street leading out of them; how he would put up the biggest of brass plates, with "Mr. Leaf, surgeon," and soon get an extensive practice, and have all his aunts to live with him. And his aunts had smiled and listened, forgetting all about the silent figure in the corner, who perhaps had gone to sleep, or had also listened.

"Elizabeth, come and look out at London."

So she and Miss Hilary whiled away another heavy three-quarters of an hour in watching and commenting on the incessantly shifting crowd which swept past Holborn Bars. Miss Selina sometimes looked out too, but more often sat fidgeting and wondering why Ascott did not come; while Miss Leaf, who never fidgeted, became gradually more and more silent. Her eyes were fixed on the door, with an expression which, if Hilary could have remembered so far back, would have been to her something not painfully new, but still more painfully old—a look branded into her face by many an hour's anxious listening for the footstep that never



came, or only came to bring distress. It was the ineffaceable token of that long, long struggle between affection and conscience, pity and scarcely repressible contempt, which, for more than one generation, had been the appointed burden of this family—at least the women of it—till sometimes it seemed to hang over them almost like a fate.

About noon Miss Leaf proposed calling for the hotel bill. Its length so alarmed the country ladies that Hilary suggested not staying to dine, but going immediately in search of lodgings.

"What, without a gentleman! Impossible! I always understood ladies could go nowhere in London without a gentleman!"

"We shall come very ill off then, Selina. But any how I mean to try. You know the region where, we have heard, lodgings are cheapest and best—that is, best for us. It can not be far from here. Suppose I start at once?"

"What, alone?" cried Johanna, anxiously.

"No, dear. I'll take the map with me, and Elizabeth. She is not afraid."

Elizabeth smiled, and rose, with that air of dogged devotedness with which she would have prepared to follow Miss Hilary to the North Pole, if necessary. So, after a few minutes of arguing with Selina, who did not press her point overmuch, since she herself had not to commit the impropriety of the expedition. After a few minutes more of hopeless lingering about—till even Miss Leaf said they had better wait no longer—mistress and maid took a farewell nearly as pathetic as if they had been in reality Arctic voyagers, and plunged right into the dusty glare and hurrying crowd of the "sunny side" of Holborn in July.

A strange sensation, and yet there was something exhilarating in it. The intense solitude that there is in a London crowd these country girls—for Miss Hilary herself was no more than a girl—could not as yet realize. They only felt the life of it; stirring, active, incessantly moving life—even though it was of a kind that they knew as little of it as the crowd did of them. Nothing struck Hilary more than the self-absorbed look of passers-by; each so busy on his own affairs, that, in spite of Selina's alarm, for all notice taken of them, they might as well be walking among the cows and horses in Stowbury field.

Poor old Stowbury! They felt how far away they were from it when a ragged, dirty, vicious-looking girl offered them a moss rose-bud for "one penny, only one penny;" which Elizabeth, lagging behind, bought, and found it only a broken-off bud stuck on to a bit of wire.

"That's London ways, I suppose," said she, severely, and became so misanthropic that she would hardly vouchsafe a glance to the handsome square they turned into, and merely observed of the tall houses, taller than any Hilary had ever seen, that she "wouldn't fancy running up and down them stairs."

But Hilary was cheerful in spite of all. She

was glad to be in this region, which, theoretically, she knew by heart—glad to find herself in the body, where in the spirit she had come so many a time. The mere consciousness of this seemed to refresh her. She thought she would be much happier in London; that in the long years to come that must be borne, it would be good for her to have something to do as well as to hope for; something to fight with as well as to endure. Now more than ever came pulsing in and out of her memory a line once repeated in her hearing, with an observation of how "true" it was. And though originally it was applied by a man to a woman, and she smiled sometimes to think how "unfeminine" some people—Selina for instance—would consider her turning it the other way, still she did so. She believed, that, for woman as for man, that is the purest and noblest love which is the most self-existent, most independent of love returned; and which can say, each to the other equally on both sides, that the whole solemn purpose of life is, under God's service,

"If not to win, to feel more worthy thee."

Such thoughts made her step firmer and her heart lighter; so that she hardly noticed the distance they must have walked till the close London air began to oppress her, and the smooth glaring London pavements made her Stowbury feet ache sorely.

"Are you tired, Elizabeth? Well, we'll rest soon. There must be lodgings near here. Only I can't quite make out—"

As Miss Hilary looked up to the name of the street the maid noticed what a glow came into her mistress's face, pale and tired as it was. Just then a church clock struck the quarter-hour.

"That must be St. Pancras. And this—yes, this is Burton Street, Burton Crescent."

"I'm sure missis wouldn't like to live there," observed Elizabeth, eying uneasily the gloomy *rez-de-chaussée*, familiar to many a generation of struggling respectability, where, in the decadence of the season, every second house bore the announcement "apartments furnished."

"No," Miss Hilary replied, absently. Yet she continued to walk up and down the whole length of the street; then passed out into the dreary, deserted-looking Crescent, where the trees were already beginning to fade; not, however, into the bright autumn tint of country woods, but into a premature withering, ugly and sad to behold.

"I am glad he is not here—glad, glad!" thought Hilary, as she realized the unutterable dreariness of those years when Robert Lyon lived and studied in his garret from month's end to month's end—these few dusty trees being the sole memento of the green country life in which he had been brought up, and which she knew he so passionately loved. Now she could understand that "calenture" which he had sometimes jestingly alluded to, as coming upon him at times, when he felt literally sick for the sight of a green field or a hedge full of birds. She



wondered whether the same feeling would ever come upon her in this strange desert of London, the vastness of which grew upon her every hour.

She was glad he was away; yes, heart-glad! And yet, if this minute she could only have seen him coming round the Crescent, have met his smile, and the firm, warm clasp of his hand—

For an instant there rose up in her one of those wild, rebellious outcries against fate, when to have to waste years of this brief life of ours in the sort of semi-existence that living is, apart from the treasure of the heart and delight of the eyes, seems so cruelly, cruelly hard!

"Miss Hilary."

She started, and "put herself under lock and key" immediately.

"Miss Hilary; you do look so tired!"

"Do I? Then we will go and sit down in this baker's shop, and get rested and fed. We can not afford to wear ourselves out, you know. We have a great deal to do to-day."

More indeed than she calculated, for they walked up one street and down another, investigating at least twenty lodgings before any appeared which seemed fit for them. Yet some place must be found where Johanna's poor, tired head could rest that night. At last, completely exhausted, with that oppressive exhaustion which seems to crush mind as well as body after a day's wandering in London, Hilary's courage began to ebb. Oh for an arm to lean on, a voice to listen for, a brave heart to come to her side, saying, "Do not be afraid, there are two of us!" And she yearned, with an absolutely sick yearning such as only a woman who now and then feels the utter helplessness of her womanhood can know, for the only arm she cared to lean on, the only voice dear enough to bring her comfort, the only heart that she felt she could trust.

Poor Hilary! And yet why pity her? To her three alternatives could but happen: were Robert Lyon true to her she would be his, entirely and devotedly, to the end of her days; did he forsake her, she would forgive him; should he die, she would be faithful to him eternally. Love of this kind may know anguish, but not the sort of anguish that lesser and weaker loves do. If it is certain of nothing else, it can always be certain of itself.

"Its will is strong:

It suffers; but it can not suffer long."

And even in its utmost pangs is an underlying peace which often approaches to absolute joy.

Hilary roused herself, and bent her mind steadily on lodgings till she discovered one, from the parlor of which you could see the trees of Burton Crescent and hear the sound of Saint Pancras's clock.

"I think we may do here—at least for a while," said she, cheerfully; and then Elizabeth heard her inquiring if an extra bedroom could be had if necessary.

There was only one small attic. "Ascott never could put up with that," said Hilary, half to herself. Then suddenly—"I think I will

see Ascott before I decide. Elizabeth, will you go with me, or remain here?"

"I'll go with you if you please, Miss Hilary."

"If *you* please," sounded not unlike "if *I* please," and Elizabeth had gloomed over a little. "Is Mr. Ascott to live with us?"

"I suppose so."

No more words were interchanged till they reached Gower Street, when Miss Hilary observed, with evident surprise, what a handsome street it was.

"I must have made some mistake. Still we will find out Mr. Ascott's number, and inquire."

No, there was no mistake. Mr. Ascott Leaf had lodged there for three months, but had given up his rooms that very morning.

"Where had he gone to?"

The servant—a London lodging-house servant all over—didn't know; but she fetched the landlady, who was after the same pattern of the dozen London landladies with whom Hilary had that day made acquaintance, only a little more Cockney, smirking, dirty, and tawdrily fine.

"Yes, Mr. Leaf had gone, and he hadn't left no address. Young college gentlemen often found it convenient to leave no address. P'raps he would if he'd known there would be a young lady a-calling to see him."

"I am Mr. Leaf's aunt," said Hilary, turning as hot as fire.

"Oh, in-deed," was the answer, with civil incredulosity.

But the woman was sharp of perception—as often-cheated London landladies learn to be. After looking keenly at mistress and maid, she changed her tone; nay, even launched out into praises of her late lodger: what a pleasant gentleman he was; what good company he kept, and how he had promised to recommend her apartments to his friends.

"And as for the little some'at of rent, Miss—tell him it makes no matter, he can pay me when he likes. If he don't call soon, p'raps I might make bold to send his trunk and his books over to Mr. Ascott's of—dear me, I forget the number and the square."

Hilary unsuspectingly supplied both.

"Yes, that's it—the old gen'leman as Mr. Leaf went to dine with every other Sunday, a very rich old gentleman, who, he says, is to leave him all his money. Maybe a relation of yours, Miss?"

"No," said Hilary; and adding something about the landlady's hearing from Mr. Leaf very soon, she hurried out of the house, Elizabeth following.

"Won't you be tired if you walk so fast, Miss Hilary?"

Hilary stopped, choking. Helplessly she looked up and down the forlorn, wide, glaring, dusty street; now sinking into the dull shadow of a London afternoon.

"Let us go home!" And at the word a sob burst out—just one passionate pent-up sob. No more. She could not afford to waste strength in crying.



"As you say, Elizabeth, I am getting tired; and that will not do. Let me see; something must be decided." And she stood still, passing her hand over her hot brow and eyes. "I will go back and take the lodgings, leave you there to make all comfortable, and then fetch my sisters from the hotel. But stay first, I have forgotten something."

She returned to the house in Gower Street, and wrote on one of her cards an address—the only permanent address she could think of—that of the city broker who was in the habit of paying them their yearly income of £50.

"If any creditors inquire for Mr. Leaf give them this. His friends may always hear of him at the London University."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied the now civil landlady. "Indeed, I wasn't afraid of the young gentleman giving us the slip. For though he was careless in his bills he was every inch the gentleman. And I wouldn't object to take him in again. Or p'raps you yourself, ma'am, might be a-wanting rooms."

"No, I thank you. Good-morning." And Hilary hurried away.

Not a word did she say to Elizabeth, or Elizabeth to her, till they got into the dull, dingy parlor—henceforth to be their sole apology for "home:" and then she only talked about domestic arrangements—talked fast and eagerly, and tried to escape the affectionate eyes which she knew were so sharp and keen. Only to escape them—not to blind them; she had long ago found out that Elizabeth was too quick-witted for that, especially in any thing that concerned "the family." She felt convinced the girl had heard every syllable that passed at Ascott's lodgings: that she knew all that was to be known, and guessed what was to be feared as well as Hilary herself.

"Elizabeth"—she hesitated long, and doubted whether she should say the thing before she did say it—"remember we are all strangers in London, and family matters are best kept within the family. Do not mention either in writing home, or to any body here about—about—"

She could not name Ascott; she felt so horribly ashamed.

would actually wither and die. Of such are the pioneers of society—the emigrants, the tourists, the travelers round the world; and great is the advantage the world derives from them, active, energetic, and impulsive as they are. Unless, indeed, their talent for incessant locomotion degenerates into rootless restlessness, and they remain forever rolling-stones, gathering no moss, and acquiring gradually a smooth, hard surface, which adheres to nothing, and to which nobody dare venture to adhere.

But there are others possessing in a painful degree this said quality of adhesiveness, to whom the smallest change is obnoxious; who like drinking out of a particular cup, and sitting in a particular chair; to whom even a variation in the position of furniture is unpleasant. Of course, this peculiarity has its bad side, and yet it is not in itself mean or ignoble. For is not adhesiveness, faithfulness, constancy—call it what you will—at the root of all citizenship, clanship, and family love? Is it not the same feeling which, granting they remain at all, makes old friendships dearer than any new? Nay, to go to the very sacredest and closest bond, is it not that which makes an old man see to the last in his old wife's faded face the beauty which perhaps nobody ever saw except himself, but which he sees and delights in still, simply because it is familiar and his own?

To people who possess a large share of this rare—shall I say fatal?—characteristic of adhesiveness, living in lodgings is about the saddest life under the sun. Whether some dim foreboding of this fact crossed Elizabeth's mind, as she stood at the window watching for her mistresses' first arrival at "home," it is impossible to say. She could feel, though she was not accustomed to analyze her feelings. But she looked dull and sad. Not cross, even Ascott could not have accused her of "savageness."

And yet she had been somewhat tried. First, in going out what she termed "marketing," she had traversed a waste of streets, got lost several times, and returned with light weight in her butter, and sand in her moist sugar; also with the conviction that London tradesmen were the greatest rogues alive. Secondly, a pottle of strawberries, which she had bought with her own money to grace the tea-table with the only fruit Miss Leaf cared for, had turned out a large delusion, big and beautiful at top, and all below small, crushed, and stale. She had thrown it indignantly, pottle and all, into the kitchen fire.

Thirdly, she had a war with the landlady, partly on the subject of their fire—which, with her Stowbury notions on the subject of coals, seemed wretchedly mean and small—and partly on the question of table-cloths at tea, which Mrs. Jones had "never heard of," especially when the use of plate and linen was included in the rent. And the dinginess of the article produced at last out of an omnium-gatherum sort of kitchen-cupboard, made an ominous impression upon the country girl, accustomed to clean, tidy country ways—where the kitchen was kept

## CHAPTER X.

LIVING in lodgings, not temporarily, but permanently, sitting down to make one's only "home" in Mrs. Jones's parlor or Mrs. Smith's first-floor, of which not a stick or a stone that one looks at is one's own, and whence one may be evicted or evade, with a week's notice or a week's rent, any day—this sort of life is natural and even delightful to some people. There are those who, like strawberry-plants, are of such an errant disposition, that grow them where you will, they will soon absorb all the pleasantness of their habitat, and begin casting out runners elsewhere; nay, if not frequently transplanted,



as neat as the parlor, and the bedrooms were not a whit behind the sitting-rooms in comfort and orderliness. Here it seemed as if, supposing people could show a few respectable living-rooms, they were content to sleep any where, and cook any how, out of any thing, in the midst of any quantity of confusion and dirt. Elizabeth set all this down as "London," and hated it accordingly.

She had tried to ease her mind by arranging and rearranging the furniture—regular lodging-house furniture—table, six chairs, horse-hair sofa, a what-not, and the chiffonnier, with a tea-caddy upon it, of which the respective keys had been solemnly presented to Miss Hilary. But still the parlor looked homeless and bare; and the yellowish paper on the walls, the large patterned, many-colored Kidderminster on the floor, gave an involuntary sense of discomfort and dreariness. Besides, No. 15 was on the shady side of the street—cheap lodgings always are; and no one who has not lived in the like lodgings—not a house—can imagine what it is to inhabit perpetually one room where the sunshine just peeps in for an hour a day, and vanishes by eleven A.M., leaving behind in winter a chill dampness, and in summer a heavy, dusty atmosphere, that weighs like lead on the spirits in spite of one's self. No wonder that, as is statistically known and proved, cholera stalks, fever rages, and the registrar's list is always swelled, along the shady side of a London street.

Elizabeth felt this, though she had not the dimmest idea why. She stood watching the sunset light fade out of the topmost windows of the opposite house—ghostly reflection of some sunset over fields and trees far away; and she listened to the long monotonous cry melting away round the crescent, and beginning again at the other end of the street—"Straw-berries—straw-ber-ries!" Also, with an eye to to-morrow's Sunday dinner, she investigated the cart of the tired costermonger, who crawled along beside his equally tired donkey, reiterating at times, in tones hoarse with a day's bawling, his dreary "Cauli-flow-er! Cauli-flow-er!—Fine new pease, sixpence peck!"

But, alas! the pease were neither fine nor new; and the cauliflowers were regular Saturday night's cauliflowers. Besides, Elizabeth suddenly doubted whether she had any right, unordered, to buy these things which, from being common garden necessities, had become luxuries. This thought, with some others that it occasioned, her unwonted state of idleness, and the dullness of every thing about her—what is so dull as a "quiet" London street on a summer evening?—actually made Elizabeth stand, motionless and meditative, for a quarter of an hour.

Then she started to hear two cabs drive up to the door; the "family" had at length arrived.

Ascott was there too. Two new portman-teaus and a splendid hat-box cast either ignominy or glory upon the poor Stowbury luggage; and—Elizabeth's sharp eyes noticed—there was

also his trunk which she had seen lying detained for rent in his Grower Street lodgings. But he looked quite easy and comfortable; handed out his Aunt Johanna, commanded the luggage about, and paid the cabmen with such a magnificent air that they touched their hats to him, and winked at one another as much as to say, "That's a real gentleman!"

In which statement the landlady evidently coincided, and courtesied low, when Miss Leaf introducing him as "my nephew," hoped that a room could be found for him. Which at last there was, by his appropriating Miss Leaf's, while she and Hilary took that at the top of the house. But they agreed, Ascott must have a good airy room to study in.

"You know, my dear boy," said his Aunt Johanna to him—and at her tender tone he looked a little downcast, as when he was a small fellow and had been forgiven something—"you know you will have to work very hard."

"All right, aunt! I'm your man for that! This will be a jolly room; and I can smoke up the chimney capitally."

So they came down stairs quite cheerfully, and Ascott applied himself with the best of appetites to what he called a "hungry" tea. True, the ham, which Elizabeth had to fetch from an eating-house some streets off, cost two shillings a pound, and the eggs, which caused her another war below over the relighting of a fire to boil them, were dismissed by the young gentleman as "horrid stale." Still, woman-like, when there is a man in the question, his aunts let him have his way. It seemed as if they had resolved to try their utmost to make the new home to which he came, or rather was driven, a pleasant home, and to bind him to it with cords of love, the only cords worth any thing, though sometimes—Heaven knows why—even they fail, and are snapped and thrown aside like straws.

Whenever Elizabeth went in and out of the parlor she always heard lively talk going on among the family: Ascott making his jokes, telling about his college life, and planning his life to come, as a surgeon in full practice, on the most extensive scale. And when she brought in the chamber candles, she saw him kiss his aunts affectionately, and even help his Aunt Johanna—who looked frightfully pale and tired, but smiling still—to her bedroom door.

"You'll not sit up long, my dear? No reading to-night?" said she, anxiously.

"Not a bit of it. And I'll be up with the lark to-morrow morning. I really will, auntie. I'm going to turn over a new leaf, you know."

She smiled again at the immemorial joke, kissed and blessed him, and the door shut upon her and Hilary.

Ascott descended to the parlor, threw himself on the sofa with an air of great relief, and an exclamation of satisfaction that "the women" were all gone. He did not perceive Elizabeth, who, hidden behind, was kneeling to arrange something in the chiffonnier, till she rose up and proceeded to fasten the parlor shutters.



"Hollo! are you there? Come, I'll do that when I go to bed. You may 'slope,' if you like."

"Eh, Sir?"

"Slope, mizzle, cut your stick; don't you understand? Any how, don't stop here bothering me."

"I don't mean to," replied Elizabeth; gravely, rather than gruffly, as if she had made up her mind to things as they were, and was determined to be a belligerent party no longer. Besides, she was older now—too old to have things forgiven to her that might be overlooked in a child; and she had received a long lecture from Miss Hilary on the necessity of showing respect to Mr. Ascott, or Mr. Leaf, as it was now decided he was to be called, in his dignity and responsibility as the only masculine head of the family.

As he lay and lounged there, with his eyes lazily shut, Elizabeth stood a minute gazing at him. Then, steadfast in her new good behavior, she inquired "if he wanted any thing more to-night?"

"Confound you! no! Yes; stop." And the young man took a furtive investigation of the plain, honest face, and not over-graceful, ultra-provincial figure, which still characterized his aunt's "South-Sea Islander."

"I say, Elizabeth, I want you to do something for me." He spoke so civilly, almost coaxingly, that Elizabeth turned round surprised. "Would you just go and ask the landlady if she has got such a thing as a latch-key?"

"A what, Sir?"

"A latch-key—a—oh, she knows. Every London house has it. Tell her I'll take care of it, and lock the front-door all right. She needn't be afraid of thieves."

"Very well, Sir."

Elizabeth went, but shortly reappeared with the information that Mrs. Jones had gone to bed: in the kitchen, she supposed, as she could not get in. But she laid on the table the large street-door key.

"Perhaps that's what you wanted, Mr. Leaf. Though I think you needn't be the least afraid of robbers, for there's three bolts, and a chain besides."

"All right!" cried Ascott, smothering down a laugh. "Thank you! That's for you," throwing a half-crown across the table.

Elizabeth took it up demurely, and put it down again. Perhaps she did not like him enough to receive presents from him; perhaps she thought, being an honest-minded girl, that a young man who could not pay his rent had no business to be giving away half-crowns; or else she herself had not been so much as many servants are, in the habit of taking them. For Miss Hilary had put into Elizabeth some of her own feeling as to this habit of paying an inferior with money for any little civility or kindness which, from an equal, would be accepted simply as kindness, and only requited with thanks. Any how, the coin remained on the table, and

the door was just shutting upon Elizabeth, when the young gentleman turned round again.

"I say, since my aunts are so horridly timid of robbers and such like, you'd better not tell them any thing about the latch-key."

Elizabeth stood a minute perplexed, and then replied briefly: "Miss Hilary isn't a bit timid; and I always tells Miss Hilary every thing."

Nevertheless, though she was so ignorant as never to have heard of a latch-key, she had the wit to see that all was not right. She even lay awake, in her closet off Miss Leaf's room, whence she could hear the murmur of her two mistresses talking together, long after they retired—lay broad awake for an hour or more, trying to put things together—the sad things that she felt certain must have happened that day, and wondering what Mr. Ascott could possibly want with the key. Also, why he had asked her about it, instead of telling his aunts at once; and why he had treated her in the matter with such astonishing civility.

It may be said, a servant had no business to think about these things, to criticise her young master's proceedings, or wonder why her mistresses were sad: that she had only to go about her work like an automaton, and take no interest in any thing. I can only answer to those who like such service, let them have it; and as they sow they will assuredly reap.

But long after Elizabeth, young and hearty, was soundly snoring on her hard, cramped bed, Johanna and Hilary Leaf, after a brief mutual pretense of sleep, soon discovered by both, lay consulting together over ways and means. How could the family expenses, beginning with twenty-five shillings per week as rent, possibly be met by the only actual certain family income, their £50 per annum from a mortgage? For the Misses Leaf were of that old-fashioned stamp which believed that to reckon an income by mere probabilities is either insanity or dishonesty.

Common arithmetic soon proved that this £50 a year could not maintain them; in fact they must soon draw on the little sum—already dipped into to-day, for Ascott—which had been produced by the sale of the Stowbury furniture. That sale, they now found, had been a mistake; and they half feared whether the whole change from Stowbury to London had not been a mistake—one of those sad errors in judgment which we all commit sometimes, and have to abide by, and make the best of, and learn from if we can. Happy those to whom "Dinna greet ower spilt milk"—a proverb wise as cheerful, which Hilary, knowing well who it came from, repeated to Johanna to comfort her—teaches a second brave lesson, how to avoid spilling the milk a second time.

And then they consulted anxiously about what was to be done to earn money.

Teaching presented itself as the only resource. In those days women's work and women's rights had not been discussed so freely as at present. There was a strong feeling that the principal



thing required was our duties—owed to ourselves, our home, our family and friends. There was a deep conviction—now, alas! slowly disappearing—that a woman, single or married, should never throw herself out of the safe circle of domestic life till the last extremity of necessity; that it is wiser to keep or help to keep a home, by learning how to expend its income, cook its dinners, make and mend its clothes, and, by the law that “prevention is better than cure,” studying all those preservative means of holding a family together—as women, and women alone, can—than to dash into men’s sphere of trades and professions, thereby, in most instances, fighting an unequal battle, and coming out of it maimed, broken, unsexed; turned into beings that are neither men nor women, with the faults and corresponding sufferings of both, and the compensations of neither.

“I don’t see,” said poor Hilary, “what I can do but teach. And oh, if I could only get daily pupils, so that I might come home of nights, and creep into the fireside; and have time to mend the stockings and look after Ascott’s linen, so that he need not be so awfully extravagant!”

“It is Ascott who ought to earn the family income, and have his aunt to keep house for him,” observed Johanna. “That was the way in my time, and I believe it is the right way. The man ought to go out into the world and earn the money; the woman ought to stay at home and wisely expend it.”

“And yet that way is not always possible. We know, of ourselves, instances where it was not.”

“Ah, yes!” assented Johanna, sighing. For she, far more than Hilary, viewed the family circumstances in the light of its past history—a light too sad almost to bear looking at. “But in ours, as in most similar cases, was something not right, something which forced men and women out of their natural places. It is a thing that may be sometimes a mournful, inevitable necessity; but I never can believe it a right thing, or a thing to be voluntarily imitated, that women should go knocking about the world like men—and—”

“And I am not meaning to do any such thing,” said Hilary, half laughing. “I am only going to try every rational means of earning a little money to keep the family going till such time as Ascott can decide on his future, and find a suitable opportunity for establishing himself in practice. In some of the new neighborhoods about London he says he has a capital chance; he will immediately set about inquiries. A good idea, don’t you think?”

“Yes,” said Johanna, briefly. But they did not discuss this as they had discussed their own plans; and, it was noticeable, they never even referred to, as a portion of the family finances, that pound a week which, with many regrets that it was so small, Ascott had insisted on paying to his aunts as his contribution to the expenses of the household.

And now the dawn was beginning to break, and the lively London sparrows to chirp in the chimneys. So Hilary insisted on their talking no more, but going to sleep like Christians.

“Very well. Good-night, my blessing!” said Johanna, softly. And perhaps indeed her “blessing,” with that strange, bright courage of her own—years after, when Hilary looked back upon her old self, how utterly mad this courage seemed!—had taken the weight of care from the elder and feebler heart, so that Johanna turned round and soon slept.

But long after, till the dawn melted into perfect daylight, did Hilary lie, open-eyed, listening to quarter after quarter of the loud St. Pancras clock. Brave she was, this little woman, fully as brave and cheerful-hearted as, for Johanna’s sake, she made herself out to be; and now that the paralyzed monotony of her Stowbury life was gone, and that she was in the midst of the whirl of London, where *he* used to work and struggle, she felt doubly bright and brave. The sense of resistance, of dogged perseverance, of “fighting it out” to the last, was strong in her, stronger than in most women, or else it was the reflection in her own of that nature which was her ideal of every thing great and good.

“No,” she said to herself, after thinking over for the hundredth time every difficulty that lay before them all—meeting and looking in the face every wild beast in the way, even that terrible beast which, happily, had often approached but never yet visited the Leaf family, “the wolf at the door”—“No, I don’t think I am afraid. I think I shall never be afraid of any thing in this world, if only—only—”

“If only he loves me.” That was it, which broke off, unspoken; the helpless woman’s cry—the cruel craving for the one deepest want of a woman’s life—deeper than the same want in man’s, or in most men’s, because it is more individual—not “if only I am loved,” but “if only *he* loves me.” And as Hilary resolutely shut her eyes, and forced her aching head into total stillness, sharper than ever, as always was the case when she felt weary, mentally or physically, came her longing for the hand to cling to, the breast to lean against—the heart at once strong and tender, which even the bravest woman feels at times she piteously needs. A heart which can comfort and uphold her, with the strength not of another woman like herself, but of a man, encouraging her, as perhaps her very weakness encourages him, to “fight it out,” the sore battle of life, a little longer. But this support, in any shape, from any man, the women of the Leaf family had never known.

The nearest approach to it were those letters from India, which had become, Johanna sometimes jestingly said, a family institution. For they were family letters; there was no mystery about them; they were passed from one to the other, and commented on in perfect freedom, so freely, indeed, that Selina had never penetrated into the secret of them at all. But their punctuality, their faithful remembrance of the small-



est things concerning the past, their strong interest in any thing and every thing belonging to the present of these his old friends, were to the other two sisters confirmation enough as to how they might believe in Robert Lyon.

Hilary did believe, and in her perfect trust was perfect rest. Whether he ever married her or not, she felt sure—surer and surer every day—that to her had been sent that best blessing—the lot of so few women—a thoroughly good man to love her, and to love.

So with his face in her memory, and the sound of his voice in her ear, as distinctly as if it had been only yesterday that he said, "You must trust me, Hilary," she whispered to herself, "I do, Robert, I do!" and went to sleep peacefully as a child.

## CHAPTER XI.

WITH a sublime indifference to popular superstition, or rather because they did not think of it till all their arrangements were completed, the Misses Leaf had accomplished their grand Hegira on a Friday. Consequently, their first day at No. 15 was Sunday.

Sunday in London always strikes a provincial person considerably. It has two such distinct sides. First, the eminently respectable, decorous, religious side, which Hilary and Selina observed, when, about eleven A.M., they joined the stream of well-dressed, well-to-do-looking people, solitary or in families, who poured forth from handsome houses in streets or squares, to form the crowded congregation of St. Pancras's Church. The opposite side Hilary also saw, when Ascott, who, in spite of his declaration, had not risen in time for breakfast, penitently coaxed his "pretty aunt" to let him take her to the afternoon service in Westminster Abbey. They wended their way through Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and across the Park, finding shops open, or half-open, vehicles plying, and people streaming down each side of the streets.

Hilary did not quite like it, and yet her heart was tender over the poor, hardworked-looking Cockneys, who seemed so excessively to enjoy their Sunday stroll, their Sunday mouthful of fresh air; or the small Sunday treat their sickly, under-sized children had in lying on the grass, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park.

She tried to talk the matter out with Ascott, but though he listened politely for a minute or two, he evidently took no interest in such things. Nor did he even in the grand old Abbey, with its tree-like, arched avenues of immemorial stone, its painted windows, through which the colored sunshine made a sort of heavenly mist of light, and its innumerable graves of generations below. Hilary woke from her trance of solemn delight to find her nephew amusing himself with staring at the people about him, making *sotto voce* quizzical remarks upon them, in the intervals of the service, and, finally, the instant it was ended, starting up in extreme satisfaction, evidently

feeling that he had done his duty, and that it had been, to use his own phrase, "a confounded bore."

Yet he meant to be kind to his pretty aunt—told her he liked to walk with her, because she was so pretty, praised her dress, so neat and tasteful, though a little old-fashioned. But he would soon alter that, he said; he would dress all his aunts in silk and satin, and give them a carriage to ride in; there should be no end to their honor and prosperity. Nay, coming home, he took her a long way round—or she thought so, being tired—to show her the sort of house he meant to have. Very grand it seemed to her Stowbury eyes, with pillars and a flight of steps up to the door—more fit, she ventured to suggest, for a retired merchant than a struggling young surgeon.

"Oh, but we dare not show the struggle, or nobody would ever trust us," said Ascott, with a knowing look. "Bless you, many a young fellow sets up a house, and even a carriage, on tick, and drives and drives about till he drives himself into a practice. The world's all a make-believe, and you must meet humbug with humbug. That's the way, I assure you, Aunt Hilary."

Aunt Hilary fixed her honest eyes on the lad's face—the lad, so little younger than herself, and yet who at times, when he let out sayings such as this, seemed so awfully, so pitifully old; and she felt thankful that, at all risks and costs, they had come to London to be beside him, to help him, to save him, if he needed saving, as women only can. For, after all, he was but a boy. And though, as he walked by her side, stalwart and manly, the thought smote her painfully that many a young fellow of his age was the stay and bread-winner of some widowed mother or sister, nay, even of wife and child, still she repeated, cheerfully, "What can one expect from him? He is only a boy."

God help the women who, for those belonging to them—husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, sons—have ever so tenderly to *apologize*.

When they came in sight of St. Pancras's Church, Ascott said, suddenly, "I think you'll know your way now, Aunt Hilary."

"Certainly. Why?"

"Because—you wouldn't be vexed if I left you? I have an engagement—some fellows that I dine with, out at Hampstead or Richmond, or Blackwall, every Sunday. Nothing wicked, I assure you. And you know it's capital for one's health to get a Sunday in fresh air."

"Yes; but Aunt Johanna will be sorry to miss you."

"Will she? Oh, you'll smooth her down. Stay! Tell her I shall be back to tea."

"We shall be having tea directly."

"I declare I had quite forgotten. Aunt Hilary, you must change your hours. They don't suit me at all. No men can ever stand early dinners. By, by! You are the very prettiest auntie. Be sure you get home safe. Hollo, there! That's my omnibus."



He jumped on the top of it, and was off.

Aunt Hilary stood, quite confounded, and with one of those strange sinkings of the heart which had come over her several times this day. It was not that Ascott showed any unkindness—that there was any actual badness in his bright and handsome young face. Still there was a want there—want of earnestness, steadfastness, truthfulness, a something more discoverable as the lack of something else than as aught in itself tangibly and perceptibly wrong. It made her sad; it caused her to look forward to his future with an anxious heart. It was so different from the kind of anxiety, and yet settled repose, with which she thought of the only other man in whose future she felt the smallest interest. Of Robert Lyon she was certain that whatever misfortune visited him he would bear it in the best way it could be borne; whatever temptation assailed him he would fight against it, as a brave and good Christian should fight. But Ascott?

Ascott's life was as yet an unanswered query. She could but leave it in Omnipotent hands.

So she found her way home, asking it once or twice of civil policemen, and going a little distance round—dare I make this romantic confession about so sensible and practical a little woman?—that she might walk once up Burton Street and down again. But nobody knew the fact, and it did nobody any harm.

Meantime at No. 15 the afternoon had passed heavily enough. Miss Selina had gone to lie down—she always did of Sundays, and Elizabeth, after making her comfortable, by the little attentions the lady always required, had descended to the dreary wash-house, which had been appropriated to herself, under the name of a “private kitchen,” in the which, after all the cleanings and improvements she could achieve, she sat like Marius among the ruins of Carthage, and sighed for the tidy bright house-place at Stowbury. Already, from her brief experience, she had decided that London people were horrid shams, because they did not in the least care to have their kitchens comfortable. She wondered how she should ever exist in this one, and might have carried her sad and sullen face up stairs, if Miss Leaf had not come down stairs, and glancing about, with that ever-gentle smile of hers, said kindly, “Well, it is not very pleasant, but you have made the best of it, Elizabeth. We must all put up with something, you know. Now, as my eyes are not very good to-day, suppose you come up and read me a chapter.”

So, in the quiet parlor, the maid sat down opposite her mistress, and read aloud out of that Book which says distinctly:

*“Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ: knowing, that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.”*

And yet says immediately after:

*“Ye masters, do the same things unto them,*

*forbearing threatening: knowing that your Master also is in heaven; neither is there respect of persons with him.”*

And I think that Master whom Paul served, not in preaching only, but also in practice, when he sent back the slave Onesimus to Philemon, praying that he might be received, “not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved,” that Divine Master must have looked tenderly upon these two women—both women, though of such different age and position, and taught them through His Spirit in His word, as only He can teach.

The reading was disturbed by a carriage driving up to the door, and a knock, a tremendously grand and forcible footman's knock, which made Miss Leaf start in her easy-chair.

“But it can't be visitors to us. We know nobody. Sit still, Elizabeth.”

It was a visitor, however, though by what ingenuity he found them out remained, when they came to think of it, a great puzzle. A card was sent in by the dirty servant of Mrs. Jones, speedily followed by a stout, bald-headed, round-faced man—I suppose I ought to write, “gentleman”—in whom, though she had not seen him for years, Miss Leaf found no difficulty in recognizing the grocer's 'prentice boy, now Mr. Peter Ascott, of Russell Square.

She rose to receive him: there was always a stateliness in Miss Leaf's reception of strangers; a slight formality belonging to her own past generation, and to the time when the Leafs were a “county family.” Perhaps this extra dignity, graceful as it was, overpowered the little man; or else, being a bachelor, he was unaccustomed to ladies' society: but he grew red in the face, twiddled his hat, and then cast a sharp inquisitive glance toward her.

“Miss Leaf, I presume, ma'am. The eldest?”

“I am the eldest Miss Leaf, and very glad to have an opportunity of thanking you for your long kindness to my nephew. Elizabeth, give Mr. Ascott a chair.”

While doing so, and before her disappearance, Elizabeth took a rapid observation of the visitor, whose name and history were perfectly familiar to her. Most small towns have their hero, and Stowbury's was Peter Ascott, the grocer's boy, the little fellow who had gone up to London to seek his fortune, and had, strange to say, found it. Whether by industry or luck—except that industry is luck, and luck is only another word for industry—he had gradually risen to be a large city merchant, a drysalter I conclude it would be called, with a handsome house, carriage, etc. He had never revisited his native place, which indeed could not be expected of him, as he had no relations, but, when asked, as was not seldom of course, he subscribed liberally to its charities.

Altogether he was a decided hero in the place, and though people really knew very little about him, the less they knew the more they gossiped, holding him up to the rising generation as a



modern Dick Whittington, and reverencing him extremely as one who had shed glory on his native town. Even Elizabeth had conceived a great idea of Mr. Ascott. When she saw this little fat man, coarse and common-looking in spite of his good clothes and diamond ring, and in manner a curious mixture of pomposity and awkwardness, she laughed to herself, thinking what a very uninteresting individual it was about whom Stowbury had told so many interesting stories.

However, she went up to inform Miss Selina, and prevent her making her appearance before him in the usual Sunday dishabille in which she indulged when no visitors were expected.

After the first awkwardness, Mr. Peter Ascott became quite at his ease with Miss Leaf. He began to talk—not of Stowbury, that was tacitly ignored by both—but of London, and then of “my house in Russell Square,” “my carriage,” “my servants”—the inconvenience of keeping coachmen who would drink, and footmen who would not clean the plate properly; ending by what was a favorite moral axiom of his, that “wealth and position are heavy responsibilities.”

He himself seemed, however, not to have been quite overwhelmed by them; he was fat and flourishing—with an acuteness and power in the upper half of his face which accounted for his having attained his present position. The lower half—somehow Miss Leaf did not like it, she hardly knew why, though a physiognomist might have known. For Peter Ascott had the underhanging, obstinate, sensual lip, the large throat—bull-necked, as it has been called—indications of that essentially animal nature which may be born with the nobleman as with the clown; which no education can refine, and no talent, though it may co-exist with it, can ever entirely remove. He reminded one, perforce, of the rough old proverb: “You can’t make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.”

Still, Mr. Ascott was not a bad man, though something deeper than his glorious indifference to grammar, and his dropped h’s—which, to steal some one’s joke, might have been swept up in bushels from Miss Leaf’s parlor—made it impossible for him ever to be, by any culture whatever, a gentleman.

They talked of Ascott, as being the most convenient mutual subject; and Miss Leaf expressed the gratitude which her nephew felt, and she earnestly hoped would ever show, toward his kind godfather.

Mr. Ascott looked pleased.

“Um—yes, Ascott’s not a bad fellow—believe he means well: but weak, ma’am, I’m afraid he’s weak. Knows nothing of business—has no business habits whatever. However, we must make the best of him; I don’t repent any thing I’ve done for him.”

“I hope not,” said Miss Leaf, gravely.

And then there ensued an uncomfortable pause, which was happily broken by the opening of the door, and the sweeping in of a large, goodly figure.

“My sister, Mr. Ascott; my sister Selina.”

The little stout man actually started, and, as he bowed, blushed up to the eyes.

Miss Selina was, as I have stated, the beauty of the family, and had once been an acknowledged Stowbury belle. Even now, though nigh upon forty, when carefully and becomingly dressed, her tall figure, and her well-featured, fair-complexioned, unwrinkled face, made her still appear a very personable woman. At any rate, she was not faded enough, nor the city magnate’s heart cold enough, to prevent a sudden revival of the vision which—in what now seemed an almost antediluvian stage of existence—had dazzled, Sunday after Sunday, the eyes of the grocer’s lad. If there is one pure spot in a man’s heart—even the very worldliest of men—it is usually his boyish first love.

So Peter Ascott looked hard at Miss Selina, then into his hat, then, as good luck would have it, out of the window, where he caught sight of his carriage and horses. These revived his spirits, and made him recognize what he was—Mr. Ascott of Russell Square, addressing himself in the character of a benevolent patron to the fallen Leaf family.

“Glad to see you, Miss. Long time since we met—neither of us so young as we have been—but you do wear well, I must say.”

Miss Selina drew back; she was within an inch of being highly offended, when she too happened to catch a glimpse of the carriage and horses. So she sat down and entered into conversation with him; and when she liked, nobody could be more polite and agreeable than Miss Selina.

So it happened that the handsome equipage crawled round and round the Crescent, or stood pawing the silent Sunday street before No. 15, for very nearly an hour, even till Hilary came home.

It was vexatious to have to make excuses for Ascott; particularly as his godfather said with a laugh, that “young fellows would be young fellows,” they needn’t expect to see the lad till midnight, or till to-morrow morning.

But though in this, and other things, he somewhat annoyed the ladies from Stowbury, no one could say he was not civil to them—exceedingly civil. He offered them Botanical Garden tickets—Zoological Garden tickets; he even, after some meditation and knitting of his shaggy gray eyebrows, bolted out with an invitation for the whole family to dinner at Russell Square the following Sunday.

“I always give my dinners on Sunday. I’ve no time any other day,” said he, when Miss Leaf gently hesitated. “Come or not, just as you like.”

Miss Selina, to whom the remark was chiefly addressed, bowed the most gracious acceptance.

The visitor took very little notice of Miss Hilary. Probably, if asked, he would have described her as a small, shabbily-dressed person, looking very like a governess. Indeed, the fact of her governess-ship seemed suddenly to recur



to him; he asked her if she meant to set up another school, and being informed that she rather wished private pupils, promised largely that she should have the full benefit of his "patronage" among his friends. Then he departed, leaving a message for Ascott to call next day, as he wished to speak to him.

"For you must be aware, Miss Leaf, that though your nephew's allowance is nothing—a mere drop in the bucket out of my large income—still, when it comes year after year, and no chance of his shifting for himself, the most benevolent man in the world feels inclined to stop the supplies. Not that I shall do that—at least not immediately: he is a fine young fellow, whom I'm rather proud to have helped a step up the ladder, and I've a great respect"—here he bowed to Miss Selina—"a great respect for your family. Still there must come a time when I shall be obliged to shut up my purse-strings. You understand, ma'am."

"I do," Miss Leaf answered, trying to speak with dignity, and yet patience, for she saw Hilary's face beginning to flame. "And I trust, Mr. Ascott, my nephew will soon cease to be an expense to you. It was your own voluntary kindness that brought it upon yourself, and I hope you have not found, never will find, either him or us ungrateful."

"Oh, as to that, ma'am, I don't look for gratitude. Still, if Ascott does work his way into a good position—and he'll be the first of his family that ever did, I reckon—but I beg your pardon, Miss Leaf. Ladies, I'll bid you good-day. Will your servant call my carriage?"

The instant he was gone Hilary burst forth—

"If I were Ascott, I'd rather starve in a garret, break stones in the high-road, or buy a broom and sweep a crossing, than I'd be dependent on this man, this pompous, purse-proud, illiterate fool!"

"No, not a fool," reproved Johanna. "An acute, clear-headed, nor, I think, bad-hearted man. Coarse and common, certainly; but if we were to hate every thing coarse or common, we should find plenty to hate. Besides, though he does his kindness in an unpleasant way, think how very, very kind he has been to Ascott."

"Johanna, I think you would find a good word for the de'il himself, as we used to say," cried Hilary, laughing. "Well, Selina; and what is your opinion of our stout friend?"

Miss Selina, bridling a little, declared that she did not see so much to complain of in Mr. Ascott. He was not educated certainly, but he was a most respectable person. And his calling upon them so soon was most civil and attentive. She thought, considering his present position, they should forget—indeed, as Christians they were bound to forget—that he was once their grocer's boy, and go to dine with him next Sunday.

"For my part, I shall go, though it is Sunday. I consider it quite a religious duty—my duty toward my neighbor."

"Which is to love him as yourself. I am

sure, Selina, I have no objection. It would be a grand romantic wind-up to the story which Stowbury used to tell—of how the 'prentice-boy stared his eyes out at the beautiful young lady; and you would get the advantage of 'my house in Russell Square,' 'my carriage and servants,' and be able to elevate your whole family. Do, now! set your cap at Peter Ascott."

Here Hilary, breaking out into one of her childish fits of irrepressible laughter, was startled to see Selina's face in one blaze of indignation.

"Hold your tongue, you silly chit, and don't chatter about things you don't understand."

And she swept majestically from the room.

"What have I done? Why, she is really vexed. If I had thought she would have taken it in earnest I would never have said a word. Who would have thought it!"

But Miss Selina's fits of annoyance were so common that the sisters rarely troubled themselves long on the matter. And when at tea-time she came down in the best of spirits, they met her half-way, as they always did, thankful for these brief calms in the family atmosphere, which never lasted too long.

It was a somewhat heavy evening. They waited supper till after ten; and yet Ascott did not appear. Miss Leaf read the chapter as usual; and Elizabeth was sent to bed, but still no sign of the absentee.

"I will sit up for him. He can not be many minutes now," said his Aunt Hilary, and settled herself in the solitary parlor, which one candle and no fire made as cheerless as could possibly be.

There she waited till midnight before the young man came in. Perhaps he was struck with compunction by her weary white face—by her silent lighting of his candle, for he made her a thousand apologies.

"Pon my honor, Aunt Hilary, I'll never keep you up so late again. Poor dear auntie, how tired she looks!" and he kissed her affectionately. "But if you were a young fellow, and got among other young fellows, and they over-persuaded you."

"You should learn to say, No."

"Ah"—with a sigh—"so I ought, if I were as good as my Aunt Hilary."

## BURR'S CONSPIRACY.

ABOUT sixty years ago there was a pleasant mansion upon an eminence that overlooked the Hudson, with a few acres of cultivated land around it sloping to the brink of the river, and all within the immediate suburbs of New York. The owner of that beautiful seat was a small, fair-complexioned, brilliant-eyed, fascinating man, eight-and-forty years of age. He had seen some service in the old War for Independence. He was a wit, a beau, a good scholar, a polished gentleman, an unscrupulous politician, a libertine in morals, and a heartless marauder on the domain of social life. He was also the Vice-President of the United States.



Ambition was the god of his idolatry. His daughter and her child were the only objects of his pure love except himself; and Fame and Fortune were the spirits to whom he committed himself as to guardian angels. That suburban country seat was Richmond Hill, and that proprietor was Aaron Burr.

On the morning of the 11th of July, 1804, Aaron Burr murdered Alexander Hamilton in a duel, brought about by the combined agencies of political malice and private revenge. It was not justified by the requirements of the so-called Code of Honor. It was a cold-blooded murder; and ten days afterward the assassin was a fugitive, the States of New York and New Jersey being his accusers in the form of indictments for murder, while the execrations of all good men were ringing in his ears. He fled from the presence of an impending prison and scaffold, in an open boat and under the cover of night, from the foot of the river slope of Richmond Hill. He first found shelter with Commodore Truxtun, at Perth Amboy; and then fled in disguise to Philadelphia, where he renewed proposals of marriage to a young lady. There, too, with a hand red with the blood of his victim and a heart as icy as an Alpine crest, he wrote in jesting mood to his daughter—"If any male friend of yours should be dying of *ennui*, recommend him to engage in a duel and a courtship at the same time."

Burr heeded the warnings of the surges of public indignation that were rising higher and higher around him, and he left Philadelphia stealthily, and fled by sea to an island on the coast of Georgia, where personal and political friends received him with open arms. There men and women bowed obsequiously to the Vice-President of the United States, and felt proud of the privilege; and society, accustomed to the duello, transmuted—by the subtle alchemy of opinion—a branded fugitive from justice into an exiled hero. A planter's fine mansion was made his own; he was screened by a band of music, was courted by the wealthy, caressed by the fair, and almost worshiped by the young; and when a month of festivities had passed away, he departed for the home of his daughter in South Carolina, under whose roof he was as secure from the grasp of Northern laws, and the frowns of Northern sentiment, as if he had been in China or on belted Jupiter.

Ten days the fugitive tarried with his daughter, who, with her husband, believed in and loved him. Then he started on a long and weary journey by land, Northward, to take his place at the head of the Senate of the United States, by virtue of his office. In Virginia he was surprised by ovations. He was greeted with every demonstration of partisan zeal as "the slayer of the arch-enemy of Democracy." Fifty or sixty citizens of Petersburg sat down with him to a public dinner given in his honor, and twenty of them accompanied him to the theatre, where the audience arose at his entrance and welcomed him with cheers.

Among the officials and "the best society" at the National Capital Burr was treated with more than ordinary respect. The President's attentions were more pointed and cordial than usual. The Secretary of State took him out in his carriage. The Secretary of the Treasury frequently called upon him at his lodgings; and a leading partisan in the Lower House of Congress, from Maryland, said, in debate, "The first duel I ever read of was that of David killing Goliath. Our little David of the Republicans has killed the Goliath of Federalism, and for this I am willing to reward him." These things filled many virtuous men with ineffable disgust. "This"—wrote a Senator from New Hampshire, on the 7th of November—"This is the first time, I believe, that ever a Vice-President appeared in the Senate on the first day of the session; certainly the first (God grant it may be the last!) that ever a man indicted for murder presided in the American Senate."

That session of Congress was the last scene of Burr's political career. On the 4th of March, 1805, he descended from the step of official honor next to the highest in the land a ruined man—ruined in fortune, honor, and the respect of his countrymen. During all that session that deep, dark gulf, impassable and inexorable, lay before him. His ambition was as fierce and uncompromising as ever. His hope, sustained by an indomitable will, never failed him. Conscious that every avenue to a retrieval of his fortunes was forever shut, he turned his thoughts to new regions for action, toil, and triumph. With a boldness equaled only by his wickedness, he formed plans magnificent in proportions and brilliant in promised results. Notwithstanding his native and adopted States were closed against him by the stern ministers of justice, he lost none of his buoyancy of spirits; and he wrote to his son-in-law, saying, "In New York I am to be disfranchised, and in New Jersey hanged. Having substantial objections to both, I shall not, for the present, hazard either, but shall seek another country." Where? Its boundaries were not on maps. Its outlines were floating in his fancy. Its government was fashioned by his imagination. It was a country of which he was to be the political creator.

Louisiana, then a vast and undefined region in the immense basin of the Mississippi and its tributaries, was purchased of France by the United States in 1803. At the close of that year the American flag was first unfurled over the city of New Orleans, as an emblem of sovereignty, where it floated undisturbed until 1861, when it was laid aside for a while during the passage of a violent hurricane of disloyalty to the Government it represented, that swept over the Gulf States and the neighboring provinces with destructive energy. That flag proclaimed the freedom of the navigation of the Mississippi to the long-dissatisfied dwellers westward of the Appalachian and Alleghany ranges of lofty hills. For many years they had been agitated by hatred and jealousy of the Spaniards who held the



mouth of the Great River, and exacted tribute of all voyagers upon it; and by disaffection toward the Government of the United States, which they accused of neglect in not opening that great aqueous highway for their produce, either by means of diplomacy or cannon.

Toward that country of uneasy people, in whose behalf his voice had ever been heard, Burr looked for a new field where his ambition might blossom anew, and bear abundant fruits of wealth and honor. Thitherward he directed his steps in the spring of 1805.

What were Burr's political schemes at that time will forever remain a sealed mystery. That he had political schemes, crude it may be, but positive, the student of contemporary history can not doubt. One of his oldest and most intimate friends was General James Wilkinson, his companion-in-arms in the Revolution. He was then General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, and had been recently appointed Governor of Louisiana—an appointment procured through the influence of Burr. Wilkinson was a weak, vain man; poor, proud, and intemperate; of easy virtue, and eminently fitted to be the pliant, working instrument of conspirators. Ten years before, while wearing the epaulets of an officer of his country's army, and honored with its confidence, he had secretly intrigued with the Spanish authorities at New Orleans in a scheme of disunion, and had furnished the Spanish Viceroy with a list of leading Virginians in Kentucky who were disaffected to the Government, and who, he thought, would, like himself, engage in a conspiracy to separate the Western States and Territories from the Union for a pecuniary consideration. For a long time he and Burr had corresponded, frequently in cipher, so that the contents of their letters might not be known to a third party if discovered. During the winter and early spring of 1805 they had many long consultations at the National Capital; and no doubt the General-in-Chief was then admitted to an audience in Burr's heart of hearts, as far as the arch-conspirator's prudence would allow. This man played an important part in the little drama we are considering.

Burr went over the Alleghany Mountains on horseback, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, in April, and late in that month he was floating down the Ohio in a huge flat-boat. The river was swollen and flowing rapidly, and he was soon far away toward the mysterious West. He had told his friends in Washington and Philadelphia that land speculations and other business operations led him to the Mississippi Valley, where he intended to settle, and in the midst of a fresh and sturdy population rear for himself another and more splendid structure of wealth and fame.

Down the beautiful Ohio he glided in his rude barge—swiftly but almost noiselessly. He passed Wheeling on the 3d of May, and two days afterward he was at Marietta, where he enjoyed the hospitalities of the leading inhabitants. He was a fast traveler, and made short haltings. His

vessel was soon again upon the tide, but it was not long unmoored. Just below Marietta is a charming island of three hundred acres of fertile soil. There an Irish gentleman, with a beautiful and accomplished wife, had spent, during eight years, a considerable fortune in preparing a domestic retreat more elegant than any thing west of the mountains. He was a romantic and eccentric man—accomplished, imaginative, and confiding. In these qualities his wife was an equal sharer. His mansion was plain but tasteful in form and arrangement. His grounds were laid out by a skill that knew how to please; and the whole island presented to the eye a paradise in the midst of the wilderness. Books, paintings, statuary, musical and scientific instruments, found in the mansion, attested the culture of the inmates. Such was the home of Harman Blennerhassett.

Burr had heard at Marietta vague rumors of this Eden. He entered it in the garb of an angel of light; he left it prepared for a curse. The "Lord of the Isle" was temporarily absent. The mistress, captivated by her visitor, with whose name she was familiar, urged him to dine with them. He remained until almost midnight, charming the family with his conversation, and then by the light of a waning moon he embarked, leaving the enchanted pair to enjoy the fruits of the tree of knowledge which he had revealed to them.

Down the beautiful Ohio Burr still floated. A week after leaving Blennerhassett's Island he was at the little village of Cincinnati. There he remained a day, and then voyaged on to the Falls of the Ohio (now Louisville), where he met friends from the East. Then he left the water and rode on horseback to Nashville—a journey now made by railway in nine or ten hours—where he was received with public demonstrations of respect. He became the guest of General Andrew Jackson, and his conversation completely captivated that sturdy hero of the West. After lingering there four days he took a boat, descended the Cumberland to its mouth, and at Fort Massac on the Ohio, sixteen miles below, he found Wilkinson on his way to St. Louis. That officer was about to send troops to New Orleans; so he fitted up a barge for Burr "with sails, colors, and ten oars," and assigned to his use a sergeant and ten faithful men. In this state, bearing letters of introduction from Wilkinson to leading men in New Orleans, Burr entered that quaint French and Spanish city in the midst of the marshes of the Lower Mississippi.

The principal person to whom Burr carried letters was Daniel Clark, father of Mrs. General Gaines, whose husband bore a part in this drama. Wilkinson assured Clark that Burr was worthy of the greatest attention, and that he would make communications to him which were "improper to letter." Clark received him cordially, introduced him into the best society of New Orleans, and for three weeks the conspirator was feasted and toasted, and flattered and caressed



to his heart's content. During those three weeks Burr did something else than feasting and idling. He laid plans for the furtherance of his schemes, which now, doubtless, were tangibly fashioned in his mind; and he left New Orleans for the North filled with the contemplation of a great enterprise for his personal aggrandizement. He went up the Mississippi Valley to Natchez on horseback, and from there crossed the broad wilderness to Nashville, where another public dinner awaited him; and the doors of Jackson's hospitable mansion were again opened for his cordial reception.

Burr remained a week with Jackson. After spending a fortnight among certain politicians of Kentucky, and forming the acquaintance of the then rising Henry Clay, he went to St. Louis, and became the guest of his friend and confidant, General Wilkinson. He doubtless revealed much more of his grand scheme to that officer than he had ever before trusted him with; and when the plans were all discussed, he departed for Vincennes, the capital of Indiana, to visit Governor Harrison. From the Wabash he made his way to Cincinnati, Chillicothe, and Marietta, stopping at Blennerhassett's Island on the way, but not finding the owner at home. He pressed forward to Philadelphia; and at the close of October he was in Washington City, where he dined with the President, was honored by the members of the Cabinet and other distinguished men, and after remaining a week, started to meet his daughter in her Southern home.

Burr returned to Washington in December, and began in earnest to put his great scheme in motion. During the entire winter he was engaged in the nefarious business. He wrote mysterious letters to Wilkinson (partly in cipher), and attempted to win to his support dissatisfied officers of the army and navy.

Among the army officers at Washington whom Burr approached was General William Eaton, who had lately returned from the Mediterranean, and was in very ill humor with his Government. He informed that officer that he was organizing a secret expedition against the Spanish provinces of Mexico, and asked him to join him. War with Spain seemed to be impending, and the favorable moment for the execution of his projected enterprise was doubtless at hand. He assured Eaton that great wealth and honors would be won by the participators in the conquest; and so much did Burr's eloquence inflame his auditor's imagination that he promised to think favorably of the proposition. This point gained, Burr commenced stimulating Eaton's irritation toward his own Government because of alleged wrongs. But there was so much disloyalty of sentiment in the conspirator's conversation that the General began to suspect that the proposition to invade Mexico was only a covering to wicked designs against his own country. He resolved to feign acquiescence, gain Burr's full confidence, and fathom his real intentions, if possible.

Burr now grew bolder, and more and more

communicative. Finally he told Eaton that he contemplated a revolution in the Western States for the purpose of separating them from the Union, and establishing a protectorate or a monarchy in the Valley of the Mississippi, whose sceptre was to be held by himself. New Orleans was to be his capital; and he contemplated an extension of his dominions over most, if not all, of Mexico by means of an army which he expected to organize in the West. Wilkinson, he said, was a party to the scheme, and he would carry with him, in the execution of his plan of revolution and conquest, the whole regular army beyond the mountains under the command of that officer. He had agents, he said, in the Spanish provinces who were ready to co-operate with him; and he justified his movement against the integrity of the Union by the plea that the Government lacked efficiency and was a failure; that the people of the West had the same right to separate from those of the East that the colonists had to withdraw from Great Britain; and that if he could (as he hoped to) secure the co-operation of the marine corps at Washington (the only troops there), and gain over to his interest Truxtun, Preble, Decatur, and other naval officers, he would turn Congress neck and heels out of doors, assassinate the President, seize on the treasury and navy, and declare himself the chief of an energetic government.

Eaton, who afterward related these facts under oath, was amazed. "Colonel Burr," he said, "one word—*usurper*—would destroy you. Within six weeks after your movement shall have commenced Yankee militiamen will cut your throat." Fearing to pit his own reputation and veracity against Colonel Burr's by denouncing him, Eaton contented himself by advising the President to send Burr on a foreign embassy to prevent his doing mischief in the West. But Jefferson had strong faith in the patriotism of the people, and regarding Burr as a chafing, disappointed politician, he believed him to be incapable of doing serious mischief any where.

Burr, meanwhile, had written a seductive letter to Blennerhassett, telling him that he was wasting great abilities in ignoble seclusion; that he ought to aspire to a career in which all his rare powers might find expression; that his already impaired fortune would disappear and his children be left in poverty; and entreated him to go forth into the wide world in search of wealth and distinction. The flattered Irishman—the silly fish—caught at the bait and became a victim. His ambition and acquisitiveness were fully aroused, and he offered his services in any way Colonel Burr might command them, not for a moment dreaming that his accomplished guest a few months before had designs against the unity of the Government under whose protection he was safely reposing. Burr also approached Truxtun, Decatur, and other naval officers, with the solemn assurance that his plans contemplated only the seizure of Spanish domain and the establishment of a new Government thereon. He



adroitly insinuated that the Cabinet tacitly favored his enterprise; but those gentlemen knew better, and refused to entertain his proposals for a moment. The projects of the conspirator seemed hopeless, and he wrote to Wilkinson, in cipher, that the execution of their plans was postponed until the following December. Either in earnest, or as a cover to his schemes, Burr now applied to the President for a foreign embassy.

During the early part of the summer of 1806 the Spaniards threatened an invasion of the Mississippi Valley from Mexico. Quite a large body of their troops were marched up to the frontier, when Wilkinson, with all his available force, hastened to oppose them. Now was Burr's golden opportunity. The Western people were greatly excited, and ready to fly to arms to repel the invader. For several months rumors had spread all over the country beyond the mountains that Burr was at the bottom of a project for effecting a revolution in Mexico. It had been circulated industriously by Burr's friends, doubtless at his own instigation, his object being to cover up his real designs when he should be found making military preparations on the Western waters.

This threatened invasion was precisely the event most needed by the conspirator at this juncture for obvious reasons; and he set about with great energy making preparations for his pretended counter invasion. By the aid of his friends and relations, and a few persons like Blennerhasset, whom he had seduced by promises of great gain, he purchased, for \$40,000, four hundred thousand acres of land on the borders of the Washita, a tributary of the Red River, whereon to build strong fortifications, make a secure refuge in the event of disaster, or to plant a settlement and await a favorable turn in the wheel of fortune. An invasion of Spanish territory, and the establishment of a splendid empire in the far Southwest, was the grand scheme which he presented to his dupes. His purchase gave tangibility to the enterprise, and many influential men embarked in it. His daughter and her husband entered deeply into his plans, whose magnificence grew with the flight of the hours. The most gorgeous visions of wealth, power, aggrandizement, and solid enjoyment dazzled the minds of the deluded ones. A beautiful country, inexhaustible mines, and wealth of every kind, made more desirable by the possession of titular honors, were presented to their fancy as awaiting the coming of the conquering Burr and his friends. The visionary Blennerhasset was filled with the greatest enthusiasm; and his hand, brain, heart, and purse were freely placed at the disposal of the conspirator. His island was to be the first rendezvous of the expeditionary troops, and he was engaged to contract for the construction of a flotilla of transport boats at the mouth of the Muskingum, near Marietta. His wife and Burr's daughter were to accompany the expedition as far as New Orleans, there to await a summons to the capital

of the embryo empire. The husband of the latter was to follow soon afterward, to take a place near the throne of his father-in-law in the new kingdom—a kingdom that would be established, it was confidently believed, over the broad domain where Montezuma once bore sway, before the next Christmas dawn. It is believed that at least five hundred persons in New York and New Orleans and the vast intervening country became directly interested in Burr's scheme; and yet so adroitly did he manage that not one of them could explain its exact character except Wilkinson and two or three others who had doubtless been admitted to his confidence, and knew the full import of his treasonable plans, such as were outlined to General Eaton.

Early in August Burr, accompanied by his daughter and a few friends and servants, was again floating on the Ohio. He stopped frequently to feel the pulse of public sentiment and to enlist recruits. Success made him bold, and at times his proverbial caution seemed to slumber profoundly. On one of these occasions, at the house of Colonel Morgan—a gallant soldier of the West, living near Cannonsburg, in Ohio—after dining and drinking freely, he cast off all disguise. He talked to his entertainer of the imbecility of the Government, the advantage to the West of separation from the old States, the probability of a speedy dissolution of the Union, and of his ability, with two hundred soldiers, to drive the Congress, with the President at their head, into the Potomac, and with five hundred to capture the city of New York. Much more that was treasonable fell from the lips of Burr that day; and when he had departed Colonel Morgan invited to his table two judges of a court then in session in his neighborhood. To them he repeated the conversation of Burr, and at his request they immediately, in a joint letter to the President, gave information of the fact. This letter, Jefferson said, was the first intimation he ever received of Burr's treasonable designs. His suspicions were fully aroused. He remembered Eaton's warning, and at once communicated his suspicions to confidential persons in the West; among them the eloquent lawyer, Joseph Hamilton Daviess, of Kentucky, who, five years later, gave his life to his country in the Battle of Tippecanoe. He also sent an agent to overtake Burr, and, if possible, ascertain what were his real designs.

Burr halted at Marietta, and, with Blennerhasset, completed a contract for fifteen batteaux, capable of bearing five hundred troops with necessary baggage and provisions. Here he reviewed the militia in admirable style, attended a ball in the evening, and fairly captivated all Marietta—men, women, and children. Young men flocked to his standard. Blennerhasset's heart and mind were all aglow with the grand scheme. His beautiful island had become a work-shop, and he labored incessantly for the early completion of preparations. Meanwhile Burr's daughter was the guest of Mrs. Blennerhasset, and they delighted each other with their day-



dreams of future glory, while the arch-conspirator himself was moving with wonderful celerity from place to place in Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, every where augmenting the number and respectability of his adherents and followers by his strange fascination of voice and manner. At Nashville he caused four large boats to be placed upon the stocks, and deposited \$4000 in the hands of General Jackson for use in that region.

October, with its brilliant skies, soft air, and gorgeous forests, had arrived. The West was alive with excitement concerning the great but still mysterious expedition. Wilkinson was on the Spanish frontier with his troops, ready to repel invasion or to make one; and a letter had been sent by Burr to apprise him of his successful preparations. Every thing appeared rose-color to all who were immediately interested in the scheme; and Burr, at the house of General John Adam, of Kentucky, felt sure of abundant success.

But the arch-conspirator's dreams were suddenly disturbed by the mutterings of thunder that boded a tempest. At first it was low and but slightly alarming, but it soon grew loud and appalling. A newspaper called the *Western World*, printed at Frankfort, Kentucky, first gave out mysterious hints of another disloyal plot in the land. Then it shadowed in dim outline Burr's schemes for revolution, disunion, and conquest, and at length boldly denounced him as a traitor, together with the known leaders of the disunion plot in Kentucky ten years before. These were followed, on the 3d of November, by the rising in Court, sitting at Frankfort, of Mr. Daviess, already alluded to, then the United States Attorney for that district, and demanding, by regular motion, that Aaron Burr should be brought before the Court to answer to a charge of being engaged in an enterprise contrary to the laws of the United States. Daviess being a leading Federalist his conduct was attributed to partisan malignity, and he found himself immediately struggling against an overwhelming current of public odium, with Henry Clay, who was Burr's counsel, as its director. But Daviess was not a man to quail before a storm, and he persisted in his course. Burr appeared before the Court and deported himself with all the calm dignity of an innocent and misjudged man. Clay had agreed to defend him, only after Burr had given him pledges that his schemes were not inimical to the peace and welfare of the United States. These were given most solemnly, and, as Clay always believed, most falsely. The matter was finally brought before the grand jury, who, because of the absence of important witnesses, failed to indict the accused, and for a while Clay, and Burr's friends, were jubilant and Daviess was in disgrace. With a triumphant march Burr proceeded to Nashville, where a grand ball was given in honor of his escape from "Federal machinations." The same had been done at Frankfort, and the conspirator felt that he had no more meshes of disappointment to fear.

But a thunder-bolt soon fell from what seemed to be a clear sky. Burr had written to Wilkinson in cipher, saying, "I, A. Burr, have obtained funds, and have actually commenced the enterprise. Detachments from different points, and under different pretenses, will rendezvous on the Ohio 1st November. Every thing internal and external favors views; protection of England is secured. T—— [Truxtun] is going to Jamaica to arrange with the admiral on that station; it will meet on the Mississippi; —, England, —, navy of the United States are ready to join, and final orders are given to my friends and followers: it will be a host of choice spirits. Wilkinson shall be second to Burr only. Wilkinson shall dictate the rank and promotion of his officers. Burr will proceed westward 1st of August, never more to return; with him goes his daughter; the husband will follow in October with a corps of worthies." He assured Wilkinson that the people of the country, to which they were going were ready to receive them; requested him to send an intelligent and confidential friend to confer personally with Burr; to furnish him with a list of all persons of note west of the mountains on whom they could rely, and desiring him to lend him the commissions of some of his officers, for an avowedly fraudulent use. He also told him that from five hundred to a thousand men of the expedition would move rapidly from the Falls of the Ohio at the middle of November, in light boats, to rendezvous at Natchez within a month thereafter, there to meet Wilkinson and consult upon future movements. This letter, borne by one who, Burr assured him, was faithful, and prepared to make disclosures if asked, was accompanied by another from a distinguished Jerseyman, which closed with the words—"Are you ready? Are your numerous associates ready? Wealth and glory! Louisiana and Mexico!"

At this point in the drama Wilkinson suddenly changed front. From being an accomplice of Burr he became his accuser. His motive has been the subject of various conjectures. Some attribute his conduct to moral cowardice at the moment when he was called upon to strike the conspirator's first blow. Others suppose it to have been a genuine exhibition of patriotic emotion; and others believe that it was an act of counter-treason—a betrayal of accomplices with the expectation of great personal gain. There is evidence to prove that he afterward sent an agent to the Viceroy of Mexico, demanding \$200,000 as a reward for his services in defeating a plot for overturning his government and seizing his dominion. One thing is certain. On deciphering Burr's letter he dispatched an officer to the seat of Government with a letter to the President, exposing the conspirator's scheme against Mexico and his plan to revolutionize the Western States. He had received, at about the same time, a letter from a confidential friend in Natchez, which stated that a rumor was afloat in that region "that a



plan to revolutionize the Western country had been formed, matured, and was ready to explode; and that Kentucky, Ohio, Tennessee, Orleans, and Indiana, were combined to declare themselves independent on the 15th of November." This would justify his denunciations of Burr; and making arrangements with the Spaniards on the Sabine, Wilkinson withdrew his troops, hastened to New Orleans, and labored zealously to place that city in a state of defense against the expected insurgents under his old friend. He proclaimed martial law, harangued a public meeting, and professed to expose every thing he knew about the "horrid conspiracy." For the moment he was regarded as the Deliverer of his Country.

Wilkinson's dispatch reached the President on the 25th of November. On the 27th Mr. Jefferson issued a proclamation on the subject, and sent it, with paralyzing effect upon Burr's schemes, upon the wings of the press all over the country, and by special messengers to the Governors of States. It produced general alarm throughout the land. Exaggeration followed exaggeration; and when General Eaton, emboldened by these public accusations of Burr, came forward and added his astounding deposition to the testimony against him, curses loud and long upon the murderer of Hamilton and traitor to his country were invoked. Many of the more timid believed that the Union was actually toppling to its fall; and loyal men, who had been deceived as to Burr's real intentions, hastened to desert the cause of a faithless and deceptive leader. The sturdy Jackson was among the first of these when his suspicions were aroused, and he wrote to Governor Claiborne, of Mississippi, warning him that a plot against his Territory was doubtless on foot. He had the sagacity to perceive that Wilkinson could not be trusted, and he warned the Governor to be on his guard against that commander as well as Burr. "I hate the Dons," he wrote, "and would delight to see Mexico reduced; but I would die in the last ditch before I would see the Union disunited."

Sustained by the President's proclamation and the letter of General Jackson to Governor Claiborne, Wilkinson manifested great patriotic zeal by arresting several suspected confederates of Burr, and suspending the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*. Meanwhile the agent sent to the West by the President was doing effective service on the Ohio and in Kentucky. He conferred with Blennerhassett at Marietta, who supposed him to be one of the confederates of Burr, and then procured from the authorities of Ohio an order for the seizure of all the boats at the mouth of the Muskingum and at Blennerhassett's Island. This duty was performed by rough militiamen, who desolated the island, disfigured the house, paintings, and furniture, and so insulted and menaced the accomplished mistress of the mansion that she fled in terror down the Ohio in an open boat. Joined by her husband, they hastened toward the Mississippi, hoping to find a refuge from the sudden storm of ad-

versity among those supposed to be more friendly to the cause in which they were engaged.

At about this time a flotilla of the expedition, under Colonel Tyler, of Virginia, passed down the Ohio, and was joined at the Falls (Louisville) by another Virginian, named Floyd, then a member of the Territorial Legislature of Indiana. The President's secret agent had awakened the authorities of Tennessee to the impending danger, and Burr suddenly found himself to be an outlaw among those who had so recently and so warmly caressed him. He fled down the Cumberland in an open boat, joined his fellow-conspirators, and after trying to draw into his service the little garrison at Fort Massac, who had not heard of his schemes, he pushed on toward New Orleans. The last military post on the Mississippi, in that direction, was at the Chickasaw Bluffs (now Memphis), and there again he endeavored to win a small garrison to his interests. He failed; and while at the house of a friend, a short distance below the Bluffs, he was informed, by a newspaper, of the proceedings of Wilkinson and the fiery indignation of the people in New Orleans. He at once perceived that a most unwelcome reception would await him there.

In fear of immediate arrest by the authorities of Mississippi, Burr, now a branded fugitive, withdrew to the west side of the river, out of the jurisdiction of Governor Claiborne, and established a camp about twenty miles below Natchez. There he was visited by Poindexter, the Attorney-General of Mississippi, for the purpose of inducing him to surrender. Burr received him courteously, but spoke bitterly of Wilkinson. "As to any projects," he said, "which may have been formed between General Wilkinson and myself heretofore, they are now completely frustrated by the perfidious conduct of Wilkinson; and the world must pronounce him a perfidious villain. If I am sacrificed, my portfolio will prove him to be such." And so the world, acquainted with the history, believes.

Burr agreed to surrender when he should receive a written guarantee that his person should be unmolested. This was given; and he accompanied Poindexter to Washington, the seat of the Mississippi Government. His case was laid before the grand jury at the sitting of the Court there in February, 1807. It was a remarkable body of Mississippi planters. Instead of indicting the accused, they presented the acting Governor of the Territory as a culprit because he had called out the militia for the arrest of Burr and his accomplices, and denounced the late proceedings at New Orleans! They did not present the President of the United States as a mischievous alarmist because of his disturbing proclamation.

Burr withdrew to the house of a friend and sympathizer; but, informed of the approach of officers sent by Wilkinson for his arrest, he suddenly disappeared. He visited his flotilla, informed his people (about sixty in number) of what had transpired and the impending danger;



told them he must fly for safety; directed them to divide the property in their possession among themselves, and advised them to go and settle on his Washita domain. He then left them. Some were arrested, and others were scattered and concealed in the Territory until the storm was over, when, as Poindexter said, they furnished that region "with an abundant supply of school-masters, singing-masters, dancing-masters, and doctors."

Burr made his way through the wilderness toward Pensacola, where lay a British man-of-war, on which he hoped to find a temporary refuge until he could leave the country altogether. Not having been legally discharged, a reward of two thousand dollars was offered by the Governor of Mississippi for his arrest. That event was not long delayed. The fugitive traveled on horseback, with only a guide for a companion. Late at night, just past the middle of February, he rode up to a lighted cabin in the hamlet of Old Wakefield, Washington County, Alabama, not far from the Tombigbee River, and inquired for the tavern and the house of Colonel Hinson, a well-known resident, whose home was some miles below. Two lawyers were playing backgammon in the cabin. One was Colonel Nicholas Perkins, who had read the President's proclamation, and had possibly heard of the recently-offered reward. The sparkling eyes and rare intelligence of the stranger, so unusual among the rustic population of that region, as Burr's dress indicated him to be, attracted Perkins's attention, and awakened his suspicions. A glance at a tidy boot on a small foot that protruded from the coarse pantaloons of the rider (for the clatter of hoofs had brought the two lawyers to the door with a light) confirmed his suspicions. "That is Colonel Burr," said Perkins to his companion when they re-entered the cabin. "Let us follow him to Hinson's, and arrest him." His incredulous companion ridiculed him; but Perkins, convinced of the correctness of his judgment, aroused the sheriff, and the two started after the traveler. Perkins remained in the woods until the sheriff should perform his official duty. That functionary was so charmed with Burr that he could not make the arrest. Perkins waited long, and finally, suspecting the cause of the delay, he pushed forward to the Tombigbee River, descended it in a canoe to Fort Stoddart, and communicated his suspicions to Captain (afterward Major-General) Gaines, the commandant there. That alert officer was soon in his saddle, and the two, followed by a file of dragoons, hastened to the Pensacola road. Within two miles of Colonel Hinson's house they met the travelers. "I presume," said Captain Gaines, "I have the honor of addressing Colonel Burr." "I am a traveler," said the culprit, with perfect composure, "and do not recognize your right to ask such a question." Gaines immediately produced the President's proclamation, and declared Burr to be under arrest by order of the National Government. Burr warned him, as a young man, to

be very careful how he arrested travelers on suspicion, and used his fascination of words and manners freely, but with no effect this time. Gaines assured him that he knew his responsibilities and his duties, and said, with emphasis, that he must go with him, a prisoner, to Fort Stoddart, where he should be treated with all the consideration due to his late exalted rank as the second officer in the Government.

Burr's arrest occurred on the 19th of February. On the 5th of March he commenced a journey, as a prisoner, for the National Capital, under a proper guard commanded by Colonel Perkins. It was a tedious and perilous journey, through immense wildernesses and sparse settlements. At Peterburg, in Virginia, they were met by an order from the President directing the conveyance of the prisoner to Richmond. They arrived in that city on the 26th of March, where, as speedily as possible, Burr had a hearing before Chief Justice Marshall. Bonds were given for his appearance at court on the 22d of the ensuing May, and he was set at liberty.

A grand jury selected from among the leading citizens of Virginia, indicted Burr for high treason, and he was put upon his trial on the 22d of May, 1807. It was one of the most remarkable state trials ever held in America. Rodney, the United States Attorney-General of the District conducted the trial, assisted by Hay and Wirt, then both eminent at the Virginia bar. Edmund Randolph of Virginia, Luther Martin of Maryland, and other eminent counsel were employed for the defense. The trial lasted all summer. An overt act of treason could not be proved, and the jury were compelled by the law and the testimony to acquit him. They evidently did so with a full conviction of his guilty intentions, for their verdict, rendered on the first of September, was given in unusual form—a form which the prisoner felt keenly to be an actual expression of their conviction of his moral guiltiness. It was in these words: "We, of the jury, say that Aaron Burr is not proved to be guilty under the indictment by any evidence submitted to us. We, therefore, find him not guilty."

Burr vehemently protested against this form, and demanded that the verdict should be rendered in the usual way. The jury would not yield; but the clerk of the court took the responsibility of entering upon the record only the words, *not guilty*.

Prosecutions against Blennerhassett, Tyler, Floyd, and others, resting upon the same evidence, were immediately abandoned, when all of the accused (Burr included) were put upon their trial for a misdemeanor, in fitting out an expedition against Mexico, a province of a friendly power. They were acquitted in October, on the ground that the offense was not committed in Virginia, but in Ohio. The prisoners were then ordered to give bail for their appearance for trial in the latter State. They did so, and all were released. The bail-bonds of all were forfeited. Burr fled to Europe as soon as practicable; and



Blennerhassett, his deluded victim, after struggling with ill-fortune in the United States and Canada for ten years, went to England, and finally died in the island of Guernsey. His widow came to New York in 1842, and in Congress, through Henry Clay, sought, unsuccessfully, for remuneration for losses of property sustained by her husband in consequence of his ar-

rest. While the subject was pending at Washington she lived upon the bounty of some benevolent Irish females in New York. She soon sickened and died, and the remains of that accomplished woman, the child of opulence, were buried by the Sisters of Charity. Burr had then been in his grave, a few miles from New York, six years.

## ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

### CHAPTER LIII.

#### LADY MASON RETURNS HOME.

LADY MASON remained at The Cleeve for something more than a week after that day on which she made her confession, during which time she was fully committed to take her trial at the next assizes at Alston on an indictment for perjury. This was done in a manner that astonished even herself by the absence of all publicity or outward scandal. The matter was arranged between Mr. Matthew Round and Mr. Solomon Aram, and was so arranged in accordance with Mr. Furnival's wishes. Mr. Furnival wrote to say that at such a time he would call at The Cleeve with a post-chaise. This he did, and took Lady Mason with him before two magistrates for the county who were sitting at Doddinghurst, a village five miles distant from Sir Peregrine's house. Here by agreement they were met by Lucius Mason, who was to act as one of the bailsmen for his mother's appearance at the trial. Sir Peregrine was the other, but it was brought about by amicable management between the lawyers that his appearance before the magistrates was not required. There were also there the two attorneys, Bridget Bolster the witness, one Torrington from London, who brought with him the absolute deed executed on the 14th of July with reference to the then dissolved partnership of Mason and Martock, and there was Mr. Samuel Dockwrath. I must not forget to say that there was also a reporter for the press, provided by the special care of the latter-named gentleman.

The arrival in the village of four different vehicles, and the sight of such gentlemen as Mr. Furnival, Mr. Round, and Mr. Aram, of course aroused some excitement there; but this feeling was kept down as much as possible, and Lady Mason was very quickly allowed to return to the carriage. Mr. Dockwrath made one or two attempts to get up a scene, and to rouse a feeling of public anger against the lady who was to be tried; but the magistrates put him down. They also seemed to be fully impressed with a sense of Lady Mason's innocence, in the teeth of the evidence which was given against her. This was the general feeling on the minds of all people—except of those who knew most about it. There was an idea that affairs had so been managed by Mr. Joseph Mason and Mr. Dockwrath

that another trial was necessary, but that the unfortunate victim of Mr. Mason's cupidity and Mr. Dockwrath's malice would be washed white as snow when the day of that trial came. The chief performers on the present occasion were Round and Aram, and a stranger to such proceedings would have said that they were acting in concert. Mr. Round pressed for the indictment, and brought forward in a very short way the evidence of Bolster and Torrington. Mr. Aram said that his client was advised to reserve her defense, and was prepared with bail to any amount. Mr. Round advised the magistrates that reasonable bail should be taken, and then the matter was settled. Mr. Furnival sat on a chair close to the elder of those two gentlemen, and whispered a word to him now and then. Lady Mason was provided with an arm-chair close to Mr. Furnival's right hand, and close to her right hand stood her son. Her face was covered by a deep veil, and she was not called upon during the whole proceeding to utter one audible word. A single question was put to her by the presiding magistrate before the committal was signed, and it was understood that some answer was made to it; but this answer reached the ears of those in the room by means of Mr. Furnival's voice.

It was observed by most of those there that during the whole of the sitting Lady Mason held her son's hand; but it was observed also that though Lucius permitted this, he did not seem to return the pressure. He stood there during the entire proceedings, without motion or speech, looking very stern. He signed the bail-bond, but even that he did without saying a word. Mr. Dockwrath demanded that Lady Mason should be kept in custody till the bond should also have been signed by Sir Peregrine; but upon this Mr. Round remarked that he believed Mr. Joseph Mason had intrusted to him the conduct of the case, and the elder magistrate desired Mr. Dockwrath to abstain from further interference. "All right," said he to a person standing close to him. "But I'll be too many for them yet, as you will see when she is brought before a judge and jury." And then Lady Mason stood committed to take her trial at the next Alston assizes.

When Lucius had come forward to hand her from the post-chaise in which she arrived Lady Mason had kissed him, but this was all the in-



tercourse that then passed between the mother and son. Mr. Furnival, however, informed him that his mother would return to Orley Farm on the next day but one.

"She thinks it better that she should be at home from this time to the day of the trial," said Mr. Furnival; "and, on the whole, Sir Peregrine is inclined to agree with her."

"I have thought so all through," said Lucius.

"But you are to understand that there is no disagreement between your mother and the family at The Cleeve. The idea of the marriage has, as I think very properly, been laid aside."

"Of course it was proper that it should be laid aside."

"Yes; but I must beg you to understand that there has been no quarrel. Indeed you will, I have no doubt, perceive that, as Mrs. Orme has assured me that she will see your mother constantly till the time comes."

"She is very kind," said Lucius. But it was evident from the tone of his voice that he would have preferred that all the Ormes should have remained away. In his mind this time of suffering to his mother and to him was a period of trial and probation—a period, if not of actual disgrace, yet of disgrace before the world; and he thought that it would have best become his mother to have abstained from all friendship out of her own family, and even from all expressed sympathy, till she had vindicated her own purity and innocence. And as he thought of this he declared to himself that he would have sacrificed every thing to her comfort and assistance if she would only have permitted it. He would have loved her, and been tender to her, receiving on his own shoulders all those blows which now fell so hardly upon hers. Every word should have been a word of kindness; every look should have been soft and full of affection. He would have treated her not only with all the love which a son could show to a mother, but with all the respect and sympathy which a gentleman could feel for a lady in distress. But then, in order that such a state of things as this should have existed, it would have been necessary that she should have trusted him. She should have leaned upon him, and—though he did not exactly say so in talking over the matter with himself, still he thought it—on him, and on him only. But she had declined to lean upon him at all. She had gone away to strangers—she, who should hardly have spoken to a stranger during these sad months! She would not have his care; and under those circumstances he could only stand aloof, hold up his head, and look sternly. As for her innocence, that was a matter of course. He knew that she was innocent. He wanted no one to tell him that his own mother was not a thief, a forger, a castaway among the world's worst wretches. He thanked no one for such an assurance. Every honest man must sympathize with a woman so injured. It would be a necessity of his manhood and of his honesty! But he would have valued most a sympathy which would have abstained from all expression till

after that trial should be over. It should have been for him to act and for him to speak during this terrible period. But his mother, who was a free agent, had willed it otherwise.

And there had been one other scene. Mr. Furnival had introduced Lady Mason to Mr. Solomon Aram, having explained to her that it would be indispensable that Mr. Aram should see her, probably once or twice before the trial came on.

"But can not it be done through you?" said Lady Mason. "Though, of course, I should not expect that you can so sacrifice your valuable time."

"Pray believe me that that is not the consideration," said Mr. Furnival. "We have engaged the services of Mr. Aram because he is supposed to understand difficulties of this sort better than any other man in the profession, and his chance of rescuing you from this trouble will be much better if you can bring yourself to have confidence in him—full confidence." And Mr. Furnival looked into her face as he spoke with an expression of countenance that was very eloquent. "You must not suppose that I shall not do all in my power. In my proper capacity I shall be acting for you with all the energy that I can use; but the case has now assumed an aspect which requires that it should be in an attorney's hands." And then Mr. Furnival introduced her to Mr. Solomon Aram.

Mr. Solomon Aram was not, in outward appearance, such a man as Lady Mason, Sir Peregrine Orme, or others quite ignorant in such matters would have expected. He was not a dirty old Jew with a hooked nose and an imperfect pronunciation of English consonants. Mr. Chaffianbrass, the barrister, bore more resemblance to a Jew of that ancient type. Mr. Solomon Aram was a good-looking man about forty, perhaps rather over-dressed, but bearing about him no other sign of vulgarity. Nor at first sight would it probably have been discerned that he was of the Hebrew persuasion. He had black hair and a well-formed face; but his eyes were closer than is common with most of us, and his nose seemed to be somewhat swollen about the bridge. When one knew that he was a Jew one saw that he was a Jew; but in the absence of such previous knowledge he might have been taken for as good a Christian as any other attorney.

Mr. Aram raised his hat and bowed as Mr. Furnival performed the ceremony of introduction. This was done while she was still seated in the carriage, and as Lucius was waiting at the door to hand her down into the house where the magistrates were sitting. "I am delighted to have the honor of making your acquaintance," said Mr. Aram.

Lady Mason essayed to mutter some word; but no word was audible, nor was any necessary. "I have no doubt," continued the attorney, "that we shall pull through this little difficulty without any ultimate damage whatsoever. In the mean time it is of course disagreeable to a



lady of your distinction." And then he made another bow. "We are peculiarly happy in having such a tower of strength as Mr. Furnival," and then he bowed to the barrister. "And my old friend Mr. Chaffanbrass is another tower of strength. Eh, Mr. Furnival?" And so the introduction was over.

Lady Mason had quite understood Mr. Furnival; had understood both his words and his face, when he told her how indispensable it was that she should have full confidence in this attorney. He had meant that she should tell him all. She must bring herself to confess every thing to this absolute stranger. And then—for the first time—she felt sure that Mr. Furnival had guessed her secret. He also knew it, but it would not suit him that any one should know that he knew it! Alas, alas! would it not be better that all the world should know it and that there might be an end? Had not her doom been told to her? Even if the paraphernalia of justice—the judge, and the jury, and the lawyers—could be induced to declare her innocent before all men, must she not confess her guilt to him—to that one—for whose verdict alone she cared? If he knew her to be guilty what matter who might think her innocent? And she had been told that all must be declared to him. That property was his—but his only through her guilt; and that property must be restored to its owner! So much Sir Peregrine Orme had declared to be indispensable—Sir Peregrine Orme, who in other matters concerning this case was now dark enough in his judgment. On that point, however, there need be no darkness. Though the heaven should fall on her devoted head, that tardy justice must be done!

When this piece of business had been completed at Doddington, Lady Mason returned to The Cleeve, whither Mr. Furnival accompanied her. He had offered her a seat in the post-chaise to Lueius, but the young man had declared that he was unwilling to go to The Cleeve, and consequently there was no opportunity for conversation between Lady Mason and her son. On her arrival she went at once to her room, and there she continued to live as she had done for the last few days till the morning of her departure came. To Mrs. Orme she told all that had occurred, as Mr. Furnival did also to Sir Peregrine. On that occasion Sir Peregrine said very little to the barrister, merely bowing his head courteously as each different point was explained, in intimation of his having heard and understood what was said to him. Mr. Furnival could not but see that his manner was entirely altered. There was no enthusiasm now, no violence of invective against that wretch at Groby Park, no positive assurance that his guest's innocence must come out at the trial bright as the day! He showed no inclination to desert Lady Mason's cause, and indeed insisted on hearing the particulars of all that had been done; but he said very little, and those few words adverted to the terrible sadness of the

subject. He seemed too to be older than he had been, and less firm in his gait. That terrible sadness had already told greatly upon him. Those about him had observed that he had not once crossed the threshold of his hall-door since the morning on which Lady Mason had taken to her own room.

"He has altered his mind," said the lawyer to himself as he was driven back to the Hamworth station. "He also now believes her to be guilty." As to his own belief, Mr. Furnival held no argument within his own breast, but we may say that he was no longer perplexed by much doubt upon the matter.

And then the morning came for Lady Mason's departure. Sir Peregrine had not seen her since she had left him in the library after her confession, although, as may be remembered, he had undertaken to do so. But he had not then known how Mrs. Orme might act when she heard the story. As matters had turned out Mrs. Orme had taken upon herself the care of their guest, and all intercourse between Lady Mason and Sir Peregrine had passed through his daughter-in-law. But now, on this morning, he declared that he would go to her up stairs in Mrs. Orme's room, and himself hand her down through the hall into the carriage. Against this Lady Mason had expostulated, but in vain.

"It will be better so, dear," Mrs. Orme had said. "It will teach the servants and people to think that he still respects and esteems you."

"But he does not!" said she, speaking almost sharply. "How would it be possible? Ah, me—respect and esteem are gone from me forever!"

"No, not forever," replied Mrs. Orme. "You have much to bear, but no evil lasts forever."

"Will not sin last forever—sin such as mine?"

"Not if you repent—repent and make such restitution as is possible. Lady Mason, say that you have repented. Tell me that you have asked Him to pardon you!" And then, as had been so often the case during these last days, Lady Mason sat silent, with hard, fixed eyes, with her hands clasped, and her lips compressed. Never as yet had Mrs. Orme induced her to say that she had asked for pardon at the cost of telling her son that the property which he called his own had been procured for him by his mother's fraud. That punishment, and that only, was too heavy for her neck to bear. Her acquittal in the law-court would be as nothing to her if it must be followed by an avowal of her guilt to her own son!

Sir Peregrine did come up stairs and handed her down through the hall as he had proposed. When he came into the room she did not look at him, but stood leaning against the table, with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"I hope you find yourself better," he said, as he put out his hand to her. She did not even attempt to make a reply, but allowed him just to touch her fingers.

"Perhaps I had better not come down," said





LADY MASON GOING BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES.

Mrs. Orme. "It will be easier to say good-by here."

"Good-by!" said Lady Mason, and her voice sounded in Sir Peregrine's ears like a voice from the dead.

"God bless you and preserve you!" said Mrs.

Orme, "and restore you to your son. God will bless you if you ask Him. No; you shall not go without a kiss." And she put out her arms that Lady Mason might come to her.

The poor broken wretch stood for a moment as though trying to determine what she would



do; and then, almost with a shriek, she threw herself on to the bosom of the other woman, and burst into a flood of tears. She had intended to abstain from that embrace; she had resolved that she would do so, declaring to herself that she was not fit to be held against that pure heart; but the tenderness of the offer had overcome her, and now she pressed her friend convulsively in her arms, as though there might yet be comfort for her as long as she could remain close to one who was so good to her.

"I shall come and see you very often," said Mrs. Orme—"almost daily."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the other, hardly knowing the meaning of her own words.

"But I shall. My father is waiting now, dear, and you had better go."

Sir Peregrine had turned to the window, where he stood shading his eyes with his hand. When he heard his daughter-in-law's last words he again came forward and offered Lady Mason his arm. "Edith is right," he said. "You had better go now. When you are at home you will be more composed." And then he led her forth, and down the stairs, and across the hall, and with infinite courtesy put her into the carriage. It was a moment dreadful to Lady Mason; but to Sir Peregrine, also, it was not pleasant. The servants were standing round, officiously offering their aid—those very servants who had been told about ten days since that this lady was to become their master's wife and their mistress. They had been told so with no injunction as to secrecy, and the tidings had gone quickly through the whole country. Now it was known that the match was broken off—that the lady had been living up stairs secluded for the last week—and that she was to leave the house this morning, having been committed during the last day or two to stand her trial at the assizes for some terrible offense! He succeeded in his task. He handed her into the carriage, and then walked back through his own servants to the library without betraying to them the depth of his sorrow; but he knew that the last task had been too heavy for him. When it was done he shut himself up and sat there for hours without moving. He also declared to himself that the world was too hard for him, and that it would be well for him that he should die. Never till now had he come into close contact with crime, and now the criminal was one whom as a woman he had learned to love, and whom he had proposed to the world as his wife! The criminal was one who had declared her crime in order to protect him, and whom therefore he was still bound in honor to protect.

When Lady Mason arrived at Orley Farm her son was waiting at the door to receive her. It should have been said that during the last two days—that is, ever since the committal—Mrs. Orme had urged upon her very strongly that it would be well for her to tell every thing to her son. "What! now, at once?" the poor woman had said. "Yes, dear, at once," Mrs. Orme had answered. "He will forgive you, for

I know he is good. He will forgive you, and then the worst of your sorrow will be over." But toward doing this Lady Mason had made no progress even in her mind. In the violence of her own resolution she had brought herself to tell her guilt to Sir Peregrine. That effort had nearly destroyed her, and now she knew that she could not frame the words which should declare the truth to Lucius. What! tell him that tale; whereas her whole life had been spent in an effort to conceal it from him? No. She knew that she could not do it. But the idea of doing so made her tremble at the prospect of meeting him.

"I am very glad you have come home, mother," said Lucius, as he received her. "Believe me that for the present this will be the best place for both of us," and then he led her into the house.

"Dear Lucius, it would always be best for me to be with you, if it were possible."

He did not accuse her of hypocrisy in saying this; but he could not but think that had she really thought and felt as she now spoke nothing need have prevented her remaining with him. Had not his house ever been open to her? Had he not been willing to make her defense the first object of his life? Had he not longed to prove himself a good son? But she had gone from him directly that troubles came upon her; and now she said that she would fain be with him always—if it were possible! Where had been the impediment? In what way had it been not possible? He thought of this with bitterness as he followed her into the house, but he said not a word of it. He had resolved that he would be a pattern son, and even now he would not rebuke her.

She had lived in this house for some four-and-twenty years, but it seemed to her in no way like her home. Was it not the property of her enemy, Joseph Mason? and did she not know that it must go back into that enemy's hands? How then could it be to her like a home? The room in which her bed was laid was that very room in which her sin had been committed! There, in the silent hours of the night, while the old man lay near his death in the adjoining chamber, had she with infinite care and much slow preparation done that deed, to undo which, were it possible, she would now give away her existence—ay, her very body and soul. And yet for years she had slept in that room, if not happily at least tranquilly. It was matter of wonder to her now, as she looked back at her past life, that her guilt had sat so lightly on her shoulders. The black, unwelcome guest, the spectre of coming evil, had ever been present to her; but she had seen it indistinctly, and now and then the power had been hers to close her eyes. Never again could she close them. Nearer to her, and still nearer, the spectre came; and now it sat upon her pillow, and put its claw upon her plate, it pressed upon her bosom with its fiendish strength, telling her that all was over for her in this world—ay, and telling her worse even than



that. Her return to her old home brought with it but little comfort.

And yet she was forced to make an effort at seeming glad that she had come there—a terrible effort! He, her son, was not gay, or disposed to receive from her a show of happiness; but he did think that she should compose herself and be tranquil, and that she should resume the ordinary duties of her life in her ordinarily quiet way. In all this she was obliged to conform herself to his wishes—or to attempt so to conform herself, though her heart should break in the struggle. If he did but know it all, then he would suffer her to be quiet—suffer her to lie motionless in her misery! Once or twice she almost said to herself that she would make the effort; but then she thought of him and his suffering, of his pride, of the respect which he claimed from all the world as the honest son of an honest mother, of his stubborn will and stiff neck, which would not bend, but would break beneath the blow. She had done all for him—to raise him in the world; and now she could not bring herself to undo the work that had cost her so dearly!

That evening she went through the ceremony of dinner with him, and he was punctilious in waiting upon her, as though bread and meat could comfort her, or wine could warm her heart. There was no warmth for her in all the vintages of the south, no comfort though gods should bring to her their banquets. She was heavy-laden—laden to the breaking of her back—and did not know where to lay her burden down.

"Mother," he said to her that night, lifting his head from the books over which he had been poring, "there must be a few words between us about this affair. They might as well be spoken now."

"Yes, Lucius; of course—if you desire it."

"There can be no doubt now that this trial will take place."

"No doubt," she said. "There can be no doubt."

"Is it your wish that I should take any part in it?"

She remained silent for some moments before she answered him, thinking—striving to think, how best she might do him pleasure. "What part?" she said at last.

"A man's part, and a son's part. Shall I see these lawyers and learn from them what they are at? Have I your leave to tell them that you want no subterfuge, no legal quibbles—that you stand firmly on your own clear innocence, and that you defy your enemies to sully it? Mother, those who have sent you to such men as that cunning attorney have sent you wrong—have counseled you wrong."

"It can not be changed now, Lucius."

"It can be changed, if you will tell me to change it."

And then again she paused. Ah, think of her anguish as she sought for words to answer him! "No, Lucius," she said, "it can not be changed now."

"So be it, mother; I will not ask again:" and then he moodily returned to his books, while she returned to her thoughts. Ah, think of her misery!

## CHAPTER LIV.

### TELLING ALL THAT HAPPENED BENEATH THE LAMP-POST.

WHEN Felix Graham left Noningsby, and made his way up to London, he came at least to one resolution which he intended to be an abiding one. That idea of a marriage with a moulded wife should at any rate be abandoned. Whether it might be his great destiny to be the husband of Madeline Staveley, or whether he might fail in achieving this purpose, he declared to himself that it would be impossible that he should ever now become the husband of Mary Snow. And the ease with which his conscience settled itself on this matter as soon as he had received from the Judge that gleam of hope astonished even himself. He immediately declared to himself that he could not marry Mary Snow without perjury! How could he stand with her before the altar and swear that he would love her, seeing that he did not love her at all—seeing that he altogether loved some one else? He acknowledged that he had made an ass of himself in this affair of Mary Snow. This moulding of a wife had failed with him, he said, as it always must fail with every man. But he would not carry his folly further. He would go to Mary Snow, tell her the truth, and then bear whatever injury her angry father might be able to inflict on him. Independently of that angry father, he would of course do for Mary Snow all that his circumstances would admit.

Perhaps the gentleman of a poetic turn of mind, whom Mary had consented to meet beneath the lamp-post, might assist him in his views; but whether this might be so or not, he would not throw that meeting ungenerously in her teeth. He would not have allowed that offense to turn him from his proposed marriage had there been nothing else to turn him, and therefore he would not plead that offense as the excuse for his broken troth. That the breaking of that troth would not deeply wound poor Mary's heart—so much he did permit himself to believe on the evidence of that lamp-post.

He had written to Mrs. Thomas, telling her when he would be at Peckham; but in his letter he had not said a word as to those terrible tidings which she had communicated to him. He had written also to Mary, assuring her that he accused her of no injury against him, and almost promising her forgiveness; but this letter Mary had not shown to Mrs. Thomas. In these days Mary's anger against Mrs. Thomas was very strong. That Mrs. Thomas should have used all her vigilance to detect such goings on as those of the lamp-post was only natural. What woman in Mrs. Thomas's position—or in any other position—would not have done so?



Mary Snow knew that had she herself been the duenna she would have left no corner of a box unturned but she would have found those letters. And having found them, she would have used her power over the poor girl. She knew that. But she would not have betrayed her to the man. Truth between woman and woman should have prevented that. Were not the stockings which she had darned for Mrs. Thomas legion in number? Had she not consented to eat the veriest scraps of food in order that those three brats might be fed into sleekness to satisfy their mother's eyes? Had she not reported well of Mrs. Thomas to her lord, though that house of Peckham was nauseous to her? Had she ever told to Mr. Graham any one of those little tricks which were carried on to allure him into a belief that things at Peckham were prosperous? Had she ever exposed the borrowing of those tea-cups when he came, and the fact that those knobs of white sugar were kept expressly on his behoof? No; she would have scorned to betray any woman; and that woman whom she had not betrayed should have shown the same feeling toward her. Therefore there was enmity at Peckham, and the stockings of those infants lay unattended in the basket.

"Mary, I have done it all for the best," said Mrs. Thomas, driven to defend herself by the obdurate silence of her pupil.

"No, Mrs. Thomas, you didn't. You did it for the worst," said Mary. And then there was again silence between them.

It was on the morning following this that Felix Graham was driven to the door in a cab. He still carried his arm in a sling, and was obliged to be somewhat slow in his movements, but otherwise he was again well. His accident, however, was so far a godsend to both the women at Peckham that it gave them a subject on which they were called upon to speak before that other subject was introduced. Mary was very tender in her inquiries—but tender in a bashful, retiring way. To look at her one would have said that she was afraid to touch the wounded man lest he should be again broken.

"Oh, I'm all right," said he, trying to assume a look of good-humor. "I sha'n't go hunting again in a hurry; you may be sure of that."

"We have all great reason to be thankful that Providence interposed to save you," said Mrs. Thomas, in her most serious tone. Had Providence interposed to break Mrs. Thomas's collarbone, or at least to do her some serious outward injury, what a comfort it would be, thought Mary Snow.

"Have you seen your father lately?" asked Graham.

"Not since I wrote to you about the money that he—borrowed," said Mary.

"I told her that she should not have given it to him," said Mrs. Thomas.

"She was quite right," said Graham. "Who could refuse assistance to a father in distress?" Whereupon Mary put her handkerchief up to her eyes and began to cry.

"That's true, of course," said Mrs. Thomas; "but it would never do that he should be a drain in that way. He should feel that if he had any feeling."

"So he has," said Mary. "And you are driven close enough yourself sometimes, Mrs. Thomas. There's days when you'd like to borrow nineteen and sixpence if any body would lend it you."

"Very well," said Mrs. Thomas, crossing her hands over each other in her lap and assuming a look of resignation; "I suppose all this will be changed now. I have endeavored to do my duty, and very hard it has been."

Felix felt that the sooner he rushed into the middle of the subject which brought him there the better it would be for all parties. That the two ladies were not very happy together was evident, and then he made a little comparison between Madeline and Mary. Was it really the case that for the last three years he had contemplated making that poor child his wife? Would it not be better for him to tie a millstone round his neck and cast himself into the sea? That was now his thought respecting Mary Snow.

"Mrs. Thomas," he said, "I should like to speak to Mary alone for a few minutes, if you could allow it."

"Oh certainly; by all means. It will be quite proper." And gathering up a bundle of the unfortunate stockings she took herself out of the room.

Mary, as soon as Graham had spoken, became almost pale, and sat perfectly still, with her eyes fixed on her betrothed husband. While Mrs. Thomas was there she was prepared for war, and her spirit was hot within her; but all that heat fled in a moment when she found herself alone with the man to whom it belonged to speak her doom. He had almost said that he would forgive her; but yet she had a feeling that that had been done which could not altogether be forgiven. If he asked her whether she loved the hero of the lamp-post what would she say? Had he asked her whether she loved him, Felix Graham, she would have sworn that she did, and have thought that she was swearing truly; but in answer to that other question, if it were asked, she felt that her answer must be false. She had no idea of giving up Felix of her own accord, if he were still willing to take her. She did not even wish that he would not take her. It had been the lesson of her life that she was to be his wife, and, by becoming so, provide for herself and for her wretched father. Nevertheless a dream of something different from that had come across her young heart, and the dream had been so pleasant! How painfully, but yet with what a rapture, had her heart palpitated as she stood for those ten wicked minutes beneath the lamp-post!

"Mary," said Felix, as soon as they were alone—and as he spoke he came up to her and took her hand, "I trust I may never be the cause to you of any unhappiness; that I may never be the means of making you sad."



"Oh, Mr. Graham, I am sure that you never will. It is I that have been bad to you."

"No, Mary, I do not think you have been bad at all. I should have been sorry that that had happened, and that I should not have known it."

"I suppose she was right to tell, only—" In truth Mary did not at all understand what might be the nature of Graham's thoughts and feelings on such a subject. She had a strong woman's idea that the man whom she ought to love would not be gratified by her meeting another man at a private assignation, especially when that other man had written to her a love-letter; but she did not at all know how far such a sin might be regarded as pardonable according to the rules of the world recognized on such subjects. At first, when the letters were discovered and the copies of them sent off to Noningsby, she thought that all was over. According to her ideas, as existing at that moment, the crime was conceived to be one admitting of no pardon; and in the hours spent under that conviction all her consolation came from the feeling that there was still one who regarded her as an angel of light. But then she had received Graham's letter, and as she began to understand that pardon was possible, that other consolation waxed feeble and dim. If Felix Graham chose to take her, of course she was there for him to take. It never for a moment occurred to her that she could rebel against such taking, even though she did shine as an angel of light to one dear pair of eyes.

"I suppose she was right to tell you, only—"

"Do not think, Mary, that I am going to scold you, or even that I am angry with you."

"Oh, but I know you must be angry."

"Indeed I am not. If I pledge myself to tell you the truth in every thing, will you be equally frank with me?"

"Yes," said Mary. But it was much easier for Felix to tell the truth than for Mary to be frank. I believe that schoolmasters often tell fibs to school-boys, although it would be so easy for them to tell the truth. But how difficult it is for the school-boy always to tell the truth to his master! Mary Snow was now as a school-boy before her tutor, and it may almost be said that the telling of the truth was to her impossible. But of course she made the promise. Who ever said that she would not tell the truth when so asked?

"Have you ever thought, Mary, that you and I would not make each other happy if we were married?"

"No; I have never thought that," said Mary, innocently. She meant to say exactly that which she thought Graham would wish her to say, but she was slow in following his lead.

"It has never occurred to you that though we might love each other very warmly as friends—and so I am sure we always shall—yet we might not suit each other in all respects as man and wife?"

"I mean to do the very best I can; that is,

if—if—if you are not too much offended with me now."

"But, Mary, it should not be a question of doing the best you can. Between man and wife there should be no need of such effort. It should be a labor of love."

"So it will; and I'm sure I'll labor as hard as I can."

Felix began to perceive that the line he had taken would not answer the required purpose, and that he must be somewhat more abrupt with her—perhaps a little less delicate, in coming to the desired point. "Mary," he said, "what is the name of that gentleman whom—whom you met out of doors you know?"

"Albert Fitzallen," said Mary, hesitating very much as she pronounced the name, but nevertheless rather proud of the sound.

"And you are—fond of him?" asked Graham. Poor girl! What was she to say? "No; I'm not very fond of him."

"Are you not? Then why did you consent to that secret meeting?"

"Oh, Mr. Graham—I didn't mean it; indeed I didn't. And I didn't tell him to write to me, nor yet to come looking after me. Upon my word I didn't. But then I thought when he sent me that letter that he didn't know—about you I mean; and so I thought I'd better tell him; and that's why I went. Indeed that was the reason."

"Mrs. Thomas could have told him that."

"But I don't like Mrs. Thomas, and I wouldn't for worlds that she should have had any thing to do with it. I think Mrs. Thomas has behaved very bad to me, so I do. And you don't half know her—that you don't."

"I will ask you one more question, Mary, and before answering it I want to make you believe that my only object in asking it is to ascertain how I may make you happy. When you did meet Mr.—this gentleman—"

"Albert Fitzallen."

"When you did meet Mr. Fitzallen, did you tell him nothing else except that you were engaged to me? Did you say nothing to him as to your feelings toward himself?"

"I told him it was very wrong of him to write me that letter."

"And what more did you tell him?"

"Oh, Mr. Graham, I won't see him any more; indeed I won't. I give you my most solemn promise. Indeed I won't. And I will never write a line to him, or look at him. And if he sends any thing I'll send it to you. Indeed I will. There was never any thing of the kind before; upon my word there wasn't. I did let him take my hand, but I didn't know how to help it when I was there. And he kissed me—only once. There; I've told it all now, as though you were looking at me. And I ain't a bad girl, whatever she may say of me. Indeed I ain't!" And then poor Mary Snow burst out into an agony of tears.

Felix began to perceive that he had been too hard upon her. He had wished that the first



overtures of a separation should come from her, and in wishing this he had been unreasonable. He walked for a while about the room, and then going up to her he stood close by her and took her hand. "Mary," he said, "I'm sure you're not a bad girl."

"No," she said; "no, I ain't;" still sobbing convulsively. "I didn't mean any thing wrong, and I couldn't help it."

"I am sure you did not, and nobody has said you did."

"Yes, they have. She has said so. She said that I was a bad girl. She told me so, up to my face."

"She was very wrong if she said so."

"She did, then, and I couldn't bear it."

"I have not said so, and I don't think so. Indeed, in all this matter I believe that I have been more to blame than you."

"No—I know I was wrong. I know I shouldn't have gone to see him."

"I won't even say as much as that, Mary. What you should have done—only the task would have been too hard for any young girl—was to have told me openly that you liked this young gentleman."

"But I don't want ever to see him again."

"Look here, Mary," he said. But now he had dropped her hand and taken a chair opposite to her. He had begun to find that the task which he had proposed to himself was not so easy even for him. "Look here, Mary. I take it that you do like this young gentleman. Don't answer me till I have finished what I am going to say. I suppose you do like him—and if so, it would be very wicked in you to marry me."

"Oh, Mr. Graham—"

"Wait a moment, Mary. But there is nothing wicked in your liking him." It may be presumed that Mr. Graham would hold such an opinion as this, seeing that he had allowed himself the same latitude of liking. "It was perhaps only natural that you should learn to do so. You have been taught to regard me rather as a master than as a lover."

"Oh, Mr. Graham, I'm sure I've loved you. I have indeed. And I will. I won't even think of Al—"

"But I want you to think of him—that is, if he be worth thinking of."

"He's a very good young man, and always lives with his mother."

"It shall be my business to find out that. And now, Mary, tell me truly. If he be a good young man, and if he loves you well enough to marry you, would you not be happier as his wife than you would as mine?"

There! The question that he wished to ask her had got itself asked at last. But if the asking had been difficult, how much more difficult must have been the answer! He had been thinking over all this for the last fortnight, and had hardly known how to come to a resolution. Now he put the matter before her without a moment's notice, and expected an instant decision. "Speak the truth, Mary—what you think about

it—without minding what any body may say of you." But Mary could not say any thing, so she again burst into tears.

"Surely you know the state of your own heart, Mary?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"My only object is to secure your happiness—the happiness of both of us, that is."

"I'll do any thing you please," said Mary.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I think. I fear that a marriage between us would not make either of us contented with our lives. I'm too old and too grave for you." Yet Mary Snow was not younger than Madeline Staveley. "You have been told to love me; and you think that you do love me because you wish to do what you think to be your duty. But I believe that people can never really love each other merely because they are told to do so. Of course I can not say what sort of a young man Mr. Fitzallen may be; but if I find that he is fit to take care of you, and that he has means to support you—with such little help as I can give—I shall be very happy to promote such an arrangement."

Every body will of course say that Felix Graham was base in not telling her that all this arose, not from her love affair with Albert Fitzallen, but from his own love affair with Madeline Staveley. But I am inclined to think that every body will be wrong. Had he told her openly that he did not care for her, but did care for some one else, he would have left her no alternative. As it was, he did not mean that she should have any alternative. But he probably consulted her feelings best in allowing her to think that she had a choice. And then, though he owed much to her, he owed nothing to her father; and had he openly declared his intention of breaking off the match because he had attached himself to some one else, he would have put himself terribly into her father's power. He was willing to submit to such pecuniary burden in the matter as his conscience told him that he ought to bear; but Mr. Snow's ideas on the subject of recompense might be extravagant; and therefore, as regarded Snow the father, he thought that he might make some slight and delicate use of the meeting under the lamp-post. In doing so he would be very careful to guard Mary from her father's anger. Indeed Mary would be surrendered, out of his own care, not to that of her father, but to the fostering love of the gentleman in the medical line of life.

"I'll do any thing that you please," said Mary, upon whose mind and heart all these changes had come with a suddenness which prevented her from thinking, much less speaking her thoughts.

"Perhaps you had better mention it to Mrs. Thomas."

"Oh, Mr. Graham, I'd rather not talk to her. I don't love her a bit."

"Well, I will not press it on you if you do not wish it. And have I your permission to speak to Mr. Fitzallen; and if he approves, to speak to his mother?"



"I'll do any thing you think best, Mr. Graham," said poor Mary. She was poor Mary; for though she had consented to meet a lover beneath the lamp-post she had not been without ambition, and had looked forward to the glory of being wife to such a man as Felix Graham. She did not, however, for one moment, entertain any idea of resistance to his will.

And then Felix left her, having of course an interview with Mrs. Thomas before he quitted the house. To her, however, he said nothing. "When any thing is settled, Mrs. Thomas, I will let you know." The words were so lacking in confidence that Mrs. Thomas, when she heard them, knew that the verdict had gone against her.

Felix for many months had been accustomed to take leave of Mary Snow with a kiss. But on this day he omitted to kiss her, and then Mary knew that it was all over with her ambition. But love still remained to her. "There is some one else who will be proud to kiss me," she said to herself, as she stood alone in the room when he closed the door behind him.

## CHAPTER LV.

### WHAT TOOK PLACE IN HARLEY STREET.

"Tom, I've come back again," said Mrs. Furnival, as soon as the dining-room door was closed behind her back.

"I'm very glad to see you; I am indeed," said he, getting up and putting out his hand to her. "But I really never knew why you went away."

"Oh yes, you know. I'm sure you know why I went. But—"

"I'll be shot if I did then."

"I went away because I did not like Lady Mason going to your chambers."

"Pshaw!"

"Yes; I know I was wrong, Tom. That is, I was wrong about that."

"Of course you were, Kitty."

"Well; don't I say I was? And I've come back again, and I beg your pardon; that is about the lady."

"Very well. Then there's an end of it."

"But, Tom, you know I've been provoked. Haven't I now? How often have you been home to dinner since you have been member of Parliament for that place?"

"I shall be more at home now, Kitty."

"Shall you indeed? Then I'll not say another word to vex you. What on earth can I want, Tom, except just that you should sit at home with me sometimes on evenings, as you used to do always in the old days? And as for Martha Biggs—"

"Is she come back too?"

"Oh dear no. She's in Red Lion Square. And I'm sure, Tom, I never had her here except when you wouldn't dine at home. I wonder whether you know how lonely it is to sit down to dinner all by one's self!"

"Why, I do it every other day of my life. And I never think of sending for Martha Biggs; I promise you that."

"She isn't very nice, I know," said Mrs. Furnival—"that is, for gentlemen."

"I should say not," said Mr. Furnival. Then the reconciliation had been effected, and Mrs. Furnival went up stairs to prepare for dinner, knowing that her husband would be present, and that Martha Biggs would not. And just as she was taking her accustomed place at the head of the table, almost ashamed to look up lest she should catch Spooner's eye, who was standing behind his master, Rachel went off in a cab to Orange Street, commissioned to pay what might be due for the lodgings, to bring back her mistress's boxes, and to convey the necessary tidings to Miss Biggs.

"Well I never!" said Martha, as she listened to Rachel's story.

"And they're quite loving, I can assure you," said Rachel.

"It'll never last," said Miss Biggs, triumphantly, "never. It's been done too sudden to last."

"So I'll say good-night, if you please, Miss Biggs," said Rachel, who was in a hurry to get back to Harley Street.

"I think she might have come here before she went there; especially as it wasn't any thing out of her way. She couldn't have gone shorter than Bloomsbury Square, and Russell Square, and over Tottenham Court Road."

"Missus didn't think of that, I dare say."

"She used to know the way about these parts well enough. But give her my love, Rachel." Then Martha Biggs was again alone, and she sighed deeply.

It was well that Mrs. Furnival came back so quickly to her own house, as it saved the scandal of any domestic quarrel before her daughter. On the following day Sophia returned, and as harmony was at that time reigning in Harley Street there was no necessity that she should be presumed to know any thing of what had occurred. That she did know—know exactly what her mother had done, and why she had done it, and how she had come back, leaving Martha Biggs dumfounded by her return—is very probable; for Sophia Furnival was a clever girl, and one who professed to understand the ins and outs of her own family—and perhaps of some other families. But she behaved very prettily to her papa and mamma on the occasion, never dropping a word which could lead either of them to suppose that she had interrogated Rachel, been confidential with the housemaid, conversed on the subject even with Spooner, and made a morning call on Martha Biggs herself.

There arose not unnaturally some conversation between the mother and daughter as to Lady Mason; not as to Lady Mason's visits to Lincoln's Inn, and their impropriety as formerly presumed—not at all as to that; but in respect to her present lamentable position and that engagement which had for a time existed between her



and Sir Peregrine Orme. On this latter subject Mrs. Furnival had of course heard nothing during her interview with Mrs. Orme at Noningsby. At that time Lady Mason had formed the sole subject of conversation; but in explaining to Mrs. Furnival that there certainly could be no unhallowed feeling between her husband and the lady, Mrs. Orme had not thought it necessary to allude to Sir Peregrine's past intentions. Mrs. Furnival, however, had heard the whole matter discussed in the railway carriage, had since interrogated her husband—learning, however, not very much from him—and now inquired into all the details from her daughter.

“And she and Sir Peregrine were really to be married?” Mrs. Furnival, as she asked the question, thought with confusion of her own unjust accusations against the poor woman. Under such circumstances as those Lady Mason must of course have been innocent as touching Mr. Furnival.

“Yes,” said Sophia. “There is no doubt whatsoever that they were engaged. Sir Peregrine told Lady Staveley so himself.”

“And now it's all broken off again?”

“Oh yes; it is all broken off now. I believe the fact to be this: Lord Alston, who lives near Noningsby, is a very old friend of Sir Peregrine's. When he heard of it he went to The Cleeve—I know that for certain—and I think he talked Sir Peregrine out of it.”

“But, my conscience, Sophia—after he had made her the offer!”

“I fancy that Mrs. Orme arranged it all. Whether Lord Alston saw her or not I don't know. My belief is that Lady Mason behaved very well all through, though they say very bitter things against her at Noningsby.”

“Poor thing!” said Mrs. Furnival, the feelings of whose heart were quite changed as regarded Lady Mason.

“I never knew a woman so badly treated.” Sophia had her own reasons for wishing to make the best of Lady Mason's case. “And for myself, I do not see why Sir Peregrine should not have married her if he pleased.”

“He is rather old, my dear.”

“People don't think so much about that nowadays as they used. If he liked it, and she too, who had a right to say any thing? My idea is that a man with any spirit would have turned Lord Alston out of the house. What business had he to interfere?”

“But about the trial, Sophia?”

“That will go on. There's no doubt about that. But they all say that it's the most unjust thing in the world, and that she must be proved innocent. I heard the judge say so myself.”

“But why are they allowed to try her then?”

“Oh, papa will tell you that.”

“I never like to bother your papa about law business.” Particularly not, Mrs. Furnival, when he has a pretty woman for his client!

“My wonder is that she should make herself so unhappy about it,” continued Sophia. “It seems that she is quite broken down.”

“But won't she have to go and sit in the court—with all the people staring at her?”

“That won't kill her,” said Sophia, who felt that she herself would not perish under any such process. “If I was sure that I was in the right, I think that I could hold up my head against all that. But they say that she is crushed to the earth.”

“Poor thing!” said Mrs. Furnival. “I wish that I could do any thing for her.” And in this way they talked the matter over very comfortably.

Two or three days after this Sophia Furnival was sitting alone in the drawing-room in Harley Street, when Spooner answered a double knock at the door, and Lucius Mason was shown up stairs. Mrs. Furnival had gone to make her peace in Red Lion Square, and there may perhaps be ground for supposing that Lucius had cause to expect that Miss Furnival might be seen at this hour without interruption. Be that as it may, she was found alone, and he was permitted to declare his purpose unmolested by father, mother, or family friends.

“You remember how we parted at Noningsby,” said he, when their first greetings were well over.

“Oh yes; I remember it very well. I do not easily forget words such as were spoken then.”

“You said that you would never turn away from me.”

“Nor will I; that is, with reference to the matter as to which we were speaking.”

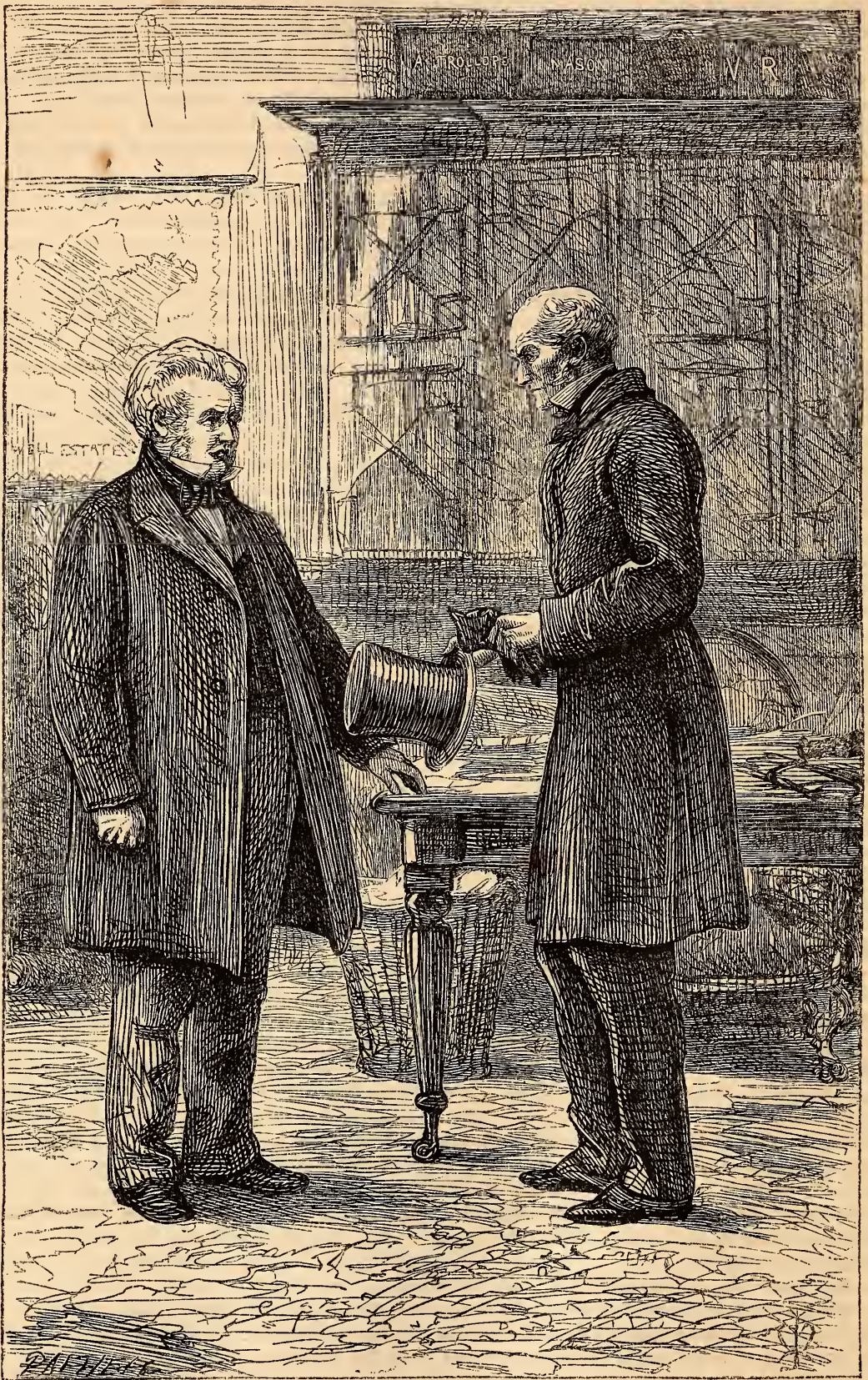
“Is our friendship, then, to be confined to one subject?”

“By no means. Friendship can not be so confined, Mr. Mason. Friendship between true friends must extend to all the affairs of life. What I meant to say was this— But I am quite sure that you understand me without any explanation.”

He did understand her. She meant to say that she had promised to him her sympathy and friendship, but nothing more. But then he had asked for nothing more. The matter of doubt within his own heart was this: Should he or should he not ask for more? and if he resolved on answering this question in the affirmative, should he ask for it now? He had determined that morning that he would come to some fixed purpose on this matter before he reached Harley Street. As he crossed out of Oxford Street from the omnibus he had determined that the present was no time for love-making. Walking up Regent Street, he had told himself that if he had one faithful heart to bear him company he could bear his troubles better; as he made his way along the north side of Cavendish Square he pictured to himself what would be the wound to his pride if he were rejected; and in passing the ten or twelve houses which intervened in Harley Street between the corner of the square and the abode of his mistress, he told himself that the question must be answered by circumstances.

“Yes, I understand you,” he said. “And believe me in this—I would not for worlds en-





SIR PEREGRINE AND MR. ROUND.—[SEE PAGE 93]

croach on your kindness. I knew that when I pressed your hand that night I pressed the hand of a friend, and nothing more."

"Quite so," said Sophia. Sophia's wit was usually ready enough, but at that moment she could not resolve with what words she might

make the most appropriate reply to her friend. What she did say was rather lame, but it was not dangerous.

"Since that I have suffered a great deal," said Lucius. "Of course you know that my mother has been staying at The Cleeve?"



"Oh yes. I believe she left it only a day or two since."

"And you heard, perhaps, of her— I hardly know how to tell you, if you have not heard it."

"If you mean about Sir Peregrine, I have heard of that."

"Of course you have. All the world has heard of it." And Lucius Mason got up and walked about the room holding his hand to his brow. "All the world are talking about it. Miss Furnival, you have never known what it is to blush for a parent."

Miss Furnival at the moment felt a sincere hope that Mr. Mason might never hear of Mrs. Furnival's visit to the neighborhood of Orange Street and of the causes which led to it, and by no means thought it necessary to ask for her friend's sympathy on that subject. "No," said she, "I never have; nor need you do so for yours. Why should not Lady Mason have married Sir Peregrine Orme, if they both thought such a marriage fitting?"

"What! at such a time as this, with these dreadful accusations running in her ears? Surely this was no time for marrying! And what has come of it? People now say that he has rejected her, and sent her away."

"Oh no; they can not say that."

"But they do. It is reported that Sir Peregrine has sent her away because he thinks her to be guilty. That I do not believe. No honest man, no gentleman, could think her guilty. But is it not dreadful that such things should be said?"

"Will not the trial take place very shortly now? When that is once over all these troubles will be at an end."

"Miss Furnival, I sometimes think that my mother will hardly have strength to sustain the trial. She is so depressed that I almost fear her mind will give way; and the worst of it is that I am altogether unable to comfort her."

"Surely that at present should specially be your task."

"I can not do it. What should I say to her? I think that she is wrong in what she is doing; thoroughly, absolutely wrong. She has got about her a parcel of lawyers. I beg your pardon, Miss Furnival, but you know I do not mean such as your father."

"But has not he advised it?"

"If so, I can not but think he is wrong. They are the very scum of the jails; men who live by rescuing felons from the punishment they deserve. What can my mother require of such services as theirs? It is they that frighten her and make her dread all manner of evils. Why should a woman who knows herself to be good and just fear any thing that the law can do to her?"

"I can easily understand that such a position as hers must be very dreadful. You must not be hard upon her, Mr. Mason, because she is not as strong as you might be."

"Hard upon her! Ah, Miss Furnival, you do not know me. If she would only accept my

love I would wait upon her as a mother does upon her infant. No labor would be too much for me; no care would be too close. But her desire is that this affair should never be mentioned between us. We are living now in the same house, and though I see that this is killing her, yet I may not speak of it." Then he got up from his chair, and as he walked about the room he took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his eyes.

"I wish I could comfort you," said she. And in saying so she spoke the truth. By nature she was not tender-hearted, but now she did sympathize with him. By nature, too, she was not given to any deep affection, but she did feel some spark of love for Lucius Mason. "I wish I could comfort you." And as she spoke she also got up from her chair.

"And you can," said he, suddenly stopping himself and coming close to her. "You can comfort me—in some degree. You, and you only can do so. I know this is no time for declarations of love. Were it not that we are already so much to each other, I would not indulge myself at such a moment with such a wish. But I have no one whom I can love; and—it is very hard to bear." And then he stood, waiting for her answer, as though he conceived that he had offered her his hand.

But Miss Furnival well knew that she had received no offer. "If my warmest sympathy can be of service to you—"

"It is your love I want," he said, taking her hand as she spoke. "Your love, so that I may look on you as my wife; your acceptance of my love, so that we may be all in all to each other. There is my hand. I stand before you now as sad a man as there is in all London. But there is my hand—will you take it and give me yours in pledge of your love?"

I should be unjust to Lucius Mason were I to omit to say that he played his part with a becoming air. Unhappiness and a melancholy mood suited him perhaps better than the world's ordinary good-humor. He was a man who looked his best when under a cloud, and shone the brightest when every thing about him was dark. And Sophia also was not unequal to the occasion. There was, however, this difference between them. Lucius was quite honest in all that he said and did upon the occasion; whereas Miss Furnival was only half honest. Perhaps she was not capable of a higher pitch of honesty than that.

"There is my hand," said she; and they stood holding each other, palm to palm.

"And with it your heart?" said Lucius.

"And with it my heart," answered Sophia. Nor as she spoke did she hesitate for a moment, or become embarrassed, or lose her command of feature. Had Augustus Staveley gone through the same ceremony at Noningsby in the same way I am inclined to think that she would have made the same answer. Had neither done so, she would not on that account have been unhappy. What a blessed woman would Lady



Staveley have been had she known what was being done in Harley Street at this moment!

In some short rhapsody of love it may be presumed that Lucius indulged himself when he found that the affair which he had in hand had so far satisfactorily arranged itself. But he was in truth too wretched at heart for any true enjoyment of the delights of a favored suitor. They were soon engaged again on that terrible subject, seated side by side indeed and somewhat close, but the tone of their voices and their very words were hardly different from what they might have been had no troth been plighted between them. His present plan was that Sophia should visit Orley Farm for a time, and take that place of dear and bosom friend which a woman circumstanced as was his mother must so urgently need. We, my readers, know well who was now that loving friend, and we know also which was best fitted for such a task, Sophia Furnival or Mrs. Orme. But we have had, I trust, better means of reading the characters of those ladies than had fallen to the lot of Lucius Mason, and should not be angry with him because his eyes were dark.

Sophia hesitated a moment before she answered this proposition—not as though she were slack in her love, or begrudged her services to his mother; but it behooved her to look carefully at the circumstances before she would pledge herself to such an arrangement as that. If she went to Orley Farm on such a mission would it not be necessary to tell her father and mother; nay, to tell all the world that she was engaged to Lucius Mason; and would it be wise to make such a communication at the present moment? Lucius said a word to her of going into court with his mother, and sitting with her, hand in hand, while that ordeal was passing by. In the publicity of such sympathy there was something that suited the bearings of Miss Furnival's mind. The idea that Lady Mason was guilty had never entered her head, and therefore, on this she thought there could be no disgrace in such a proceeding. But nevertheless, might it not be prudent to wait till that trial were over?

"If you are my wife you must be her daughter; and how can you better take a daughter's part?" pleaded Lucius.

"No, no; and I would do it with my whole heart. But, Lucius, does she know me well enough? It is of her that we must think. After all that you have told me, can we think that she would wish me to be there?"

It was his desire that his mother should learn to have such a wish, and this he explained to her. He himself could do but little at home because he could not yield his opinion on those matters of importance as to which he and his mother differed so vitally; but if she had a woman with her in the house—such a woman as his own Sophia—then he thought her heart would be softened, and part of her sorrow might be assuaged.

Sophia at last said that she would think about it. It would be improper, she said, to pledge

herself to any thing rashly. It might be that as her father was to defend Lady Mason, he might on that account object to his daughter being in the court. Lucius declared that this would be unreasonable; unless indeed Mr. Furnival should object to his daughter's engagement. And might he not do so? Sophia thought it very probable that he might. It would make no difference in her, she said. Her engagement would be equally binding—as permanently binding, let who would object to it. And as she made this declaration there was of course a little love scene. But for the present, it might be best that in this matter she should obey her father. And then she pointed out how fatal it might be to avert her father from the cause while the trial was still pending. Upon the whole she acted her part very prudently, and when Lucius left her she was pledged to nothing but that one simple fact of a marriage engagement.

## CHAPTER LVI.

### HOW SIR PEREGRINE DID BUSINESS WITH MR. ROUND.

IN the mean time Sir Peregrine was sitting at home trying to determine in what way he should act under the present emergency, actuated as he was on one side by friendship, and on the other by duty. For the first day or two—nay, for the first week after the confession had been made to him—he had been so astounded, had been so knocked to the earth, and had remained in such a state of bewilderment that it had been impossible for him to form for himself any line of conduct. His only counselor had been Mrs. Orme; and though he could not analyze the matter, he felt that her woman's ideas of honor and honesty were in some way different from his ideas as a man. To her the sorrows and utter misery of Lady Mason seemed of greater weight than her guilt. At least such was the impression which her words left. Mrs. Orme's chief anxiety in the matter still was that Lady Mason should be acquitted; as strongly so now as when they both believed her to be as guiltless as themselves. But Sir Peregrine could not look at it in this light. He did not say that he wished that she might be found guilty; nor did he wish it. But he did announce his opinion to his daughter-in-law that the ends of justice would so be best promoted, and that if the matter were driven to a trial it would not be for the honor of the court that a false verdict should be given. Nor would he believe that such a false verdict could be obtained. An English judge and an English jury were to him the Palladium of discerning truth. In an English court of law such a matter could not remain dark; nor ought it, let whatever misery betide. It was strange how that old man should have lived so near the world for seventy years, should have taken his place in Parliament and on the bench, should have rubbed his shoulders so constantly against those of his neighbors, and yet have retained so strong a



reliance on the purity of the world in general. Here and there such a man may still be found, but the number is becoming very few.

As for the property, that must of necessity be abandoned. Lady Mason had signified her agreement to this; and therefore he was so far willing that she should be saved from further outward punishment, if that were still possible. His plan was this; and to his thinking it was the only plan that was feasible. Let the estate be at once given up to the proper owner—even now, before the day of trial should come; and then let them trust, not to Joseph Mason, but to Joseph Mason's advisers to abstain from prosecuting the offender. Even this course he knew to be surrounded by a thousand difficulties; but it might be possible. Of Mr. Round, old Mr. Round, he had heard a good report. He was a kind man, and even in this very matter had behaved in a way that had shamed his client. Might it not be possible that Mr. Round would engage to drop the prosecution if the immediate return of the property were secured? But to effect this must he not tell Mr. Round of the woman's guilt? And could he manage it himself? Must he not tell Mr. Furnival? And by so doing, would he not rob Lady Mason of her sole remaining tower of strength? for if Mr. Furnival knew that she was guilty, Mr. Furnival must of course abandon her cause. And then Sir Peregrine did not know how to turn himself, as he thus argued the matter within his own bosom.

And then too his own disgrace sat very heavy on him. Whether or no the law might pronounce Lady Mason to have been guilty, all the world would know her guilt. When that property should be abandoned, and her wretched son turned out to earn his bread, it would be well understood that she had been guilty. And this was the woman, this midnight forger, whom he had taken to his bosom, and asked to be his wife! He had asked her, and she had consented, and then he had proclaimed the triumph of his love to all the world. When he stood there holding her to his breast he had been proud of her affection. When Lord Alston had come to him with his caution he had scorned his old friend and almost driven him from his door. When his grandson had spoken a word, not to him but to another, he had been full of wrath. He had let it be known widely that he would feel no shame in showing her to the world as Lady Orme. And now she was a forger, and a perjurer, and a thief—a thief who for long years had lived on the proceeds of her dextrous theft. And yet was he not under a deep obligation to her—under the very deepest? Had she not saved him from a worse disgrace; saved him at the cost of all that was left to herself? Was he not still bound to stand by her? And did he not still love her?

Poor Sir Peregrine! May we not say that it would have been well for him if the world and all its trouble could have now been ended so that he might have done with it?

Mrs. Orme was his only counselor, and though

she could not be brought to agree with him in all his feelings, yet she was of infinite comfort to him. Had she not shared with him this terrible secret his mind would have given way beneath the burden. On the day after Lady Mason's departure from The Cleeve he sat for an hour in the library considering what he would do, and then he sent for his daughter-in-law. If it behooved him to take any step to stay the trial he must take it at once. The matter had been pressed on by each side, and now the days might be counted up to that day on which the judges would arrive in Alston. That trial would be very terrible to him in every way. He had promised, during those pleasant hours of his love and sympathy in which he had felt no doubt as to his friend's acquittal, that he would stand by her when she was arraigned. That was now impossible, and though he had not dared to mention it to Lady Mason he knew that she would not expect that he should do so. But to Mrs. Orme he had spoken on the matter, and she had declared her purpose of taking the place which it would not now become him to fill! Sir Peregrine had started from his chair when she had so spoken. What! his daughter! She, the purest of the pure, to whom the very air of a court of law would be a contamination—she, whose whiteness had never been sullied by contact with the world's dust—she set by the side of that terrible criminal, hand in hand with her, present to all the world as her bosom friend! There had been but few words between them on the matter, but Sir Peregrine had felt strongly that that might not be permitted. Far better than that it would be that he should humble his gray hairs and sit there to be gazed at by the crowd. But on all accounts how much was it to be desired that there should be no trial!

"Sit down, Edith," he said, as with her soft step she came up to him. "I find that the assizes will be here, in Alston, at the end of next month."

"So soon as that, father?"

"Yes; look here: the judges will come in on the 25th of March."

"Ah me—that is very sudden! But, father, will it not be best for her that it should be over?"

Mrs. Orme still thought, had always thought, that the trial itself was unavoidable. Indeed she had thought, and she did think, that it afforded to Lady Mason the only possible means of escape. Her mind on the subject, if it could have been analyzed, would probably have been this. As to the property, that question must for the present stand in abeyance. It is quite right that it should go to its detestable owners—that it should be made over to them at some day not very distant. But for the present, the trial for that old, long-distant crime was the subject for them to consider. Could it be wrong to wish for an acquittal for the sinner—an acquittal before this world's bar, seeing that a true verdict had undoubtedly been given before another bar? Mrs. Orme trusted that no jury would convict her friend. Let Lady Mason go



through that ordeal; and then, when the law had declared her innocent, let restitution be made.

"It will be very terrible to all if she be condemned," said Sir Peregrine.

"Very terrible! But Mr. Furnival—"

"Edith, if it comes to that, she will be condemned. Mr. Furnival is a lawyer, and will not say so; but from his countenance, when he speaks of her, I know that he expects it!"

"Oh, father, do not say so."

"But if it is so— My love, what is the purport of these courts of law if it be not to discover the truth and make it plain to the light of day?" Poor Sir Peregrine! His innocence in this respect was perhaps beautiful, but it was very simple. Mr. Aram, could he have been induced to speak out his mind plainly, would have expressed, probably, a different opinion.

"But she escaped before," said Mrs. Orme, who was clearly at present on the same side with Mr. Aram.

"Yes; she did—by perjury, Edith. And now the penalty of that further crime awaits her. There was an old poet who said that the wicked man rarely escapes at last. I believe in my heart that he spoke the truth."

"Father, that old poet knew nothing of our faith."

Sir Peregrine could not stop to explain, even if he knew how to do so, that the old poet spoke of punishment in this world, whereas the faith on which his daughter relied is efficacious for pardon beyond the grave. It would be much, ay, in one sense every thing, if Lady Mason could be brought to repent of the sin she had committed; but no such repentance would stay the bitterness of Joseph Mason or of Samuel Dockwrath. If the property were at once restored, then repentance might commence. If the property were at once restored, then the trial might be stayed. It might be possible that Mr. Round might so act. He felt all this, but he could not argue on it. "I think, my dear," he said, "that I had better see Mr. Round."

"But you will not tell him?" said Mrs. Orme, sharply.

"No; I am not authorized to do that."

"But he will entice it from you! He is a lawyer, and he will wind any thing out from a plain, chivalrous man of truth and honor."

"My dear, Mr. Round I believe is a good man."

"But if he asks you the question, what will you say?"

"I will tell him to ask me no such question."

"Oh, father, be careful. For her sake be careful. How is it that you know the truth—or that I know it? She told it here because in that way only could she save you from that marriage. Father, she has sacrificed herself for—for us."

Sir Peregrine, when this was said to him, got up from his chair and walked away to the window. He was not angry with her that she so spoke to him. Nay; he acknowledged inwardly the truth of her words, and loved her for her

constancy. But, nevertheless, they were very bitter. How had it come to pass that he was thus indebted to so deep a criminal? What had he done for her but good?

"Do not go from me," she said, following him. "Do not think me unkind."

"No, no, no," he answered, striving almost ineffectually to repress a sob. "You are not unkind."

For two days after that not a word was spoken between them on the subject, and then he did go to Mr. Round. Not a word on the subject was spoken between Sir Peregrine and Mrs. Orme; but she was twice at Orley Farm during the time, and told Lady Mason of the steps which her father-in-law was taking. "He won't betray me!" Lady Mason had said. Mrs. Orme had answered this with what best assurance she should give; but in her heart of hearts she feared that Sir Peregrine would betray the secret.

It was not a pleasant journey for Sir Peregrine. Indeed it may be said that no journeys could any longer be pleasant for him. He was old and worn and feeble; very much older and much more worn than he had been at the period spoken of in the commencement of this story, though but a few months had passed over his head since that time. For him now it would have been preferable to remain in the arm-chair by the fire-side in his own library, receiving such comfort in his old age as might come to him from the affection of his daughter-in-law and grandson. But he thought that it behooved him to do this work; and therefore, old and feeble as he was, he set himself to his task. He reached the station in London, had himself driven to Bedford Row in a cab, and soon found himself in the presence of Mr. Round.

There was much ceremonial talk between them before Sir Peregrine could bring himself to declare the purport which had brought him there. Mr. Round of course protested that he was very sorry for all this affair. The case was not in his hands personally. He had hoped many years since that the matter was closed. His client, Mr. Mason of Groby Park, had insisted that it should be reopened; and now he, Mr. Round, really hardly knew what to say about it.

"But, Mr. Round, do you think it is quite impossible that the trial should even now be abandoned?" asked Sir Peregrine, very carefully.

"Well, I fear it is. Mason thinks that the property is his, and is determined to make another struggle for it. I am imputing nothing wrong to the lady. I really am not in a position to have any opinion of my own—"

"No, no, no; I understand. Of course your firm is bound to do the best it can for its client. But, Mr. Round—I know I am quite safe with you."

"Well; safe in one way I hope you are. But, Sir Peregrine, you must of course remember that I am the attorney for the other side—for the side to which you are opposed."



"But still—all that you can want is your client's interest."

"Of course we desire to serve his interest."

"And with that view, Mr. Round, is it not possible that we might come to some compromise?"

"What—by giving up part of the property?"

"By giving up all the property," said Sir Peregrine, with considerable emphasis.

"Whew—w—w!" Mr. Round at the moment made no other answer than this, which terminated in a low whistle.

"Better that at once than that she should die broken-hearted," said Sir Peregrine.

There was then silence between them for a minute or two, after which Mr. Round, turning himself round in his chair so as to face his visitor more fully, spoke as follows: "I told you just now, Sir Peregrine, that I was Mr. Mason's attorney; and I must now tell you, that, as regards this interview between you and me, I will not hold myself as being in that position. What you have said shall be as though it had not been said; and as I am not myself taking any part in the proceedings, this may with absolute strictness be the case. But—"

"If I have said any thing that I ought not to have said—" began Sir Peregrine.

"Allow me for one moment," continued Mr. Round. "The fault is mine, if there be a fault, as I should have explained to you that the matter could hardly be discussed with propriety between us."

"Mr. Round, I offer you my apology from the bottom of my heart."

"No, Sir Peregrine. You shall offer me no apology, nor will I accept any. I know no words strong enough to convey to you my esteem and respect for your character."

"Sir!"

"But I will ask you to listen to me for a moment. If any compromise be contemplated, it should be arranged by the advice of Mr. Furnival and of Mr. Chaffanbrass, and the terms should be settled between Mr. Aram and my son. But I can not myself say that I see any possibility of such a result. It is not, however, for me to advise. If on that matter you wish for advice, I think that you had better see Mr. Furnival."

"Ah!" said Sir Peregrine, telling more and more of the story by every utterance he made.

"And now it only remains for me to assure you once more that the words which have been spoken in this room shall be as though they had not been spoken." And then Mr. Round made it very clear that there was nothing more to be said between them on the subject of Lady Mason. Sir Peregrine repeated his apology, collected his hat and gloves, and with slow step made his way down to his cab, while Mr. Round absolutely waited upon him till he saw him seated within the vehicle.

"So Mat is right after all!" said the old attorney to himself as he stood alone with his back to his own fire, thrusting his hands into his

trowsers-pockets. "So Mat is right after all!" The meaning of this exclamation will be plain to my readers. Mat had declared to his father his conviction that Lady Mason had forged the codicil in question, and the father was now also convinced that she had done so. "Unfortunate woman!" he said; "poor, wretched woman!" And then he began to calculate what might yet be her chances of escape. On the whole he thought that she would escape. "Twenty years of possession," he said to himself; "and so excellent a character!" But, nevertheless, he repeated to himself over and over again that she was a wretched, miserable woman.

We may say that all the persons most concerned were convinced, or nearly convinced, of Lady Mason's guilt. Among her own friends Mr. Furnival had no doubt of it, and Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Aram but very little; whereas Sir Peregrine and Mrs. Orme of course had none. On the other side, Mr. Mason and Mr. Dockwrath were both fully sure of the truth, and the two Rounds, father and son, were quite of the same mind. And yet, except with Dockwrath and Sir Peregrine, the most honest and the most dishonest of the lot, the opinion was that she would escape. These were five lawyers concerned, not one of whom gave to the course of justice credit that it would ascertain the truth, and not one of whom wished that the truth should be ascertained. Surely had they been honest-minded in their profession they would have all so wished—have so wished, or else have abstained from all professional intercourse in the matter. I can not understand how any gentleman can be willing to use his intellect for the propagation of untruth, and to be paid for so using it. As to Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Solomon Aram—to them the escape of a criminal under their auspices would of course be a matter of triumph. To such work for many years had they applied their sharp intellects and legal knowledge. But of Mr. Furnival—what shall we say of him?

Sir Peregrine went home very sad at heart, and crept silently back into his own library. In the evening, when he was alone with Mrs. Orme, he spoke one word to her. "Edith," he said, "I have seen Mr. Round. We can do nothing for her there."

"I feared not," said she.

"No; we can do nothing for her there."

After that Sir Peregrine took no step in the matter. What step could he take? But he sat over his fire in his library, day after day, thinking over it all, and waiting till those terrible as-sizes should have come.

## CONCERNING LAUGHTER.

LAUGHTER, sleep, and hope are the three bounties with which kind mother Nature compensates us for the troubles of a life which few, perhaps, would accept if they were asked beforehand. Sancho blessed the man who invented sleep, wherein the Hindoos are with him, who say "it is better to sit than to stand; better



to lie down than to sit; better to sleep than to wake;" but they go one step beyond the illustrious Governor of Barrataria, and add "better to die than to live." The ancients seem to have set Hope before sleep, and left her as the one blessing in Pandora's box. "*Spiro—spero*," say the Italians yet. The ancients, indeed, seem to have had but a poor notion of that blessing which the good Sancho enjoyed so thoroughly, in common with other men of a good conscience and a healthy digestion. Zeno called sleep the image of death; and death to too many of the old philosophers meant annihilation.

Animals sleep—dogs even dream; and who shall say that the cat prowling for mice, or the young lions "seeking their prey of God," are not animated by hope? But man alone laughs. There is, to be sure, a "horse-laugh," but it is the explosion, not of the horse, but of the hostler; and that curious Australian bird, called the "laughing jackass," is not a jackass, and—brays. Man is a laughing animal, and laughter should be reckoned one of the four cardinal virtues. Plato's featherless biped—proud, erect, reasoning, talking—has perhaps but two great capacities to distinguish him from the plucked rooster which put Plato's definition to blush: he laughs and he commits suicide. A cynical Frenchman remarks, on this head, that animals were not made capable of laughter, because they were created before man, and had therefore nothing to laugh at!

I should perhaps add another distinctive feature of humanity—we alone are subject to nose-bleed. As for tears, we have them in common with the elephant and the crocodile; and Father Homer even lets the horses of Achilles shed tears at the death of Patroclus. The great moose, the camel, the seal, and even the common deer are capable of tears; and when we see how horses and dogs are ill-treated, one wishes that these "dear companions" could revenge themselves as easily as our womankind, with "a good cry."

It is an old proverb that laughter is akin to tears; and, according to Doctor Lemprière, the one seems to have grown very naturally out of the other: When Momus was born he filled all Olympus with his lusty cries; all the goddesses hastened to appease the terrible child; and Jupiter, who could not look without inextinguishable laughter at his last creature—Man—at once dedicated to him the weeping clown.

Almost every philosopher has felt it his duty to attempt a definition of "Man." Franklin calls us tool-making animals; Boswell, who was a gourmand, said, "Man is a cooking animal"—and, indeed, it would not be so far wrong to call most cooks animals. A Frenchman wrote: "*L'homme est un animal qui crache*—[Man is an animal that spits,]" a definition which applies perhaps more especially to our "Southern brethren." But for a good solid definition, which will withstand all criticism, I here offer, "Man is a laughing animal." It may be urged that monkeys grin—but a grin is not a laugh; and if it were, let us not forget that Linnæus count-

ed man and the long-armed ape (*homo Lar*) as one species; while Dr. Darwin warns us not rashly to cast off our cousin Jacko. Rousseau saw in the West African Pongo the original of man; and though he continued in his sober moments to walk upon his "hind legs," urged the advantages of quadrupedal locomotion so eloquently, that Voltaire writes him he was "often moved by the reading to run about on all fours at Ferney." The Pavian physician, Moscati, ascribed to our upright carriage many of the diseases to which mankind is subject, particularly palpitation of the heart, hypochondria, consumption, swelled feet, liver complaint, and rupture, the happy exemption of animals from which he ascribes to their horizontal posture. It may be added that, like most physicians, he did not take his own prescriptions. It is undeniable that the surest footing is upon all fours, as you may see in a rickety table or a three-legged stool; but the fine art of walking upon the hind legs, which monkeys so unsuccessfully practice, has yet—by long use, Mr. Darwin would say—become second nature with us; and a close observer may find many points wherein our grinning cousin comes nearer to us than in this—as, for instance, in South America monkeys are trapped by people who expose in their haunts vessels filled with intoxicating liquor, which Jacko drinking falls victim to his imprudence, as happens sometimes to young gentlemen from the country making their first visit to the city. For the rest: "*Simia homo sine cauda, pedibus posticis ambulans, gregarius, omnivorus, inquietus, mendax, furax, salax, pugnax, artium variarum capax, animalium reliquorum hostis, sui ipsius inimicus teterimus*."

Laughter is a pleasing convulsive motion of the organs of breathing, a convulsion of the facial and abdominal muscles, and an expression of joy and comfort, as tears are the expression of grief and pain. Extremes meet; and as immoderate laughter forces a flow of tears, so great grief often finds its expression in that unnatural laughter which we call hysterical. Novalis calls laughter venous and tears arterial. How near akin laughter is to tears was shown when Rubens, with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying; and our mothers, without being great painters, have often brought us, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

It has been noticed that children cry before they laugh. Aristotle maintains that they do not laugh before their fortieth day; and St. Cyprian asserts that they weep for the rite of baptism. The ancients held the laughter of young children to be a good omen; and it is related that Zoroaster laughed on the day of his birth, which is probably as true as that other story that the violent beating of his brain threw the nurse's hand from his head. Gargantua, that he might not vex the philosophers who held with Aristotle, put off laughing till after his fortieth day; but, in revenge, cried out constantly, "*Au boire*—[Give me to drink]!"



The Rabbins maintained that the smiling infant was possessed of Lilis, that famous she-devil who led poor Adam such a life; we Christians have a fond faith that the whisper of angels causes the unconscious smile; but doctors, who are matter-of-fact beings, pretend that it is the effect of wind.

If animals can not laugh, neither do they keep the world awake with their cries. They have other expressions for the joy they feel: dogs wag their tails, the cat purrs, and birds—the most joyous of creatures—twitter; old hens even sing. It is as true of laughter what the ancients said of tears, "*Lacrima nil citius crescit*—[Nothing comes quicker than tears];" and this is especially true of women, who are like a spring day, all rain and sunshine. It is odd that the physical causes of both are yet unknown; as also of that perhaps more mysterious phenomenon—the blush, concerning which a cynical Frenchman asked the puzzling question whether young ladies also blush in the dark? a question which I do not propose to answer.

Aristotle and Pliny held that laughter was an affection of the skin, and French physiologists assigned it to the spleen—as, indeed, the French yet say, *S'épanouir la rate, désopiler la rate*, as equivalents for to make merry. The English, on the other hand, speak of laughing heartily; and the Spaniards have a phrase, for forced mirth—"To laugh from the teeth outward," which is not so far amiss, when we remember that there are not only *musculi risorii*, but *dentes risorii*. When we sigh we draw air into our lungs, but laughter violently expels the air. Laughter draws backward the corners of the mouth, draws up the upper lip—especially in young women who have pretty teeth—wrinkles the cheeks, smooths the brow, causes the eyes to sparkle, and draws down the corners of the eyebrows, while the cheeks swell so that, in those fat persons who are given to laughter, one scarce sees the eyes. At the same time the veins of the neck swell, and the blood rushes with pleasant violence to the head, the heart, and the lungs. These are the phenomena of laughter, which, if unduly increased, are capable of endangering life. It is curious that we read only among the ancients and the French of people laughing themselves to death. We Americans have either more jokes, or a poorer appreciation of wit. Zeuxis is said to have died of laughing at a painting of an old woman, his own handiwork. Philemon expired of a donkey who so contentedly ate the philosopher's figs that, with his last articulate breath, he sent out a glass of wine to the beast, who drank it with equal enjoyment, and thus proved himself, it seems to me, not such a donkey after all. Pomponius Mela has a story of a blessed island in which were two springs, at one of which mortals could imbibe till they laughed themselves to death, when a swallow of the other restored them to life again.

To judge from the title of a book I once met in a French catalogue, many great men must

have died of laughing; it was a list of famous men who have expired of laughter, by one R. Texter, whose name is less famous than doubtless it deserves to be. I have never met with the book, but without it the catalogue of dissertations *de risu* is sufficiently great. For the inquiring reader's benefit I may say that the best I know on the subject is by a French physician, Roy, entitled "*Traité medico-philosophique sur le Rire*," Paris, 1810, in 950 pages octavo; and the worst and least interesting "*Bonifacii Historia Ludicra*," printed at Basle, in 1756.

In an essay in the *Guardian* laughing is defined to be "an agreeable kind of convulsion, a symptom of inward satisfaction;" and those who practice it are divided into dimplers, smilers, laughers, grinners, horse-laughers, and sneerers. This is to lay down a science of laughing, for which there might be need, if General McClellan or General Beauregard should take up the idea of old Bulow, who proposed to form troops, in face of the enemy, in line of battle, and order them to advance with their arms at a shoulder and salute the foe with ringing bursts of laughter. "Be sure," said Bulow, "that your opponents, surprised and dismayed at this astonishing salute, would turn about and run off." This plan, perhaps, would not do so well while the present long-range artillery is used; but as nothing is too absurd to succeed once, it is related as matter of fact that the Mamelukes once turned tail from an assault upon the French in Egypt, on hearing the roar of laughter with which Napoleon's veterans greeted the command—"Un quarré, les ânes et les savans au milieu—Form in square, asses and men of science in the centre."

Since Adam, who invented laughter—doubtless when he awoke and saw Eve by his side—no two men have laughed alike. The laugh is as distinct as the voice; perhaps more so, for the laugh of a full-bearded man is very different from that which he laughs when he has been clean shaven by a barber. Women laugh differently from men, children from women, and some writers even profess to detect national peculiarities in the laugh; as for instance, say they, the Frenchman laughs with his teeth, like the apes. The Abbé Damasceni thought he had discovered, in the various enunciations of laughter, a sure guide to the temperaments of the laughers. Thus he said *Ha ha ha* belonged to a choleric man, *He he he* to the phlegmatic, *Hi hi hi* to the melancholic, and *Ho ho ho* to the sanguine. It is true that men laugh commonly in *A* and *O*, and women in *E* and *I*; and it is singular that with all people, even the cockneys, the aspirate, *H*, precedes the vowel.

The old theologians held laughter to be one of the consequences of the first sin, and believed that Adam did not laugh till he was driven out of Paradise. They avoided laughter as unholy; but they forgot that it is written "the Lord Sabaoth laugheth them to scorn." The old literalists held to the words, "Woe unto you who laugh;" and the second council of Carthage forbade, with an anathema, all "*verba jocularia*



*risum moventia.*" Pope Innocent III. wrote, "New-born children cry, the boys in *A*, and the girls in *E*, mourning together over the sins of Adam and Eve." But, on the other hand, the Dominicans of Luther's time declared that they could hear the poor souls in purgatory laugh every time a coin rang in their begging dish. If we may believe Pliny and Ælian, there were even men among the ancients who abjured laughter, as Phocion, Anaxagoras, Heraclitus, and Cato. Lucilius Crassus was called the never-laughing, because he laughed but once in his life, and then at a very silly conceit of his own: he saw a donkey eating thistles, and saying "Rough lips, a rough salad," guffawed at this flimsy conceit. But father Honier calls Venus the laughter-loving and Pluto the never-laughing, and perhaps the loveliest passage in the Iliad is that where Hector and Andromache laugh at their boy hiding his face in fear of his father's nodding plumes. The old Greeks and Romans were laughers. The Greeks called the roar of angry waves the laughter of Neptune; Catullus says of the flowers, "*domus jucundo risit adore*;" and Virgil speaks of Jove, "*risit pater optimus*."

Great men have often fancied it a part of greatness to refrain from hilarity. Philip IV. of Spain is said to have laughed outright but once in his life, when his bride, Anne of Austria, wept at hearing that the Queens of Spain had no feet. She took with German literalness an old piece of overwrought Spanish courtesy. As she was journeying toward Spain some German nuns met her, and desired to present some stockings of their own knitting. The worthy princess was about to accept the gift when a Spanish grandee of her suite interfered, with the remark that it would be against etiquette, as the Queens of Spain were not supposed to have any use for stockings! whereat the princess began to weep—understanding, poor lady, that on her arrival in Madrid her feet would be cut off. Lord Chesterfield said, "Nobody has seen me laugh since I have come to use my reason;" and Congreve makes his Lord Froth, in the Double Dealer, say, "When I laugh I always laugh alone."

Nevertheless, the singer Robert gave lessons in laughter in Paris and London in 1805, and with considerable success—so far as filling his own purse went. He held that men and women could not laugh "decently and systematically" without proper training; and said that a person who could laugh in but one tone seemed to him like one who could say only *oui* and *non*; but that a trained laugher could express many things without words, and would often thus be spared the utterance of unpleasant words.

Young people and fools laugh easily, says an old proverb, which has often proved itself true; and with such a great incentive to merriment is, that it is forbidden. Some young French naval officers once accompanied their captain to an audience of Pope Benedict XIV. When they came to kiss the sacred Pontifical toe they could

not keep in their mirth. The captain looked on with rage and embarrassment, but the good Benedict said, "Never mind them; I am, to be sure, Pope, but I have not the power to keep Frenchmen from laughing." The Tyrrinthians consulted an oracle for a cure for the incessant laughter which afflicted them. "Throw an ox into the sea, in honor of Neptune, without laughing," was the reply; but they found obedience impossible, for as they were leading the animal along a boy joined the procession, and when the grave elders drove him away, cried out, "Do you fear that I want to eat your ox?" Whereat the assembly roared—and returned home.

However would-be-great men pretend to scorn laughter, it remains true that a good laugher is ever an honest fellow; and that laughter is good for the health we have an old proverb to prove: Laugh and grow fat. Think of honest Jack Falstaff, of Sancho Panza, of Dr. Slop—all fat, all dearly beloved. "When a man smiles, and much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life," says Sterne—who wished laughter enumerated in the *materia medica*, as an eminent English physician used to prescribe to his patients suffering from melancholy "3—4 pp. Peregrine Pickle;" and the great Sydenham maintained that the arrival of a clown in a village was as wholesome as that of twenty donkeys laden with drugs. Tissot, the famous French physician, cured consumptions and liver complaints by causing his patients to laugh; Erasmus, through immoderate laughter at the rude Latin of Hutten's "*Letters of Obscure Men*," broke an internal abscess which had long plagued him; and one of the Abderites was so grateful for his health, restored by laughter at the whimsies of a donkey, that he took the name Onogelastes, and called his son Onobolus, and his grandson Onomemnon. Honest laughter is a curative of the same kind as coughing, sneezing, and perhaps vomiting—only pleasanter than any of these; and a cheerful frame of mind has kept many a traveler in sound health when his companions were dying around him. Stedman, the explorer of Surinam, says that he escaped all the diseases of that deadly climate by bathing, singing, laughing, and, "God forgive me," he adds, "cursing," which last I by no means recommend.

## FAILING LOVE.

"YOUR face has lost something, Helen. What is it?"

There was a look of concern in the speaker's inquiring eyes.

"Ten years have passed, dear friend!" answered the lady.

"Ten years of sunshine—fruitful years—Helen, should give the heart an abundant store of corn and wine. Your hives are full of honey."

The shade fell deeper on Helen's face.

"I am pained at this," said the friend. "Your letters have not betrayed the existence of a secret trouble."



"I was guarded."

"Guarded!"

"You know," answered Helen, rallying herself, and affecting a lighter state of mind, "that every house has its skeleton."

"Real or imaginary. Most of these skeletons are but shadows."

"Mine is real."

The two friends, met now for the first time in ten years, looked at each other in a strange way. The lightness of tone had died out in the sentence—"Mine is real."

"The best of husbands, good children, and a home like this! Where stands the skeleton? I can see no place for so unseemly an intruder."

"And yet, Margaret, the intruder is here, grinning at me all the while, and growing more and more ghastly."

"Dear friend, how you afflict me!"

Helen Ashby's face had become pale in this reference to a hidden sorrow which had never found voice before.

"It almost kills me to say it, Margaret; but—" Mrs. Ashby checked the sentence ere it found utterance.

"But what? Trust me, Helen. God gives wisdom to love. Through my love He may send healing to your soul. Let me look down into this haunted heart-chamber; let me see the ugly skeleton!"

"I am not loved as I once was, Margaret!" There was a cold shiver in Mrs. Ashby's voice.

"Not loved, Helen!"

"Not loved by my husband." Tears fell silently over Mrs. Ashby's face.

"You are under a dark delusion."

"No. Love has been steadily failing for years—slowly, almost imperceptibly, but surely. I shudder at the contrast, when I measure its height and depth, its length and breadth to-day, and then think how immeasurable it seemed ten years ago!"

"I am pained beyond expression, dear friend! Surely you are in a dream! My brief observation of your husband since I came reveals nothing like coldness or alienation. He is kind, gentle, and tranquil. As I watched his countenance last night, while he talked, and dwelt on the sentiments that fell from his lips, I could not help saying, 'He is fast growing to the stature of a man—that is, of an angel!' This could not be if he were getting cold toward the wife of his bosom."

"Oh, he is good, and true, and excellent!" answered Mrs. Ashby. "A purer, better man does not live. I reverence, I idolize him! He stands in my sight the embodiment of human perfection! But all the while I am conscious of an increasing distance between us. We are not so close together as we were one, two, three, four, or five years ago. My friend, this is terrible! Is it to go on—this widening of the space between us—until he vanishes out of sight, and I am left shivering alone in a universe of darkness? Give me annihilation rather!"

This was the skeleton in Mrs. Ashby's house;

no phantom of the imagination, but a real skeleton. The friend sat long before replying. What Helen now said brought into light some things casually noted since her arrival—some things which had been felt as inharmonious. Let us briefly refer to them: An awkward or confused servant spilled some water on the table, at tea-time, in filling a glass. Mrs. Ashby, instead of passing the incident without notice, reproved her sharply. Mr. Ashby was talking at the time in a cheerful, animated voice. He became silent, but resumed in a few moments. The most ordinary observer would have perceived a change of tone, marked by a certain depression of feeling. Soon after the conversation was resumed Mr. Ashby referred to a lady acquaintance, and spoke of her as an accomplished singer, when his wife threw in some remarks disparaging to her as a woman. To these Mr. Ashby offered a few mildly-spoken excuses; but his wife tore them away with an unseemly asperity of manner, that, to say the least of it, was unbeautiful. Her husband changed the subject. Again he mentioned with praise a lady friend; and again Mrs. Ashby came in with a "but" and an "if," veiling the good and exposing the defects of her character. Two or three times during the meal Mrs. Ashby spoke impatiently to the children, and with a quality of tone that left on the ear an unpleasing impression.

The friend now recalled these little inharmonious incidents. They gave her a glimmer of light.

"Love is never constrained," she said, after a long pause.

Mrs. Ashby sighed deeply.

"True love is of the soul. Why do you love your husband?"

"Because," answered Mrs. Ashby, "he is, in my eyes, the embodiment of all manly perfections. He is just, pure, truthful, full of gentleness and goodness."

"And if such be his quality, Helen, can he love in a wife any thing that is not pure and gentle, truthful and good? Have you ever asked yourself a question like this?"

Mrs. Ashby's form was lifted to a sudden erectness. Her brow contracted slightly; her eyes lost something of their softened expression; her lips grew firm.

"Forgive me, Helen, if I have hurt or offended. I love you too well to give fruitless pain," said the friend. "I was only trying to lead your thought inward. If, as you seem to fear, your husband is receding from you, it must be in consequence of inharmonious states of mind—of dissimilarities, or antagonisms. There must be affinities, or there can be no conjunctions. Our souls must be beautiful if we would be truly loved. Have you ever pondered these things? If not, the time has come when you should, in all faithfulness and all seriousness, do so. If your husband be indeed advancing toward all true manly excellences, be growing in spiritual stature, will he not, unless you also advance and grow toward womanly excellence and



perfection, recede from you—get so far beyond as to be out of sight? Are not spiritual laws as unfailing as natural laws?"

Mrs. Ashby's face had already lost its gathering sternness. Her friend paused.

"Why have you said this to me?"

"Because I love you, Helen, and desire your happiness."

Mrs. Ashby sighed deeply, dropped her gaze, and sat looking inward for a long time. Then sighed again, and looked up into the face of her friend.

"What have you seen, Margaret? Deal with me honestly as a friend."

"A temper and disposition which your husband can not approve."

"Margaret!"

"You have asked me to deal honestly, as with a friend. Shall I go on?"

"Yes, yes; speak of all that is in your mind."

"Your husband is gentle and considerate, ready to excuse faults, free from hardness and harshness."

"None more so."

"I saw that your impatient words, when a servant spilled water on the table last evening, jarred his feelings. He was talking cheerfully at the time; but the change in his tone that followed showed a depressed state. It was plain to me that you hurt him by your sharp reproof more than you hurt the servant. Then I noticed that as often as he spoke in favor of certain persons you placed evil against their good, and not in the most amiable spirit. Once or twice he tried to defend the good, and then you set yourself against him with a degree of asperity that must have produced in his mind a sense of pain. He did not contend; though I fear, had he done so, you would have been all ready for a sharp conflict. Before tea was ended your husband, who conversed at the beginning in an easy, cheerful way, was sitting almost silent. Evidently you had reacted upon him in a manner to depress his feelings. I did not comprehend this at the time, but it is plain enough now."

"I think, Margaret," said Mrs. Ashby as her friend ceased, "that you had on magnifying glasses last evening. A stranger listening to your speech would set me down as ill-natured, if not quarrelsome. Henry would smile to hear you. I am not perfect, I know; and my husband understands this, and makes all due allowance for infirmities of temper."

"Can he in spirit, Helen, conjoin himself to these or any other infirmities? Do their indulgence draw him nearer or away from you? Can he love them?"

Mrs. Ashby's countenance changed. She did not reply.

"Would he choose to live forever conjoined to a disturbing and inharmonious spirit? No matter how feeble the disturbance or slight the lack of harmony, if conjunction must be eternal would not conjunction be avoided as a calamity? We can not bind the soul, my friend, by any laws but its own. Love is drawn by likeness of

quality—affinities combine. If you and your husband are to reach an eternal union you must love and delight in the same things. You must be of like quality. Your hearts must so beat that the flow of life is reciprocal, and the pulses move in unity. You must become like him, or he must become like you. In which contingency lies the surer hope? Answer to your own soul, my friend. If he is receding from you, getting all the while to a farther distance, why is it? What does it mean? Is he rising or descending? Growing better or worse? Which is it, Helen?"

"He is rising. He is growing better."

"And yet receding!"

"I have felt it for a long time, Margaret."

"Then gird your loins—bind sandals to your feet—up, my friend, and press onward in the way you see him going, and draw once more close to his side. As you love him with a pure heart tenderly, seek for the graces of spirit, for the qualities of soul he loves. Cultivate all heavenly affections. Be gentle, kind, considerate, loving—in a word, seek all the Christian graces—and there will be no happier wife in all the land. With such a husband as yours—and I will take your own portraiture—what can stand in the way of all felicities but an undisciplined will?"

"If he will only love an angel, there is no hope for me," replied Mrs. Ashby. "I am but a woman, infirm of will, and stumbling along darkly in my path of life. Oh, Margaret! you are giving me light only to show me the hopelessness of my case."

"Not so," replied the friend. "Your husband is not very far away from you. If I were talking with him of his own state he would use language quite as strong as yours. The infirm will, the darkened way, the stumbling feet—they are his as well as yours and mine. Those who are in advance of us do not walk as serenely as we think. There are always difficulties in the way, and the farther advance we make, while in this world, the more of them we shall find; but for these a higher strength, with patience and humility, are given. Begin by shunning such things as, in the light of reason and God's Word, you know to be wrong. Lay a tranquil hand on your temper, and hold back from utterance all harsh words that can do no good. Have charity for the weaknesses, the infirmities, and shortcomings of others; and if you can not speak approvingly, say no ill. So shall you move onward in the way your beloved is going; so shall you draw near to him in spirit; so shall his soul reflect your soul, and that unity of life be attained which makes of two one forever."

"And you think there is hope for me, Margaret—Hope of winning back the love that seems vanishing?" said Mrs. Ashby. "I see the way it has gone as my eyes follow your pointing finger."

"The lovely are beloved, Helen."

"I must become lovelier then?"

"In spirit; for love is of the spirit. If you



indulge in passion, ill-nature, envies, evil-speaking, and uncharitableness, can one who is trying to put these unclean things out of his heart—who turns from them as foul and hateful—draw closer to you and take you as the embodiment of all perfection into his soul? It is simply impossible, Helen. The good can not love us unless we are beautiful in spirit. To ask them to do so is to require an impossibility."

More than a minute passed. Then lifting her eyes from the floor, where they had been resting, Mrs. Ashby said, "Whereas I was blind, now I see. Oh, my friend, you have come as an angel to lead me out of the wilderness into a plain way. If my husband is advancing while I stand still what wonder is it that he recedes? If I do not walk by his side as he ascends the mountain of spiritual perfection the necessity that divides us is of my own creation. As you have urged, my friend, so will I do—gird up my loins, bind sandals to my feet, and press onward in the way he is going."

"And sooner than you think for, Helen," was answered, "will you be at his side. He is not very far in advance. The road to perfection of life is never passed over with rapid feet. Very slowly the steps are taken. Your husband loves you, but he can not love in you what is unlovely. Put away, then, all the unbeautiful things that veil your attractions. Be in his eyes gentle, loving, charitable, and kind. Be more ready to see as he sees than to find ground of difference. If you do not see in the light of his understanding wait and reflect, but do not argue and oppose. To be truly united, as to the spirit, is to be one in affection and thought. If there is no harmony in your thoughts, the closer you draw together the more you will disturb each other. But why should I say more? Your eyes are open, and you see. The way is plain, walk in it and find peace and joy. You have a true man for a husband; be to him a true wife, and happiness beyond any thing conceivable now shall be yours in the ages of eternity."

## THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



### CHAPTER XXXV.

RES ANGUSTA DOMI.

**T**O reconcile these two men was impossible after such a quarrel as that described in the last chapter. The only chance of peace was to keep the two men apart. If they met they would fly at each other. Mugford always persisted that he could have got the better of his great hulking sub-editor, who did not know the use of his fists. In Mugford's youthful time bruising was a fashionable art, and the old gentleman still believed in his own skill and prowess. "Don't tell me," he would say; "though the fellar is as big as a life-guardsmen, I would have doubled him up in two minutes." I am very glad, for poor Charlotte's sake and his own, that Philip did not undergo the doubling-up process. He himself felt such a wrath and surprise at his

employer as, I suppose, a lion does when a little dog attacks him. I should not like to be that little dog, nor does my modest and peaceful nature at all prompt and impel me to combat with lions.

It was mighty well Mr. Philip Firmin had shown his spirit and quarreled with his bread-and-butter; but when Saturday came what philanthropist would hand four sovereigns and four shillings over to Mr. F., as Mr. Burjoyce, the publisher of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, had been accustomed to do? I will say for my friend that a still keener remorse than that which he felt about money thrown away attended him when he found that Mrs. Woolsey, toward whom he had cast a sidelong stone of persecution, was a most respectable and honorable lady. "I should like to go, Sir, and grovel before her," Philip said, in his energetic way. "If I see that tailor, I will request him to put his foot on my head and trample on me with his highlows. Oh, for shame! for shame! Shall I never learn charity toward my neighbors, and always go on believing in the lies which people tell me? When I meet that scoundrel Trail at the club I must chastise him. How dared he take away the reputation of an honest woman?" Philip's friends besought him, for the sake of society and peace, not to carry this quarrel farther. "If," we said, "every woman whom Trail has maligned had a champion who should box Trail's ears at the club, what a vulgar, quarrelsome place that club would become! My dear Philip, did you ever know Mr. Trail say a good word of man or woman?" and by these or similar entreaties and arguments we succeeded in keeping the Queen's peace.

Yes: but how find another *Pall Mall Gazette*?





PATERFAMILIAS.

Had Philip possessed seven thousand pounds in the three per cents., his income would have been no greater than that which he drew from Muggford's faithful bank. Ah! how wonderful ways and means are! When I think how this very line, this very word, which I am writing represents money, I am lost in a respectful astonishment. A man takes his own case, as he says his own prayers, on behalf of himself and his family. I am paid, we will say, for the sake of illustration, at the rate of sixpence per line. With the words "Ah, how wonderful," to the



words "per line," I can buy a loaf, a piece of butter, a jug of milk, a modicum of tea—actually enough to make breakfast for the family; and the servants of the house; and the char-woman, *their* servant, can shake up the tea-leaves with a fresh supply of water, sop the crusts, and get a meal, *tant bien que mal*. Wife, children, guests, servants, char-woman, we are all actually making a meal off Philip Firmin's bones as it were. And my next-door neighbor, whom I see spinning away to chambers, umbrella in hand? And next door but one the city man? And next door but two the doctor!—I know the baker has left loaves at every one of their doors this morning, that all their chimneys are smoking, and they will all have breakfast. Ah, thank God for it! I hope, friend, you and I are not too proud to ask for our daily bread, and to be grateful for getting it? Mr. Philip had to work for his, in care and trouble, like other children of men: to work for it, and I hope to pray for it too. It is a thought to me awful and beautiful, that of the daily prayer, and of the myriads of fellow-men uttering it, in care and in sickness, in doubt and in poverty, in health and in wealth. *Panem nostrum da nobis hodie*. Philip whispers it by the bedside where wife and child lie sleeping, and goes to his early labor with a stouter heart: as he creeps to his rest when the day's labor is over, and the quotidian bread is earned, and breathes his hushed thanks to the bountiful Giver of the meal. All over this world what an endless chorus is singing of love, and thanks, and prayer! Day tells to day the wondrous story, and night recounts it into night. How do I come to think of a sunrise which I saw near twenty years ago on the Nile, when the river and sky flushed and glowed with the dawning light, and as the luminary appeared the boatmen knelt on the rosy deck and adored Allah? So, as thy sun rises, friend, over the humble housetops round about your home, shall you wake many and many a day to duty and labor. May the task have been honestly done when the night comes, and the steward deal kindly with the laborer!

So two of Philip's cables cracked and gave way after a very brief strain, and the poor fellow held by nothing now but that wonderful *European Review* established by the mysterious Tregarvan. Actors, a people of superstitions and traditions, opine that Heaven, in some mysterious way, makes managers for their benefit. In like manner, Review proprietors are sent to provide the pabulum for us men of letters. With what complacency did my wife listen to the somewhat long-winded and pompous oratory of Tregarvan! He pompous and commonplace? Mr. Tregarvan spoke with excellent good sense. That wily woman never showed she was tired of his conversation. She praised him to Philip behind his back, and would not allow a word in his disparagement. As a doctor will punch your chest, your liver, your heart, listen at your lungs, squeeze your pulse, and what not, so this wily woman studied, shampoosed, auscultated Tregar-

van. Of course he allowed himself to be operated upon. Of course he had no idea that the lady was flattering, wheedling, humbugging him; but thought that he was a very well-informed, eloquent man, who had seen and read a great deal, and had an agreeable method of imparting his knowledge, and that the lady in question was a sensible woman, naturally eager for more information. Go, Dalilah! I understand your tricks! I know many another Omphale in London who will coax Hercules away from his club to come and listen to her wheedling talk.

One great difficulty we had was to make Philip read Tregarvan's own articles in the *Review*. He at first said he could not, or that he could not remember them; so that there was no use in reading them. And Philip's new master used to make artful allusions to his own writings in the course of conversation, so that our unwary friend would find himself under examination in any casual interview with Tregarvan, whose opinions on free-trade, malt-tax, income-tax, designs of Russia, or what not, might be accepted or denied, but ought at least to be known. We actually made Philip get up his owner's articles. We put questions to him privily regarding them—"coached" him, according to the university phrase. My wife humbugged that wretched Member of Parliament in a way which makes me shudder, when I think of what hypocrisy the sex is capable. Those arts and dissimulations with which she wheedles others suppose she exercised them on *me*? Horrible thought! No, angel! To others thou mayest be a coaxing hypocrite; to me thou art all candor. Other men may have been humbugged by other women; but I am not to be taken in by that sort of thing; and thou art all candor!

We had then so much per annum as editor. We were paid, besides, for our articles. We had really a snug little pension out of this *Review*, and we prayed it might last forever. We might write a novel. We might contribute articles to a daily paper; get a little parliamentary practice as a barrister. We actually did get Philip into a railway case or two, and my wife must be coaxing and hugging solicitors' ladies, as she had wheedled and coaxed Members of Parliament. Why, I do believe my Dalilah set up a flirtation with old Bishop Crossticks, with an idea of getting her *protégé* a living; and though the lady indignantly repudiates this charge, will she be pleased to explain how the bishop's sermons were so outrageously praised in the *Review*?

Philip's roughness and frankness did not displease Tregarvan, to the wonder of us all, who trembled lest he should lose this, as he had lost his former place. Mr. Tregarvan had more country houses than one, and at these not only was the editor of the *Review* made welcome, but the editor's wife and children, whom Tregarvan's wife took in especial regard. In London Lady Mary had assemblies, where our little friend Charlotte made her appearance; and half a



dozen times in the course of the season the wealthy Cornish gentleman feasted his retainers of the *Review*. His wine was excellent and old; his jokes were old too; his table pompous, grave, plentiful. If Philip was to eat the bread of dependence, the loaf was here very kindly prepared for him, and he ate it humbly and with not too much grumbling. This diet chokes some proud stomachs and disagrees with them; but Philip was very humble now, and of a nature grateful for kindness. He is one who requires the help of friends, and can accept benefits without losing independence—not all men's gifts, but some men's, whom he repays not only with coin but with an immense affection and gratitude. How that man did laugh at my witticisms! How he worshiped the ground on which my wife walked! He elected himself our champion. He quarreled with other people who found fault with our characters or would not see our perfections. There was something affecting in the way in which this big man took the humble place. We could do no wrong in his eyes; and woe betide the man who spoke disparagingly of us in his presence!

One day, at his patron's table, Philip exercised his valor and championship in our behalf by defending us against the evil-speaking of that Mr. Trail, who has been mentioned before as a gentleman difficult to please and credulous of ill regarding his neighbor. The talk happened to fall upon the character of the reader's most humble servant, and Trail, as may be imagined, spared me no more than the rest of mankind. Would you like to be liked by all people? That would be a reason why Trail should hate you. Were you an angel fresh dropped from the skies he would espy dirt on your robe, and a black feather or two in your wing. As for me, I know I am not angelical at all; and in walking my native earth can't help a little mud on my trowsers. Well: Mr. Trail began to paint my portrait, laying on those dark shadows which that well-known master is in the habit of employing. I was a parasite of the nobility; I was a heartless sycophant, house-breaker, drunkard, murderer, returned convict, etc., etc. With a little imagination Mrs. Candor can fill up the outline, and arrange the colors so as to suit her amiable fancy.

Philip had come late to dinner—of *this* fault, I must confess, he is guilty only too often. The company were at table; he took the only place vacant, and this happened to be at the side of Mr. Trail. On Trail's other side was a portly individual, of a healthy and rosy countenance and voluminous white waistcoat, to whom Trail directed much of his amiable talk, and whom he addressed once or twice as Sir John. Once or twice already we have seen how Philip has quarreled at table. He cried *mea culpa* loudly and honestly enough. He made vows of reform in this particular. He succeeded, dearly beloved brethren, not much worse or better than you and I do, who confess our faults, and go on promis-

ing to improve, and stumbling and picking ourselves up every day. The pavement of life is strewn with orange-peel, and who has not slipped on the flags?

"He is the most conceited man in London," Trail was going on, "and one of the most worldly. He will throw over a colonel to dine with a general. He wouldn't throw over you two baronets—he is a great deal too shrewd a fellow for that. He wouldn't give *you* up, perhaps, to dine with a lord, but any ordinary baronet he would."

"And why not us as well as the rest?" asks Tregarvan, who seemed amused at the speaker's chatter.

"Because you are not like common baronets at all. Because your estates are a great deal too large. Because, I suppose, you might either of you go to the Upper House any day. Because, as an author, he may be supposed to be afraid of a certain *Review*," cries Trail, with a loud laugh.

"Trail is speaking of a friend of yours," cried Sir John, nodding and smiling to the new-comer.

"Very lucky for my friend," growls Philip, and eats his soup in silence.

"By-the-way, that article of his on Madame de Sévigné is poor stuff. No knowledge of the period. Three gross blunders in French. A man can't write of French society unless he has lived in French society. What does Pendennis know of it? A man who makes blunders like those can't understand French. A man who can't speak French can't get on in French society. Therefore he can't write about French society. All these propositions are clear enough. Thank you. Dry Champagne, if you please. He is enormously overrated, I tell you; and so is his wife. They used to put her forward as a beauty; and she is only a dowdy woman out of a nursery. She has no style about her."

"She is only one of the best women in the world," Mr. Firmin called out, turning very red; and hereupon entered into a defense of our characters, and pronounced a eulogium upon both and each of us, in which I hope there was some little truth. However, he spoke with great enthusiasm; and Mr. Trail found himself in a minority.

"You are right to stand up for your friends, Firmin!" cried the host. "Let me introduce you to—"

"Let me introduce myself," said the gentleman on the other side of Mr. Trail. "Mr. Firmin, you and I are kinsmen—I am Sir John Ringwood." And Sir John reached a hand to Philip across Trail's chair. They talked a great deal together in the course of the evening; and when Mr. Trail found that the great northern baronet was friendly and familiar with Philip, and claimed a relationship with him, his manner toward Firmin altered. He pronounced afterward a warm eulogy upon Sir John for his frankness and good-nature in recognizing his unfortunate relative, and charitably said, "Philip might not be like the doctor, and could not



help having a rogue for a father." In former days Trail had eaten and drunken freely at that rogue's table. But we must have truth, you know, before all things; and if your own brother has committed a sin, common justice requires that you should stone him.

In former days, and not long after Lord Ringwood's death, Philip had left his card at this kinsman's door, and Sir John's butler, driving in his master's brougham, had left a card upon Philip, who was not over well pleased by this acknowledgment of his civility, and, in fact, employed abusive epithets when he spoke of the transaction. But when the two gentlemen actually met, their intercourse was kindly and pleasant enough. Sir John listened to his relative's talk—and it appears Philip comported himself with his usual free and easy manner—with interest and curiosity; and owned afterward that evil tongues had previously been busy with the young man's character, and that slander and untruth had been spoken regarding him. In this respect, if Philip is worse off than his neighbors, I can only say his neighbors are fortunate.

Two days after the meeting of the cousins the tranquillity of Thornhaugh Street was disturbed by the appearance of a magnificent yellow chariot, with crests, hammer-cloths, a bewigged coachman, and a powdered footman. Betsy, the nurse, who was going to take baby out for a walk, encountered this giant on the threshold of Mrs. Brandon's door, and a lady within the chariot delivered three cards to the tall menial, who transferred them to Betsy. And Betsy persisted in saying that the lady in the carriage admired baby very much, and asked its age, at which baby's mamma was not in the least surprised. In due course an invitation to dinner followed, and our friends became acquainted with their kinsfolk.

If you have a good memory for pedigrees—and in my youthful time every man *de bonne maison* studied genealogies, and had his English families in his memory—you know that this

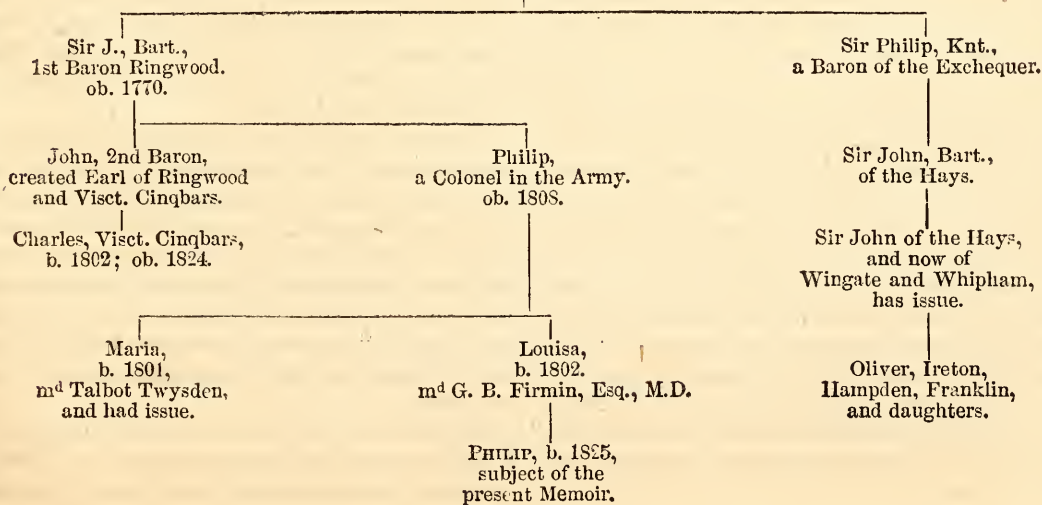
Sir John Ringwood, who succeeded to the principal portion of the estates, but not to the titles of the late earl, was descended from a mutual ancestor, a Sir John, whose elder son was ennobled (temp Geo. I.), while the second son, following the legal profession, became a judge, and had a son, who became a baronet, and who begat that present Sir John who has just been shaking hands with Philip across Trail's back.\* Thus the two men were cousins; and in right of the heiress, his poor mother, Philip might quarter the Ringwood arms on his carriage whenever he drove out. These, you know, are argent, a dexter sinople on a fesse wavy of the first—or pick out, my dear friend, any coat you like out of the whole heraldic wardrobe, and accommodate it to our friend Firmin.

When he was a young man at college Philip had dabbled a little in this queer science of heraldry, and used to try and believe the legends about his ancestry which his fond mother imparted to him. He had a great book-plate made for himself, with a prodigious number of quarterings, and could recite the alliances by which such and such a quartering came into his shield. His father rather confirmed these histories, and spoke of them and of his wife's noble family with much respect: and Philip, artlessly whispering to a vulgar boy at school that he was descended from King John, was thrashed very unkindly by the vulgar upper boy, and nicknamed King John for many a long day after. I dare say many other gentlemen who profess to trace their descent from ancient kings have no better or worse authority for their pedigree than friend Philip.

When our friend paid his second visit to Sir John Ringwood he was introduced to his kinsman's library. A great family-tree hung over the mantle-piece, surrounded by a whole gallery of defunct Ringwoods, of whom the baronet was now the representative. He quoted to Philip the hackneyed old Horatian lines (some score of years ago a great deal of that old coin was

\* Copied, by permission of P. Firmin, Esq., from the Genealogical Tree in his possession.

Sir J. Ringwood, Bart.,  
of Wingate and Whipham.  
b. 1649; ob. 1725.





current in conversation). As for family, he said, and ancestors, and what we have not done ourselves, these things we can hardly call ours! Sir John gave Philip to understand that he was a staunch liberal. Sir John was for going with the age. Sir John had fired a shot from the Paris barricades. Sir John was for the rights of man every where all over the world. He had pictures of Franklin, Lafayette, Washington, and the first Consul Bonaparte on his walls along with his ancestors. He had lithograph copies of Magna Charta, the Declaration of American Independence, and the Signatures to the Death of Charles I. He did not scruple to own his preference for republican institutions. He wished to know what right had any man—the late Lord Ringwood, for example—to sit in a hereditary House of Peers and legislate over him? That lord had had a son Cinqbars, who died many years before, a victim of his own follies and debaucheries. Had Lord Cinqbars survived his father, he would now be sitting an earl in the House of Peers—the most ignorant young man, the most unprincipled young man, reckless, dissolute, of the feeblest intellect and the worst life. Well, had he lived and inherited the Ringwood property, that creature would have been an earl: whereas he, Sir John, his superior in morals, in character, in intellect, his equal in point of birth (for had they not both a common ancestor?) was Sir John still. The inequalities in men's chances in life were monstrous and ridiculous. He was determined, henceforth, to look at a man for himself alone, and not esteem him for any of the absurd caprices of fortune.

As the republican was talking to his relative a servant came into the room and whispered to his master that the plumber had come with his bill as by appointment; upon which Sir John rose up in a fury, asked the servant how he dared to disturb him, and bade him tell the plumber to go to the lowest depths of Tartarus. Nothing could equal the insolence and rapacity of tradesmen, he said, except the insolence and idleness of servants; and he called this one back, and asked him how he dared to leave the fire in that state?—stormed and raged at him with a volubility which astonished his new acquaintance; and, the man being gone, resumed his previous subject of conversation, viz., natural equality and the outrageous injustice of the present social system. After talking for half an hour, during which Philip found that he himself could hardly find an opportunity of uttering a word, Sir John took out his watch and got up from his chair; at which hint Philip too rose, not sorry to bring the interview to an end. And herewith Sir John accompanied his kinsman into the hall, and to the street door, before which the baronet's groom was riding, leading his master's horse. And Philip heard the baronet using violent language to the groom, as he had done to the servant within doors. Why, the army in Flanders did not swear more terribly than this admirer of republican institutions and advocate of the rights of man.

Philip was not allowed to go away without appointing a day when he and his wife would partake of their kinsman's hospitality. On this occasion Mrs. Philip comported herself with so much grace and simplicity that Sir John and Lady Ringwood pronounced her to be a very pleasing and ladylike person, and I dare say wondered how a person in her rank of life could have acquired manners that were so refined and agreeable. Lady Ringwood asked after the child which she had seen, praised its beauty; of course, won the mother's heart, and thereby caused her to speak with perhaps more freedom than she would otherwise have felt at a first interview. Mrs. Philip has a dainty touch on the piano, and a sweet singing voice that is charmingly true and neat. She performed after dinner some of the songs of her little *répertoire*, and pleased her audience. Lady Ringwood loved good music, and was herself a fine performer of the ancient school, when she played Haydn and Mozart under the tuition of good old Sir George Thrum. The tall and handsome beneficed clergyman who acted as major-domo of Sir John's establishment placed a parcel in the carriage when Mr. and Mrs. Philip took their leave, and announced with much respectful deference that the cab was paid. Our friends no doubt would have preferred to dispense with this ceremony; but it is ill looking even a gift cab-horse in the mouth, and so Philip was a gainer of some two shillings by his kinsman's liberality.

When Charlotte came to open the parcel which major-domo, with his lady's compliments, had placed in the cab, I fear she did not exhibit that elation which we ought to feel for the favors of our friends. A couple of little frocks, of the cut of George IV., some little red shoes of the same period, some crumpled sashes, and other small articles of wearing apparel, by her ladyship's order by her ladyship's lady's-maid; and Lady Ringwood kissing Charlotte at her departure, told her that she had caused this little packet to be put away for her. "H'm," says Philip, only half pleased. "Suppose, Sir John had told his butler to put up one of his blue coats and brass buttons for me, as well as pay the cab?"

"If it was meant in kindness, Philip, we must not be angry," pleaded Philip's wife; "and I am sure if you had heard her and the Miss Ringwoods speak of baby you would like them, as I intend to do."

But Mrs. Philip never put those mouldy old red shoes upon baby; and as for the little frocks, children's frocks are made so much fuller now that Lady Ringwood's presents did not answer at all. Charlotte managed to furbish up a sash, and a pair of epaulets for her child—epaulets are they called? Shoulder-knots—what you will, ladies; and with these ornaments Miss Firmin was presented to Lady Ringwood and some of her family.

The good-will of these new-found relatives of Philip's was laborious, was evident, and yet I must say was not altogether agreeable. At the



first period of their intercourse—for this too, I am sorry to say, came to an end, or presently suffered interruption—tokens of affection in the shape of farm produce, country butter and poultry, and actual butcher's meat, came from Berkeley Square to Thornhaugh Street. The Duke of Doubleglo'ster, I know, is much richer than you are; but if he were to offer to make you a present of half-a-crown, I doubt whether you would be quite pleased. And so with Philip and his relatives. A hamper brought in the brougham, containing hot-house grapes and country butter, is very well, but a leg of mutton I own was a gift that was rather tough to swallow. It *was* tough. That point we ascertained and established among roars of laughter one day when we dined with our friends. Did Lady Ringwood send a sack of turnips in the brougham too? In a word, we ate Sir John's mutton, and we laughed at him, and be sure many a man has done the same by you and me. Last Friday, for instance, as Jones and Brown go away after dining with your humble servant. "Did you ever see such profusion and extravagance?" asks Brown. "Profusion and extravagance!" cries Jones, that well-known epicure. "I never saw any thing so shabby in my life. What does the fellow mean by asking *me* to such a dinner?" "True," says the other, "it *was* an abominable dinner, Jones, as you justly say; but it was very profuse in him to give it. Don't you see?" and so both our good friends are agreed.

Ere many days were over the great yellow chariot and its powdered attendants again made their appearance before Mrs. Brandon's modest door in Thornhaugh Street, and Lady Ringwood and two daughters descended from the carriage and made their way to Mr. Philip's apartments in the second floor, just as that worthy gentleman was sitting down to dinner with his wife. Lady Ringwood, bent upon being gracious, was in ecstasies with every thing she saw—a clean house—a nice little maid—pretty picturesque rooms—odd rooms—and what charming pictures! Several of these were the work of the fond pencil of poor J. J., who, as has been told, had painted Philip's beard and Charlotte's eyebrow, and Charlotte's baby a thousand and a thousand times. "May we come in? Are we disturbing you? What dear little bits of china! What a beautiful mug, Mr. Firmin!" This was poor J. J.'s present to his god-daughter. "How nice the luncheon looks! Dinner, is it? How pleasant to dine at this hour!" The ladies were determined to be charmed with every thing round about them.

"We are dining on your poultry. May we offer some to you and Miss Ringwood?" says the master of the house.

"Why don't you dine in the dining-room? Why do you dine in a bedroom?" asks Franklin Ringwood, the interesting young son of the Baronet of Ringwood.

"Somebody else lives in the parlor," says Mrs. Philip. On which the boy remarks, "We

have two dining-rooms in Berkeley Square. I mean for us, besides papa's study, which I mustn't go into. And the servants have two dining-rooms, and—"

"Hush! Here," cries mamma, with the usual remark regarding the beauty of silence in little boys.

But Franklin persists in spite of the "Hushes:" "And so we have at Ringwood; and at Whipham there's ever so many dining-rooms—ever so many—and I like Whipham a great deal better than Ringwood, because my pony is at Whipham. *You* have not got a pony. *You* are too poor."

"Franklin!"

"You said he was too poor; and you would not have had chickens if we had not given them to you. Mamma, you know you said they were very poor, and would like them."

And here mamma looked red, and I dare say Philip's cheeks and ears tingled, and for once Mrs. Philip was thankful at hearing her baby cry, for it gave her a pretext for leaving the room and flying to the nursery, whither the other two ladies accompanied her.

Meanwhile Master Franklin went on with his artless conversation. "Mr. Philip, why do they say you are wicked? You do not look wicked; and I am sure Mrs. Philip does not look wicked—she looks very good."

"Who says I am wicked?" asks Mr. Firmin of his candid young relative.

"Oh, ever so many! Cousin Talbot says so; and Blanche says so; and Woolcombe says so; only I don't like him, he's so very brown. And when they heard you had been to dinner, 'Has that beast been here?' Talbot says. And I don't like him a bit. But I like you—at least I think I do. You only have oranges for dessert. We always have lots of things for dessert at home. *You* don't, I suppose, because you've got no money—only a very little."

"Well: I have got only a very little," says Philip.

"I have some—ever so much. And I'll buy something for your wife; and I shall like to have you better at home than Blanche, and Talbot, and that Woolcombe; and they never give me any thing. You can't, you know, because you are so very poor—you are; but we'll often send you things, I dare say. And I'll have an orange, please—thank you. And there's a chap at our school, and his name is Suckling, and he ate eighteen oranges, and wouldn't give one away to any body. Wasn't he a greedy pig? And I have wine with my oranges—I do: a glass of wine—thank you. That's jolly. But you don't have it often, I suppose, because you're so very poor."

I am glad that infant could not understand, being yet of too tender age, the compliments which Lady Ringwood and her daughter passed upon her. As it was, the compliments charmed the mother, for whom indeed they were intended, and did not inflame the unconscious baby's vanity.



"What would the polite mamma and sister have said, if they had heard that unlucky Franklin's prattle?" The boy's simplicity amused his tall cousin. "Yes," says Philip, "we are very poor, but we are very happy, and don't mind—that's the truth."

"Mademoiselle, that's the German governess, said she wondered how you could live at all; and I don't think you could if you ate as much as she did. You should see her eat; she is such a *oner* at eating. Fred, my brother, that's the one who is at college, one day tried to see how much Mademoiselle Wallfitch could eat, and she had twice of soup, and then she said *sivoplay*, and then twice of fish, and she said *sivoplay* for more; and then she had roast mutton—no, I think roast beef it was; and she eats the pease with her knife, and then she had raspberry jam pudding, and ever so much beer, and then—" But what came then we never shall know; because while young Franklin was choking with laughter (accompanied with a large piece of orange) at the ridiculous recollection of Miss Wallfitch's appetite, his mamma and sister came down stairs from Charlotte's nursery, and brought the dear boy's conversation to an end. The ladies chose to go home, delighted with Philip, baby, Charlotte. Every thing was so proper. Every thing was so nice; Mrs. Firmin was so ladylike. The fine ladies watched her and her behavior with that curiosity which the Brobdingnag ladies displayed when they held up little Gulliver on their palms, and saw him bow, smile, dance, draw his sword, and so forth, just like a man.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### IN WHICH PHILIP WEARS A WIG.

WE can not expect to be loved by a relative whom we have knocked into an illuminated pond, and whose coat-tails, pantaloons, nether limbs, and best feelings we have lacerated with ill-treatment and broken glass. A man whom you have so treated behind his back will not be sparing of his punishment behind yours. Of course all the Twysdens, male and female, and Wooleombe, the dusky husband of Philip's former love, hated and feared, and maligned him; and were in the habit of speaking of him as a truculent and reckless savage and monster, coarse and brutal in his language and behavior, ragged, dirty, and reckless in his personal appearance; reeking with smoke, perpetually reeling in drink, indulging in oaths, actions, laughter which rendered him intolerable in civilized society. The Twysdens, during Philip's absence abroad, had been very respectful and assiduous in courting the new head of the Ringwood family. They had flattered Sir John, and paid court to my lady. They had been welcomed at Sir John's houses in town and country. They had adopted his politics in a great measure, as they had adopted the politics of the deceased Ringwood. They had never lost an opportunity



of abusing poor Philip and of ingratiating themselves. They had never refused any invitation from Sir John in town or country, and had ended by utterly boring him and Lady Ringwood and the Ringwood family in general. Lady Ringwood learned somewhere how pitilessly Mrs. Wooleombe had jilted her cousin when a richer suitor appeared in the person of the West Indian. Then news came how Philip had administered a beating to Wooleombe, to Talbot Twysden, to a dozen who set on him. The early prejudices began to pass away. A friend or two of Philip's told Ringwood how he was mistaken in the young man, and painted a portrait of him in colors much more favorable than those which his kinsfolk employed. Indeed, dear relations, if the public wants to know our little faults and errors, I think I know who will not grudge the requisite information. Dear Aunt Candor, are you not still alive, and don't you know what we had for dinner yesterday, and the amount (monstrous extravagance!) of the washer-woman's bill?

Well, the Twysden family so bespattered poor Philip with abuse, and represented him as a monster of such hideous mien, that no wonder the Ringwoods avoided him. Then they began to grow utterly sick and tired of his detractors. And then Sir John, happening to talk with his brother Member of Parliament, Tregarvan, in the House of Commons, heard quite a different story regarding our friend to that with which the Twysdens had regaled him; and with no little surprise on Sir John's part, was told by Tregarvan how honest, rough, worthy, affectionate, and gentle this poor maligned fellow was; how he had been sinned against by his wretch of a father, whom he had forgiven and actually helped out of his wretched means; and how he was making a brave battle against poverty, and had a



sweet little loving wife and child, whom every kind heart would willingly strive to help. Because people are rich they are not of necessity ogres. Because they are born gentlemen and ladies of good degree, are in easy circumstances, and have a generous education, it does not follow that they are heartless and will turn their back on a friend. *Moi qui vous parle*—I have been in a great strait of sickness near to death, and the friends who came to help me with every comfort, succor, sympathy were actually gentlemen, who lived in good houses, who had a good education. They didn't turn away because I was sick, or fly from me because they thought I was poor; on the contrary, hand, purse, succor, sympathy were ready, and praise be to Heaven. And so too did Philip find help when he needed it, and succor when he was in poverty. Tregarvan, we will own, was a pompous little man, his House of Commons speeches were dull, and his written documents awfully slow; but he had a kind heart: he was touched by that picture which Laura drew of the young man's poverty, and honesty, and simple hopefulness in the midst of hard times: and we have seen how the *European Review* was thus intrusted to Mr. Philip's management. Then some artful friends of Philip's determined that he should be reconciled to his relations, who were well-to-do in the world, and might serve him. And I wish, dear reader, that your respectable relatives and mine would bear this little paragraph in mind and leave us both handsome legacies. Then Tregarvan spoke to Sir John Ringwood, and that meeting was brought about, where, for once at least, Mr. Philip quarreled with nobody.

And now came another little piece of good luck, which, I suppose, must be attributed to the same kind friend who had been scheming for Philip's benefit, and who is never so happy as when her little plots for her friend's benefit can be made to succeed. Yes: when that arch-jobber—don't tell me—I never knew a woman worth a pin who wasn't—when that arch-jobber, I say, has achieved a job by which some friend is made happy, her eyes and cheeks brighten with triumph. Whether she has got a sick man into a hospital, or got a poor woman a family's washing, or made a sinner repent and return to wife, husband, or what not, that woman goes off and pays her thanks, where thanks are due, with such fervor, with such lightsomeness, with such happiness, that I assure you she is a sight to behold. Hush! When one sinner is saved, who are glad? Some of us know a woman or two pure as angels—know, and are thankful.

When the person about whom I have been prattling has one of her benevolent jobs in hand, or has completed it, there is a sort of triumph and mischief in her manner, which I don't know otherwise how to describe. She does not understand my best jokes at this period, or answer them at random, or laugh very absurdly and vacantly. She embraces her children wildly, and, at the most absurd moments, is utterly unmindful when they are saying their lessons,

prattling their little questions, and so forth. I recall all these symptoms (and put this and that together, as the saying is) as happening on one especial day, at the commencement of Easter Term, eighteen hundred and never mind what—as happening on one especial morning when this lady had been astoundingly *distracte* and curiously excited. I now remember, how during her children's dinner-time, she sat looking into the square out of our window, and scarcely attending to the little innocent cries for mutton which the children were offering up.

At last there was a rapid clank over the pavement, a tall figure passed the parlor windows, which our kind friends know look into Queen Square, and then came a loud ring at the bell, and I thought the mistress of the house gave an ah—a sigh—as though her heart was relieved.

The street door was presently opened, and then the dining-room door, and Philip walks in with his hat on, his blue eyes staring before him, his hair flaming about, and “La, Uncle Philip!” cry the children. “What have you done to yourself? You have shaved off your mustache.” And so he had, I declare!

“I say, Pen, look here! This has been left at chambers; and Cassidy has sent it on by his clerk,” our friend said. I forget whether it has been stated that Philip's name still remained on the door of those chambers in Parchment Buildings, where we once heard his song of “Doctor Luther,” and were present at his call-supper.

The document which Philip produced was actually a brief. The papers were superscribed, “In Parliament, Polwheedle and Tredyddlum Railway. To support bill, Mr. Firmin; retainer, five guineas; brief, fifty guineas; consultation, five guineas. With you Mr. Armstrong, Sir J. Whitworth, Mr. Pinkerton.” Here was a wonder of wonders! A shower of gold was poured out on my friend. A light dawned upon me. The proposed bill was for a Cornish line. Our friend Tregarvan was concerned in it, the line passing through his property, and my wife had canvassed him privately, and by her wheedling and blandishments had persuaded Tregarvan to use his interest with the agents and get Philip this welcome aid.

Philip eyed the paper with a queer expression. He handled it as some men handle a baby. He looked as if he did not know what to do with it, and as if he should like to drop it. I believe I made some satirical remark to this effect as I looked at our friend with his paper.

“He holds a child beautifully,” said my wife, with much enthusiasm; “much better than some people who laugh at him.”

“And he will hold this no doubt much to his credit. May this be the father of many briefs! May you have bags full of them!” Philip had all our good wishes. They did not cost much, or avail much, but they were sincere. I know men who can't for the lives of them give even that cheap coin of good-will, but hate their neighbors' prosperity, and are angry with them when they cease to be dependent and poor.”



We have said how Cassidy's astonished clerk had brought the brief from chambers to Firmin at his lodgings at Mrs. Brandon's in Thornhaugh Street. Had a bailiff served him with a writ Philip could not have been more surprised or in a greater tremor. A brief? Grands Dieux! What was he to do with a brief? He thought of going to bed, and being ill—of flying from home, country, family. Brief? Charlotte, of course, seeing her husband alarmed, began to quake too. Indeed, if his worship's finger aches, does not her whole body suffer? But Charlotte's and Philip's constant friend, the Little Sister, felt no such fear. "Now there's this opening, you must take it, my dear," she said. "Suppose you don't know much about law—"

"Much! Nothing," interposed Philip. "You might ask me to play the piano; but as I never happened to have learned—"

"La—don't tell me! You mustn't show a faint heart. Take the business and do it best you can. You'll do it better next time, and next. The Bar's a gentleman's business. Don't I attend a judge's lady, which I remember her with her first in a little bit of a house in Bernard Street, Russell Square; and now haven't I been to her in Eaton Square, with a butler, and two footmen, and carriages ever so many? You may work on at your newspapers and get a crust, and when you're old, and if you quarrel—and you have a knack of quarreling—he has, Mrs. Firmin. I knew him before you did. Quarrelsome he is, and he will be, though you think him an angel, to be sure. Suppose you quarrel with your newspaper masters, and your reviews, and that, you lose your place. A gentleman like Mr. Philip oughtn't to have a master. I couldn't bear to think of your going down of a Saturday to the publishing office to get your wages like a workman."

"But *I am* a workman," interposes Philip.

"La! But do you mean to remain one forever? I would rise, if I was a man!" said the intrepid little woman; "I would rise, or I'd know the reason why. Who knows how many in family you're going to be? I'd have more spirit than to live in a second floor—I would!"

And the little woman said this, though she clung round Philip's child with a rapture of fondness which she tried in vain to conceal; though she felt that to part from it would be to part from her life's chief happiness; though she loved Philip as her own son: and Charlotte—well, Charlotte for Philip's sake—as women love other women.

Charlotte came to her friends in Queen Square, and told us of the resolute Little Sister's advice and conversation. She knew that Mrs. Brandon only loved her as something belonging to Philip. She admired this Little Sister, and trusted her, and could afford to bear that little somewhat scornful domination which Brandon exercised. "She does not love me, because Philip does," Charlotte said. "Do you think I could like her, or any woman, if I thought Philip loved them? I could kill them, Laura, that I

could!" And at this sentiment I imagine daggers shooting out of a pair of eyes that were ordinarily very gentle and bright.

Not having been engaged in the case in which Philip had the honor of first appearing, I can not enter into particulars regarding it, but am sure that case must have been uncommonly strong in itself which could survive such an advocate. He passed a frightful night of torture before appearing in committee room. During that night, he says, his hair grew gray. His old college friend and comrade Pinkerton, who was with him in the case, "coached" him on the day previous; and indeed it must be owned that the work which he had to perform was not of a nature to impair the inside or the outside of his skull. A great man was his leader; his friend Pinkerton followed; and all Mr. Philip's business was to examine half a dozen witnesses by questions previously arranged between them and the agents.

When you hear that, as a reward of his services in this case, Mr. Firmin received a sum of money sufficient to pay his modest family expenses for some four months, I am sure, dear and respected literary friends, that you will wish the lot of a parliamentary barrister had been yours, or that your immortal works could be paid with such a liberality as rewards the labors of these lawyers. "*Nimmer erscheinen die Götter allein.*" After one agent had employed Philip, another came and secured his valuable services; him two or three others followed, and our friend positively had money in bank. Not only were apprehensions of poverty removed for the present, but we had every reason to hope that Firmin's prosperity would increase and continue. And when a little son and heir was born, which blessing was conferred upon Mr. Philip about a year after his daughter, our godchild, saw the light, we should have thought it shame to have any misgivings about the future, so cheerful did Philip's prospects appear. "Did I not tell you," said my wife, with her usual kindling romance, "that comfort and succor would be found for these in the hour of their need?" Amen. We were grateful that comfort and succor should come. No one, I am sure, was more humbly thankful than Philip himself for the fortunate chances which befell him.

He was alarmed rather than elated by his sudden prosperity. "It can't last," he said. "Don't tell me. The attorneys must find me out before long. They can not continue to give their business to such an ignoramus; and I really think I must remonstrate with them." You should have seen the Little Sister's indignation when Philip uttered this sentiment in her presence. "Give up your business? Yes, do!" she cried, tossing up Philip's youngest born. "Fling this baby out of window, why not indeed, which Heaven has sent it you!—You ought to go down on your knees and ask pardon for having thought any thing so wicked." Philip's heir, by-the-way, immediately on his entrance into the world, had become the prime



favorite of this unreasoning woman. The little daughter was passed over as a little person of no account, and so began to entertain the passion of jealousy at almost the very earliest age at which even the female breast is capable of enjoying it.

And though this Little Sister loved all these people with an almost ferocious passion of love, and lay awake, I believe, hearing their infantine cries, or crept on stealthy feet in darkness to their mother's chamber door, behind which they lay sleeping; though she had, as it were, a rage for these infants, and was wretched out of their sight, yet, when a third and a fourth brief came to Philip, and he was enabled to put a little money aside, nothing would content Mrs. Brandon but that he should go into a house of his own. "A gentleman," she said, "ought not to live in a two-pair lodging; he ought to have a house of his own." So, you see, she hastened on the preparations for her own execution. She trudged to the brokers' shops and made wonderful bargains of furniture. She cut chintzes, and covered sofas, and sewed, and patched, and fitted. She found a house and took it—Milman Street, Guildford Street, opposite the Fondling (as the dear little soul called it), a most genteel, quiet little street, "and quite near for me to come," she said, "to see my dears." Did she speak with dry eyes? Mine moisten sometimes when I think of the faith, of the generosity, of the sacrifice, of that devoted, loving creature.

I am very fond of Charlotte. Her sweetness and simplicity won all our hearts at home. No wife or mother ever was more attached and affectionate; but I own there was a time when I hated her, though of course that highly principled woman, the wife of the author of the present memoirs, says that the statement I am making here is stuff and nonsense, not to say immoral and irreligious. Well, then, I hated Charlotte for the horrible eagerness which she showed in getting away from this Little Sister, who clung round those children, whose first cries she had heard. I hated Charlotte for a cruel happiness which she felt as she hugged the children to her heart: her own children in their own room, whom she would dress, and watch, and wash, and tend; and for whom she wanted no aid. No aid, *entendez vous?* Oh, it was a shame, a shame! In the new house, in the pleasant little trim new nursery (fitted up by whose fond hands we will not say), is the mother glaring over the cot, where the little, soft, round cheeks are pillowed; and yonder in the rooms in Thornhaugh Street, where she has tended them for two years, the Little Sister sits lonely as the moonlight streams in. God help thee, little, suffering, faithful heart! Never but once in her life before had she known so exquisite a pain.

Of course we had an entertainment in the new house; and Philip's friends, old and new, came to the house-warming. The family coach of the Ringwoods blocked up that astonished little street. The powder on their footmen's

heads nearly brushed the ceiling, as the monsters rose when the guests passed in and out of the hall. The Little Sister merely took charge of the tea-room. Philip's "library" was that usual little cupboard beyond the dining-room. The little drawing-room was dreadfully crowded by an ex-nursery piano, which the Ringwoods bestowed upon their friends; and somebody was in duty bound to play upon it on the evening of this *soirée*; though the Little Sister chafed down stairs at the music. In fact, her very words were, "Rat that piano!" She "ratted" the instrument, because the music would wake her little dears up stairs. And that music *did* wake them; and they howled melodiously, and the Little Sister, who was about to serve Lady Jane Tregarvan with some tea, dashed up stairs to the nursery: and Charlotte had reached the room already: and she looked angry when the Little Sister came in: and she said, "I am sure, Mrs. Brandon, the people down stairs will be wanting their tea;" and she spoke with some asperity. And Mrs. Brandon went down stairs without one word; and happening to be on the landing conversing with a friend, and a little out of the way of the duet which the Miss Ringwoods were performing—riding their great old horse, as it were, and putting it through its paces in Mrs. Firmin's little paddock—happening, I say, to be on the landing when Caroline passed, I took a hand as cold as stone, and never saw a look of grief more tragic than that worn by her poor little face as it passed. "My children cried," she said, "and I went up to the nursery. But she don't want me there now." Poor Little Sister! She humbled herself and groveled before Charlotte. You could not help trampling upon her then, Madam; and I hated you—and a great number of other women. Ridley and I went down to her tea-room, where Caroline resumed her place. She looked very nice and pretty, with her pale sweet face, and her neat cap and blue ribbon. Tortures I know she was suffering. Charlotte had been stabbing her. Women will use the edge sometimes, and drive the steel in. Charlotte said to me, some time afterward, "I *was* jealous of her, and you were right; and a dearer, more faithful creature never lived." But who told Charlotte I said she was jealous? *O treble bestia!* I told Ridley, and Mr. Ridley told Mrs. Firmin.

If Charlotte stabbed Caroline, Caroline could not help coming back again and again to the knife. On Sundays, when she was free, there was always a place for her at Philip's modest table; and when Mrs. Philip went to church Caroline was allowed to reign in the nursery. Sometimes Charlotte was generous enough to give Mrs. Brandon this chance. When Philip took a house—a whole house to himself—Philip's mother-in-law proposed to come and stay with him, and said that, wishing to be beholden to no one, she would pay for her board and lodging. But Philip declined this treat, representing, justly, that his present house was no bigger than his former lodgings. "My poor love is



dying to have me," Mrs. Baynes remarked on this. "But her husband is so cruel to her, and keeps her under such terror, that she dares not call her life her own." Cruel to her! Charlotte was the happiest of the happy in her little house. In consequence of his parliamentary success Philip went regularly to chambers now, in the fond hope that more briefs might come. At chambers he likewise conducted the chief business of his *Review*: and, at the accustomed hour of his return, that usual little procession of mother and child and nurse would be seen on the watch for him; and the young woman—the happiest young woman in Christendom—would walk back clinging on her husband's arm.

All this while letters came from Philip's dear father at New York, where, it appeared, he was engaged not only in his profession but in various speculations with which he was always about to make his fortune. One day Philip got a newspaper advertising a new insurance company, and saw, to his astonishment, the announcement of "Counsel in London, Philip Firmin, Esq., Parchment Buildings, Temple." A paternal letter promised Philip great fees out of this insurance company, but I never heard that poor Philip was any the richer. In fact, his friends advised him to have nothing to do with this insurance company, and to make no allusion to it in his letters. "They feared the Danaï, and the gifts they brought," as old Firmin would have said. They had to impress upon Philip an abiding mistrust of that wily old Greek, his father. Firmin senior always wrote hopefully and magnificently, and persisted in believing or declaring that ere very long he should have to announce to Philip that his fortune was made. He speculated in Wall Street, I don't know in what shares, inventions, mines, railways. One day, some few months after his migration to Milman Street, Philip, blushing and hanging down his head, had to tell me that his father had drawn upon him again. Had he not paid up his shares in a certain mine they would have been forfeited, and he and *his son after him* would have lost a certain fortune, old Danaus said. I fear an artful, a long-bow pulling Danaus. What, shall a man have birth, wealth, friends, high position, and end so that we dare not leave him alone in the room with our spoons? "And you have paid this bill which the old man drew?" we asked. Yes, Philip had paid the bill. He vowed he would pay no more. But it was not difficult to see that the doctor would draw more bills upon this accommodating banker. "I dread the letters which begin with a flourish about the fortune which he is just going to make," Philip said. He knew that the old parent prefaced his demands for money in that way.

Mention has been made of a great medical discovery which he had announced to his correspondent, Mrs. Brandon, and by which the doctor declared, as usual, that he was about to make a fortune. In New York and Boston he had tried experiments which had been attended with

the most astonishing success. A remedy was discovered, the mere sale of which in Europe and America must bring an immense revenue to the fortunate inventors. For the ladies whom Mrs. Brandon attended the remedy was of priceless value. He would send her some. His friend, Captain Morgan, of the Southampton packet-ship, would bring her some of this astonishing medicine. Let her try it. Let her show the accompanying cases to Doctor Goodenough—to any of his brother physicians in London. Though himself an exile from his country, he loved it, and was proud in being able to confer upon it one of the greatest blessings with which science had endowed mankind.

Goodenough, I am sorry to say, had such a mistrust of his *confrère* that he chose to disbelieve any statement Firmin made. "I don't believe, my good Brandon, the fellow has *nous* enough to light upon any scientific discovery more useful than a new sauce for cutlets. He invent any thing but fibs, never!" You see this Goodenough is an obstinate old heathen; and when he has once found reason to mistrust a man, he forever after declines to believe him.

However, the doctor is a man forever on the look-out for more knowledge of his profession, and for more remedies to benefit mankind: he hummed and ha'd over the pamphlet, as the Little Sister sat watching him in his study. He clapped it down after a while, and slapped his hands on his little legs as his wont is. "Brandon," he says, "I think there is a great deal in it, and I think so the more because it turns out that Firmin has nothing to do with the discovery, which has been made at Boston." In fact, Dr. Firmin, late of London, had only been present in the Boston hospital, where the experiments were made with the new remedy. He had cried "Halves," and proposed to sell it as a secret remedy, and the bottle which he forwarded to our friend the Little Sister was labeled "Firmin's Anodyne." What Firmin did, indeed, was what he had been in the habit of doing. He had taken another man's property, and was endeavoring to make a flourish with it. The Little Sister returned home, then, with her bottle of chloroform—for this was what Dr. Firmin chose to call his discovery, and he had sent home a specimen of it; as he sent home a cask of petroleum from Virginia; as he sent proposals for new railways upon which he promised Philip a munificent commission, if his son could but place the shares among his friends.

And with regard to these valuables, the sanguine doctor got to believe that he really was endowing his son with large sums of money. "My boy has set up a house, and has a wife and two children, the young jackanapes!" he would say to people in New York; "as if he had not been extravagant enough in former days! When I married I had private means, and married a nobleman's niece with a large fortune. Neither of these two young folks has a penny. Well, well, the old father must help them as well as he can!" And I am told there were ladies



who dropped the tear of sensibility, and said, "What a fond father this doctor is! How he sacrifices himself for that scape-grace of a son! Think of the dear doctor at his age, toiling cheerfully for that young man, who helped to ruin him!" And Firmin sighed; and passed a beautiful white handkerchief over his eyes with a beautiful white hand; and, I believe, really cried; and thought himself quite a good, affectionate, injured man. He held the plate at Church; he looked very handsome and tall, and bowed with a charming melancholy grace to the ladies as they put in their contributions. The dear man! His plate was fuller than other people's—so a traveler told us who saw him in New York; and described a very choice dinner which the doctor gave to a few friends at one of the smartest hotels just then opened.

With all the Little Sister's good management Mr. and Mrs. Philip were only able to install themselves in their new house at a considerable expense, and beyond that great Ringwood piano which swaggered in Philip's little drawing-room, I am constrained to say that there was scarce any furniture at all. One of the railway accounts was not paid as yet, and poor Philip could not feed upon mere paper promises to pay. Nor was he inclined to accept the offers of private friends, who were willing enough to be his bankers. "One in a family is enough for that kind of business," he said, gloomily; and it came out that again and again the interesting exile at New York who was deploring his son's extravagance and foolish marriage had drawn bills upon Philip which our friend accepted and paid—bills, who knows to what amount? He has never told; and the engaging parent who robbed him—must I use a word so unpolite?—will never now tell to what extent he helped himself to Philip's small means. This I know, that when autumn came—when September was past—we in our cozy little retreat at the sea-side received a letter from the Little Sister, in her dear little bad spelling (about which there used to be somehow a pathos which the very finest writing does not possess)—there came, I say, a letter from the Little Sister in which she told us, with many dashes, that dear Mrs. Philip and the children were pining and sick in London, and that Philip, he had too much pride and spirit to take money from any one; that Mr. Tregarvan was away traveling on the continent, and that wretch—that monster, *you know who*—have drawn upon Philip again for money, and again he have paid, and the dear, dear children can't have fresh air.

"Did she tell you," said Philip, brushing his hands across his eyes when a friend came to remonstrate with him—"did she tell you that she brought me money herself, but we would not use it? Look! I have her little marriage gift yonder in my desk, and pray God I shall be able to leave it to my children. The fact is, the doctor has drawn upon me, as usual; he is going to make a fortune next week. I have paid another bill of his. The parliamentary agents are out

of town, at their moors in Scotland, I suppose. The air of Russell Square is uncommonly wholesome, and when the babies have had enough of that, why, they must change it for Brunswick Square. Talk about the country! what country can be more quiet than Guildford Street in September? I stretch out of a morning and breathe the mountain-air on Ludgate Hill." And with these dismal pleasantries and jokes our friend chose to put a good face upon bad fortune. The kinsmen of Ringwood offered hospitality kindly enough, but how was poor Philip to pay railway expenses for servants, babies, and wife? In this strait Tregarvan from abroad, having found out some monstrous design of Russ—of the Great Power of which he stood in daily terror, and which, as we are in strict amity with that Power, no other Power shall induce me to name—Tregarvan wrote to his editor, and communicated to him in confidence a most prodigious and nefarious plot against the liberties of all the rest of Europe, in which the Power in question was engaged, and in a postscript added, "By-the-way, the Michaelmas quarter is due, and I send you a check," etc. etc. O precious postscript!

"Didn't I tell you it would be so?" said my wife, with a self-satisfied air. "Was I not certain that succor would come?"

And succor did come, sure enough; and a very happy little party went down to Brighton in a second-class carriage, and got an extraordinarily cheap lodging, and the roses came back to the little pale cheeks, and mamma was wonderfully invigorated and refreshed, as all her friends could have seen when the little family came back to town, only there was such a thick dun fog that it was impossible to see complexions at all.

When the shooting season was come to an end the parliamentary agents who had employed Philip came back to London, and, I am happy to say, gave him a check for his little account. My wife cried, "Did I not tell you so?" more than ever. "Is not every thing for the best? I knew dear Philip would prosper!"

Every thing was for the best, was it? Philip was sure to prosper, was he? What do you think of the next news which the poor fellow brought to us? One night in December he came to us, and I saw by his face that some event of importance had befallen him.

"I am almost heart-broken," he said, thumping on the table when the young ones had retreated from it. "I don't know what to do. I have not told you all. I have paid four bills for him already, and now he has—he has signed my name."

"Who has?"

"He at New York. *You know*," said poor Philip. "I tell you he has put my name on a bill, and without my authority."

"Gracious Heavens! You mean your father has for.....I could not say the word."

"Yes," groaned Philip. "Here is a letter from him." And he handed a letter across the table in the doctor's well-known handwriting.



"DEAREST PHILIP"—the father wrote—"a sad misfortune has befallen me, which I had hoped to conceal, or, at any rate, to avert from my dear son. For you, Philip, are a participator in that misfortune through the imprudence—must I say it?—of your father. Would I had struck off the hand which has done the deed ere it had been done! But the fault has taken wings and flown out of my reach. *Immeritus*, dear boy, you have to suffer for the *delicta majorum*. Ah, that a father should have to own his fault—to kneel and ask pardon of his son!

"I am engaged in many speculations. Some have succeeded beyond my wildest hopes: some have taken in the most rational, the most prudent, the least sanguine of our capitalists in Wall Street, and promising the greatest results have ended in the most extreme failure! To meet a call in an undertaking which seemed to offer the most CERTAIN PROSPECTS of success, which seemed to promise a fortune for me and my boy, and your dear children, I put in among other securities which I had to realize on a sudden, a bill, on which I used your name. I dated it as drawn six months back by me at New York, on you at Parchment Buildings, Temple; and I wrote your acceptance as though the signature were yours. I give myself up to you. I tell you what I have done. Make the matter public. Give my confession to the world, as here I write, and sign it, and your father is branded forever to the world as a —. Spare me the word!

"As I live, as I hope for your forgiveness—long ere that bill became due. It is at five months' date for £386 4s. 3d., value received, and dated from the Temple on the 4th of July. I passed it to one who promised to keep it until I myself should redeem it. The commission which he charged

me was *enormous, rascally*; and not content with the immense interest which he extorted from me, the scoundrel has passed the bill away, and it is in Europe, in the hands of an enemy.

"You remember Tufton Hunt? Yes. You *most justly* chastised him. The wretch lately made his detested appearance in this city, associated with *the lowest of the base*, and endeavored to resume his old practice of *threats, cajoleries*, and extortions! In a *fatal hour* the villain heard of the bill of which I have warned you. He purchased it from the gambler to whom it had been passed. As New York was speedily too hot to hold him (*for the unhappy man has even left me to pay his hotel score*), he has fled—and fled to Europe—taking with him that fatal bill, which he says he knows you will pay. Ah! dear Philip, if that bill were but once out of the wretch's hands! What sleepless hours of agony should I be spared! I pray you, I implore you, make every sacrifice to meet it! You will not disown it? No. As you have children of your own—as you love them—you would not willingly let them leave a dishonored

FATHER.

"I have a share in a *great medical discovery*, regarding which I have written to our friend Mrs. Brandon, and which is sure to realize an immense profit, as introduced into England by a physician so well known—may I not say professionally? *respected as myself*. The very first profits resulting from that discovery I promise, on my honor, to devote to you. They will very soon *far more* than repay the loss which my imprudence has brought on my dear boy. Farewell! Love to your wife and little ones.—G. B. F."

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 8th of May. The events of the month have been of the utmost importance, and we close in hourly anticipation of tidings of decisive character from our armies in Virginia and the Southwest.—The session of Congress is evidently approaching its close. When it is concluded we intend to furnish a general *resumé* of its proceedings, noting the leading measures proposed, adopted, and postponed. Apart from general discussions, the leading topics of the month have been the passage by both Houses, and the signature by the President, of a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; the Tax bill, which, having passed the House, is still under consideration in the Senate; and the Confiscation bills now before the Senate.—For the time, however, military proceedings take precedence of all others. Reports of the operations of our forces have been so carefully guarded that we must confine our statements to a few ascertained facts:

Yorktown, where Cornwallis surrendered in 1781, virtually closing the war of the Revolution, was strongly fortified by the Confederates. The attack upon this place was opened on the 5th of April by our forces, under the immediate direction of General M'Clellan. While our works were pushed forward several sharp skirmishes took place, the most notable of which was on the 16th, at Lee's Mills, where the Vermont brigade charged one of the enemy's entrenchments, carried, and held it against overwhelming odds, but were finally forced back, having suffered a loss of 35 killed and 120 wounded. The approaches to the Confederate works were pushed on until the 4th of May, when all was ready for a vigorous attack. But on the previous night the enemy evacuated the place, leaving behind 70 heavy guns, and a large amount of stores and camp equipage.

They fell back to Williamsburg, their rear being closely pressed by our forces. Here they made a stand and a sharp encounter took place, resulting, according to the dispatch of General M'Clellan of the 6th, in their defeat, with considerable loss, and the abandonment of Williamsburg, which had, like Yorktown, been elaborately fortified.

General M'Dowell's division has been in the mean time pressing forward toward Richmond. The latest dispatches leave him in possession of the important town of Fredericksburg.

The battle of Pittsburg, or Shiloh, as it will probably be named, from a church standing near where it was fought, was hardly as decisive as our first reports indicated. On the first day, April 6, the result seemed to be wholly in favor of the Confederates, who, with greatly superior forces, attacked our lines, captured General Prentiss, with a large part of his command, and appeared to have won a decisive victory. General Beauregard telegraphed this result to Richmond, where it was received with great rejoicing. The advance of the enemy was checked by our gun-boats, and the opportune arrival of reinforcements under General Buell enabled us to assume the offensive on the following day, when the enemy were driven back toward Corinth. General Albert Sidney Johnston, the Commander-in-chief of the Western Division of the Confederate army, was killed in the action of the 6th. Our entire loss, as officially given, amounts to 1735 killed, 7882 wounded, and 4044 missing—these including the prisoners captured with General Prentiss—a total loss of 13,661 men. The loss of the enemy, in killed and wounded, probably exceeds our own; partial reports, gleaned from the Southern papers, already bring it up very nearly to our numbers. This battle, though not decisive, is the most bloody ever fought upon this continent. We close our Record for the month



in hourly anticipation of important tidings from this quarter.

General O. M. Mitchell, long known as one of the foremost astronomers of the day, who was the first to enter the Confederate strong-hold of Bowling Green, performed a brilliant exploit on the 10th of April. Making a sudden dash forward, he took by surprise the town of Huntsville, Alabama, an important point on the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, which connects Richmond with the Southwest.

Two important fortifications seized by the enemy at the outbreak of the rebellion have been recaptured. Fort Pulaski, near Savannah, Georgia, has been for some time closely invested. It was garrisoned by about 400 men, with abundant ammunition and provisions for six months, and was believed by the enemy to be able to resist any force that could be brought against it. Our batteries were placed on Tybee Island, at distances varying from 1700 to 3500 yards from the fort—a greater distance than has ever before been found available against strong fortifications. These were completed on the 10th of April, and the fort was summoned to surrender, and immediately on refusal fire was opened. At the end of 18 hours' bombardment a breach was effected, but the resistance was kept up 12 hours longer. Every thing was in readiness for storming the fort, when, on the 11th, it was surrendered, with all its stores, ammunition, and garrison. Our loss in the capture was but one man, and only four were injured within the fort.—Fort Macon, at Beaufort, North Carolina, surrendered on the 25th of April, after a bombardment of eleven hours.

Of still greater importance is the capture of New Orleans, which took place on the 26th of April. The accounts which have reached us come indirectly through Southern sources, and embrace only the leading points. It had been constantly reported that the whole course of the Mississippi below New Orleans was so fortified that no fleet could possibly reach the city; which was also said to be occupied by a large force, abundantly armed. Forts Jackson and St. Philip, on opposite sides of the river, about twenty-five miles above its mouth, and seventy-five miles below New Orleans, were relied upon to prevent any passage. The National fleet, under command of Commodore Farragut, approached these forts about the 20th of April, and opened a vigorous bombardment, which lasted for nearly a week. Besides the fire from the forts, our vessels were exposed to the assaults of fire-boats sent down against them, and gun-boats and steam batteries on the general plan of the *Virginia*. These proved unavailing, and at length the fire of the forts was silenced; but whether they were captured we are not as yet informed. But, in any case, the passage was forced, and our vessels made their way up to New Orleans on the 26th, with no further opposition. The city was now wholly at their mercy, and its surrender was demanded by Commodore Farragut. He required that the flag of the United States should be raised on the City Hall, Mint, and Custom-house, and that all other emblems of sovereignty should be removed, promising that the rights of persons and property should be respected; but insisting that no persons should be molested for expressions of loyalty to the Government of the United States. He gave special notice to the Mayor, to whom his demand was addressed, that he should "speedily and severely punish any person or persons who shall commit such outrages as were witnessed yesterday by

armed men firing upon helpless women and children for giving expression to their pleasure at witnessing the 'old flag.'"—The Mayor, Mr. John F. Monroe, replied that out of regard to the lives of women and children who crowded the city, General Lovell had evacuated it, and given back to him the administration of the government. The city was wholly without means of defense. To surrender such a place would be an unmeaning ceremony; it was at the disposal of the assailants by "brute force, and not by the choice or consent of the inhabitants." But no man was to be found there who would hoist a flag not of their own adoption. The people, he said, were "sensitive to all that could affect their dignity and self-respect," and he asked that their "susceptibilities should be respected;" they would not allow themselves to be "insulted by the interference of such as have rendered themselves odious and contemptible by their dastardly desertion of our cause in the mighty struggle in which we are engaged, or such as might remind them too forcibly that they are the conquered and you are the conquerors. . . . . Your occupation of the city," concludes this singular document, "does not transfer allegiance from the Government of their choice to one which they have deliberately repudiated, and they yield the obedience which the conqueror is entitled to extort from the conquered."

#### MEXICO.

The latest intelligence from Mexico indicates that the coalition between Spain, France, and Great Britain is at an end. The Spanish part of the expedition has been withdrawn; that of England was too small to have any virtual influence; but the French commander, General Lorencez, intimating that he acts under the direct authority of the Emperor, announces that he will not recognize the existing Government, and has in effect declared war against it, with the purpose of subverting the Republican form of Government, and replacing it with a European monarch. Maximilian of Austria is the name still put forward, although it is more than likely that this is a mere pretense; and that the real design is to provide, if possible, a throne for some member of the Napoleon family. President Juarez and his Minister, General Doblado, meanwhile, announce their determination to resist by every means the French projects, while they offer to continue the negotiations with the Spanish and British plenipotentiaries.

#### EUROPE.

The leading features in our European intelligence relate to the reception of the tidings of the exploits of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*. It is universally admitted that a complete revolution has been wrought in the naval affairs of the world; that henceforth for all offensive purposes wooden vessels are worthless; and that, moreover, immense vessels like the *Warrior* and *Gloire* are failures. Batteries embodying the general principles which have been tested in America are the only reliance. In every dock-yard in England the work upon wooden men-of-war has been suspended, and all the resources of the establishments are employed in forwarding iron-clad vessels. Experiments, however, have been made under the direction of Sir William Armstrong, the inventor of the gun which bears his name, which are thought to demonstrate that vessels clothed with iron in the manner of the *Monitor* are perfectly vulnerable to round shot, fired from smooth bores at short range from guns of large calibre, although they are proof against elongated shot from rifled guns at long range.



## Literary Notices.

*The City of the Saints*, by RICHARD H. BURTON, author of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa." (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Captain Burton, having visited the sacred cities of Hindoos and Jews, Mohammedans and Christians, was naturally anxious to see the Holy City of the Mormons. He is a veteran traveler, knowing how to gather facts from his own observation and from that of others; and was well prepared to describe the Saints and their famous city. Being an Englishman, he was not liable to the prejudice which exists among the Mormons against Americans. Still, he does not pretend that his stay of twenty-four days enabled him to penetrate into those secrets of the faith which are revealed only to the initiated. He undertakes to tell only what he saw and heard. He takes, moreover, the attitude of a philosophical observer, to whom the manners of any people, however strange, afford no cause of wonder. Thus he coolly sums up the advantages and disadvantages of polygamy, and calmly decides that though not adapted to a thickly-settled country, yet for the Mormons it is a very natural, and probably a desirable institution. We of course dissent wholly from Mr. Burton's conclusion; but it is worth while to examine the arguments by which he supports it. They enlighten us as to the process by which men and women, not deficient in intelligence, and with no special vicious proclivities, may hold a tenet so abhorrent to our feelings. But the special value of the book is its picture of Mormon life and manners, as they presented themselves to an impartial observer. Mr. Burton's representations are much more favorable than those to which we are accustomed. To him the Mormons appear a peaceful, industrious, law-abiding people. He saw no traces of the rudeness and profligacy of which we have been so often told; respectability, decorum, dullness even, is the law of the land. "A Moslem gloom, the result of austere morals and manners, and of the semi-seclusion of the sex, hangs over society." He utterly discredits the accounts so often repeated of obscene orgies said to be practiced in the secrecy of the Endowment House. Mr. Burton was introduced to Brigham Young by Governor Cummings. The description of the Prophet is interesting. Though verging upon threescore scarcely a silver thread appears in his light hair. His forehead is narrow; eyes of a bluish-gray, with one drooping lid; eyebrows thin; nose fine, sharp-pointed, set a little awry; lips close; teeth imperfect; form large, broad-shouldered, somewhat stooping. His dress was of gray homespun, cut large and baggy, with black satin vest, and a cravat knotted loosely around an unstarched fall-over collar. His whole appearance was that of a well-to-do Yankee farmer. Contrary to what is so often said, he is temperate almost to asceticism, abstaining from liquors and tobacco, and indifferent to the luxuries of the table, baked potatoes and butter-milk forming his favorite food. His manner is calm and quiet, though even in conversation he impresses one with an air of conscious power. He said nothing to his visitor on religious or political topics, but came out strong on agriculture and cattle-breeding. Mr. Burton, of course, made no inquiries as to the number of his family, though a casual remark of the Prophet intimated that he was a patriarch as well. "That," said he, pointing to a building of considerable size, "is a private school for my children." When he speaks

in public he begins slowly, word creeping after word, the opening phrases being hardly audible. As he warms up his voice rises high and sonorous, the words pouring out with great fluency. His gestures are easy and rounded, and not ungraceful. Such, according to Mr. Burton, is the outward aspect of "His Excellency Brigham Young, once 'painter and glazier,' now prophet, revelator, translator, and seer; the man who is revered as king or kaiser, pope or pontiff never was; who, like the Old Man of the Mountain, by holding up his hand, could cause the death of any one within his reach." He is indeed the brain and heart of the Mormon theocracy. What form this will take, and by whose hands it will be guided when he is gone, no man can say. Mormons themselves profess no anxiety upon these points. "The Lord," they say, "who raised up Brigham when Joseph was taken, will provide a leader when he is wanted." Mr. Burton gives humorous but not unfavorable sketches of the other Mormon dignitaries; but not one of them seems likely to be able to fill the place of the Prophet. Life in Salt Lake City presents, at least among the Mormons, few ludicrous aspects. "Brother" and "Sister" take the place of the "Mr." and "Mrs." of the Gentiles. Ask a boy what is his name, and he will reply, "I am Brother So-and-So's son." To distinguish the sons of one father by different mothers, the name of the mother is prefixed to that of the father. Brother Smith's sons by Sisters Brown, Jones, and Robinson, will be Brother Brown Smith, Brother Jones Smith, and Brother Robinson Smith. Mr. Burton's representation of the Mormon doctrines has the merit of being faithfully compiled from their own recognized authorities, without being colored by the opinions of the writer, and on this account is well worthy of careful perusal. Even in his brief visit Mr. Burton was forcibly impressed with the disaffection of the Mormons toward the United States. The harangues in the tabernacle, the columns of the *Deseret News*, and the talk of the people all show it. "They regard the States as the States regarded England after the War of Independence, and hate them as the Mexican Criolles hate the Gachupins—and much for the same reason." Mr. Burton believes that absolute independence will be, until attained, the aim of the Mormon leaders; and that *Deseret* will in the end become a sovereign and independent State, as exclusive as Thibet and Northern China, where the rigors of the Mosaic code will be re-enacted, polygamy legalized, fornication punished with stripes and imprisonment, and adultery with death. As a whole, Mr. Burton's book is the most valuable as well as the most readable one which has been published concerning this peculiar people; and will amply repay careful perusal.

*The Rebellion Record*, edited by FRANK MOORE. The design and execution of this work are alike admirable. Its object is to furnish, in a digested and systematic shape, the materials from which is to be constructed a history of the great struggle through which the nation is now passing. Keeping somewhat behind the march of events, the editor selects from the mass of statements and documents which fill the columns of the newspapers of the day every thing the preservation of which will elucidate the varying aspects of the war. It comprises a diary of events as they occur in order of time, the ascertained facts being carefully sifted from the mass of floating rumors; all the important documents and



narratives faithfully reproduced, upon both sides; with the lighter incidents, poetry, anecdotes, and adventures, which serve to make up the picture of the times. We have had almost daily occasion to consult this work, and have never failed to find any important document or fact duly noted. To the future historian this Record will be for this war what the archives of Simancas were to Mr. Motley in elaborating his history of the Dutch Republic. The Record is issued in weekly numbers, and afterward collected into volumes. The first, to which is prefixed as an introduction Edward Everett's noble address, contains the events to the middle of June, 1861; the second, those to the close of August; and the third, which has just been completed, brings the history down to February, 1862. A copious index to each volume gives every facility for referring to any incident or document. (G. P. Putnam, publisher.)

*Considerations on Representative Government*, by JOHN STUART MILL. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Mr. Mill is the author of the article on the "Contest in America," which appeared in the April Number of this Magazine—the only well-considered paper on this subject which has yet been written by any Englishman. He is beyond doubt the ablest political thinker of Great Britain. In this treatise he discusses the whole theory of government, shows that a representative form is the best for any people who are prepared for it; points out the special dangers to which it is exposed, and suggests the means of obviating them. The argument in favor of universal suffrage, and the mode which he proposes for securing to minorities their appropriate share in the government, are especially worthy of attention. Although his scheme to provide for this latter object embraces details which will render it too cumbrous to be carried into practical effect, yet his observations are of great value. As a whole, his work is the ablest contribution made to political science since the publication of the "Federalist;" and it will command the attention of all American statesmen, at a time when it is probable that some modifications in the form of our institutions is likely to be demanded by the new posture of our affairs.

The "Household Edition" of the *Works* of CHARLES DICKENS, published by Sheldon and Company, is by far the most attractive form in which the works of "Boz" have been issued, either in this country or in England. "Martin Chuzzlewit," which commences the series, is comprised in four neat volumes of convenient size, beautifully printed, and illustrated with original sketches by Darley and Gilbert, who stand unquestionably at the head of the American and English schools of illustrators.

*The Last of the Mortimers* is the latest novel by MRS. OLIPHANT, the author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Laird of Norlaw," and other capital tales. This is one of the best of her works, characterized by a delicate vein of thought, with a larger element of incident and dramatic power than appears in most of her previous productions. (Harper and Brothers.)

*The Struggles of Brown, Jones, and Robinson* is an amusing story from the facile pen of Mr. ANTHONY TROLLOPE. The heroes—quite different personages from the trio of the same names whose foreign tour was immortalized by Doyle—are a firm of London shopkeepers, who, with little capital and small credit, attempt to do a "smashing" business by dint of enormous advertising and humbug. Their

"Magenta House" career, ending in most deserved bankruptcy, is detailed with infinite humor. It is just the book to while away the tedium of a railway ride on a summer's day. (Harper and Brothers.)

Mr. D. Van Nostrand has made the publication of military books a specialty. Among the more important of his recent issues is the *Military Dictionary* of Colonel H. L. SCOTT, late Inspector-General of the United States Army. This is a complete Encyclopædia of military science, comprising not merely definitions of technical terms, but profound and exhaustive treatises upon all the important subjects pertaining to the art of war and the duties of officers.—The *New Infantry Tactics*, by General SILAS CASEY, has received the approval of General M'Clellan, and may therefore safely be assumed to possess decided value.—GIBBON'S *Artillerist's Manual* is recognized as the standard authority for this important arm of the national forces.—BENTON'S *Ordnance and Gunnery*, compiled for the use of the Military Academy at West Point; and SIMPSON'S *Treatise on Ordnance and Naval Gunnery*, prepared as a textbook for the Naval Academy, appear in new editions, bringing the information down to the present time. So also does the treatise on *American Military Bridges*, by General GEO. W. CULLUM, Chief of the Staff of General Halleck.

*Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East*, by W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. The author of this comprehensive book has performed a labor which will insure him the gratitude of all tourists. Within the compass of a single volume, so compact that it may be carried in the pocket, he has given a condensation of all the essential information which the traveler needs to guide him through France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Great Britain, Egypt, Syria, and Palestine; the substance, in fact, of all that is contained in more than a score of Guide-Books, which every tourist has heretofore found an essential though cumbrous part of his *impedimenta*. Mr. Fetridge lays down a series of routes for different classes of tourists. Making Paris his starting-point, he conducts the traveler who has only three or four months to spare through France, Holland, the most interesting portions of Germany, into Switzerland and Italy, and through Great Britain and Ireland. If he has two months more, in addition to these, he is taken still farther into Germany and Italy. If he has a year, his tour is extended to Egypt, up the Nile, through Syria and Palestine, visiting Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, Baalbeck, and Damascus. If he has an additional two months, they are spent in Spain and on the Mediterranean islands. He gives minute directions as to all the details of travel; tells where to go, and how; what to see, and what to avoid; what to pay, and what to refuse to pay, down to the minutiae of railroad fares and the proper fees for a cicerone or custodian of a gallery. The work is based upon a practical experience of the precise wants of the American tourist, and is no less valuable for what it omits than for what it contains. It is so compact in form, so clear in arrangement, so thoroughly practical in all points of detail, that it can not fail to be the recognized *vade mecum* of American tourists; while those who have already traveled will find in it an admirable *resumé* of what they have seen, or ought to have seen. Its value is greatly enhanced by an admirable map, in which all the main routes are clearly laid down in a separate color. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)



## Editor's Table.

### THE FORMATION AND ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

—On the 11th of June, 1776, the day on which the Committee for preparing the Declaration of Independence was appointed, Congress resolved that a Committee be appointed to prepare and digest a form of Confederation to be entered into between the colonies. This Committee, which consisted of one member from each colony, was appointed on the following day. In about a month this Committee reported to Congress a draft, which was debated for several days in the Committee of the Whole, who reported a new draft, which was ordered to be printed. It was not finally acted upon by Congress till November, 1777—more than two years after the Declaration of Independence—when the Articles of Confederation were agreed upon by Congress. Congress then addressed a circular to the Legislatures of the States, requesting them to authorize their Delegates in Congress to subscribe to the Articles of Confederation in behalf of their respective States. With this request the Legislatures were by no means prompt in complying. Many objections were made to the Articles, and they were not ratified by all the States till March, 1781—nearly five years after the Declaration of Independence. The Articles were not binding till they were adopted by all the States. Up to the time of their adoption Congress had, by common consent, exercised the powers of a General Government.

The States were now united by written articles of agreement. Each State was to “reserve its sovereignty, independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which were not by the Articles of Confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled.” The Delegates to Congress—which was to consist of a single House—were to be appointed annually in such a manner as the Legislatures of each State should direct; each State to have not less than two nor more than seven Delegates; each State to pay its own Delegates; each State to have one vote, which was to be determined by a majority of its Delegates. Congress was to have power to declare war and make peace; to enter into treaties and alliances; to appoint courts for the trial of piracies and felonies on the high seas; to fix the standard of weights and measures; to establish post-offices; to coin money and emit bills on the credit of the United States; to ascertain and apportion among the States the sums necessary for defraying the public expenses. For the exercise of the more important of these powers the assent of nine States was necessary. No provision was made for a national judiciary, or for an executive department distinct from the legislative. The acts of Congress were thus, in fact, mere recommendations, which the States complied with or not as they saw fit. The defects of the Confederation were soon apparent. The National Government had no efficiency. Washington's personal influence, and not the power of the Government, brought the Revolution to a successful issue. Washington said, “The Confederation appears to me to be little more than a shadow without the substance; and Congress a nugatory body, their ordinances being little attended to.”

After the close of the war matters grew still worse. The entire prostration of public credit, the dissensions between the States, and the utter neglect with which the resolves of Congress were treated, threatened the most alarming consequences. The time

seemed rapidly approaching when, to use the language of Washington, it would seem to be a subject of “regret that so much blood and treasure have been lavished to no purpose; that so many sufferings have been encountered without compensation, and that so many sacrifices have been made in vain.” In this gloomy state of affairs James Madison made the first public legislative movement toward the establishment of a better government. He became a member of the Legislature of Virginia in May, 1784, but was not able to secure the co-operation of a majority of the Legislature till June, 1786, and then only so far as to adopt the following resolution: “*Resolved*, That Messrs. Randolph, Madison, Jones, Tucker, and Lewis be appointed Commissioners, who, or any three of whom, shall meet such Commissioners as may be appointed by other States in the Union to take into consideration the trade of the United States, to consider how far a uniform system in their commercial regulations may be necessary to their common interests and their permanent harmony, and to report to the several States such an act relative to this great object as, when unanimously ratified by them, will enable the United States effectually to provide for the same.”

All the States, except Maryland, Connecticut, South Carolina, and Georgia, appointed Delegates to a Convention to meet at Annapolis, September, 1786. The Delegates of five States attended the Convention, viz., New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Virginia. During the interval between the passage of the above-mentioned resolution and the meeting of the Convention the state of the country and the defects of the Confederation had formed the subject of earnest discussion throughout the States, and there had been an advance of public opinion in the direction of giving additional power to Congress. In consequence the Convention was led to decline the limited task assigned to it, and to recommend to the States the calling of a Convention with powers adequate to the occasion. A report containing this recommendation was drawn up by Alexander Hamilton. This recommendation was first acted upon by the Legislature of Virginia, where it met with a unanimous approval. New York was the next State that moved in the matter. Her Legislature instructed her Delegates in Congress to move a resolution recommending to the States the appointment of delegates “to meet in convention for the purpose of revising and proposing amendments to the Articles of Confederation.”

On the 21st of February, 1787, a resolution was adopted in Congress, recommending that the State Legislatures appoint Delegates to meet in Convention at Philadelphia on the second Monday in May, 1787. Delegates were accordingly appointed by all the States except Rhode Island.

On the day appointed for the meeting of the Convention (May 14) only a small number of the Delegates had arrived in Philadelphia. The Convention did not open till May 25, when there were present twenty-nine members, representing nine States. Others soon after came in, till the whole number amounted to fifty-five. Among them were Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Franklin, Sherman, Ellsworth, King, Livingston, the Morrisises, Pinckney, Wilson, and others scarcely less distinguished for talents and public services. Robert Morris, in behalf of the delegation from Pennsylvania, nominated Washington to preside over the Convention.



Franklin was to have made the nomination, but was prevented by ill health from being present. The Convention having adopted their standing rules—one of which was "that nothing spoken in the House be printed or otherwise published without leave"—Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, opened the main business of the Convention. After a speech, in which he enumerated the defects of the Confederation, he offered fifteen resolutions, which embodied the substance of a plan of Government which is the same as that contained in letters written by Mr. Madison to Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Randolph, and General Washington a few months previous.

The following is a brief outline of said plan: The National Legislature to consist of two branches—the members of the first branch to be elected by the people of the several States; the members of the second branch to be elected by the first branch, out of a proper number nominated by the State Legislatures; the National Legislature to have a negative on all the State laws contravening the Articles of Union, and to have power to legislate in all cases where the States were incompetent; the right of suffrage in the Legislature to be proportioned to the quota of contribution, or to the number of free inhabitants; a National Executive to be chosen by the National Legislature; a National Judiciary, to consist of one or more supreme tribunals and inferior ones, the judges to be chosen by the National Legislature; the Executive and a convenient number of the National Judiciary to compose a council of revision to examine every act of the National Legislature before it should operate, and every act of a particular Legislature before a negative thereon should be final; provision to be made for the admission of new States to the Union; a republican form of government to be administered to each State; provision to be made for amendments to the articles of Union; the Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary powers of the several States to be bound by oath to support the Articles of Union.

Such was the plan of Government presented to the Convention by the resolutions of Mr. Randolph. The resolutions were referred to the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Pinckney, of South Carolina, then submitted a plan of Government with supreme Legislative, Judiciary, and Executive powers. This was also referred to the Committee of the Whole. The resolutions of Mr. Randolph were debated from day to day, in the Committee of the Whole, till the 13th of June. The Committee then reported to the Convention a series of nineteen resolutions founded upon those proposed by Mr. Randolph. The first of these, and the first adopted by the Committee, was: "That a National Government ought to be established, consisting of a supreme Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary."

At the opening of the Convention the views of a large majority of the members were confined to amending the Articles of Confederation. The futility of this soon became apparent, and the first resolution adopted was that a National Government ought to be established. The prime movers in calling the Convention had from the first the formation of such a government in view. The nineteen resolutions reported to the Convention contained the following provisions: The Legislature to consist of two branches—the first to be elected by the people for three years, the second by the State Legislatures for seven years—to have powers superior to those of the Congress of the Confederation; the right of suffrage in the Legislature to be proportioned to the number

of free persons and two-fifths of other persons; a National Executive to be chosen for seven years, and to be ineligible for a second term; a National Judiciary, with suitable powers; the whole to be submitted for ratification to assemblies chosen by the people for that express purpose.

Some progress had thus been made—not in the amendment of the Articles of Confederation—not in the formation of a League between the States—but in the formation of a Constitution for the United States. This progress was made not without great difficulty. There were some in the Convention who clung to the Confederation, and were unwilling that any considerable increase of power should be given to the Government of the Union. The small States were unwilling to surrender the equality of suffrage which they had hitherto enjoyed in Congress. From these and various other causes it seemed almost impossible for the Convention to unite upon any plan. But, by patient discussion and mutual concession, progress was made. Resolutions were offered, debated, postponed, called up again, passed, reconsidered, amended, again postponed, and others perhaps proposed in their place, until at length a majority agreed upon the nineteen resolutions above-mentioned. This was on the 13th of June.

On the 15th of June Mr. Patterson, of New Jersey, laid before the Convention a plan which had been concerted by the Delegates of New Jersey and Delaware, and by some of the Delegates of New York. This plan proposed to revise the Articles of Confederation, to enlarge the powers of Congress with respect to the revenue and the regulation of commerce; to empower Congress to appoint an Executive to execute Federal acts, to appoint Federal officers, and to direct all military operations; to establish a Federal Judiciary; to make the acts of Congress passed in accordance with the Articles of Confederation, and the treaties made and ratified under the authority of the United States the supreme law of the land. The plan of Mr. Patterson was referred to the Committee of the Whole, to whom were also recommended the resolutions reported on the 13th of June.

The two plans were now fairly before the Convention. It was admitted that the one aimed at perpetuating the League between the States; that the other aimed at forming a National Government acting upon individuals. "The true question is," said Mr. Randolph, "whether we shall adhere to the Federal plan, or introduce the National plan." "A National Government alone, properly constituted, will answer the purpose." The two plans were debated for four days, when the Committee reported the nineteen resolutions without alteration. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia voted in favor of the National plan. New York, New Jersey, and Delaware voted against it. The vote of Maryland was divided.

It was during this debate, while the two plans were before the Committee, that Alexander Hamilton addressed the Convention for the first time, and gave the outline of a Government which he would prefer. He did not propose his plan with the hope that it would be adopted. "He did not mean to offer the paper he had sketched as a proposition to the Committee. It was only meant to give a more correct view of his ideas, and to suggest the amendments which he should probably propose to the plan of Mr. Randolph in the proper stages of its future discussion."



The following is an outline of Hamilton's plan which the reader will desire to know, though it had no marked influence upon the proceedings of the Convention: The Supreme Legislature to be vested in an Assembly and Senate; the members of the Assembly to be chosen by the people for three years; the members of the Senate to be chosen by electors elected for that purpose by the people; the Senators to serve during good behavior; the Supreme Executive Authority to be vested in a Governor holding office during good behavior; to be chosen by electors, who were to be chosen by the people; the Governor to have an unqualified veto on all laws about to be passed; to have the sole appointment of the heads of departments; to have the appointment of all other officers, subject to the advice and consent of the Senate; in most other respects to have the powers now possessed by the President of the United States; the Senate to have power of declaring war and of advising and approving treaties; the judges of the Supreme Court to hold office during good behavior; the Governors of each State to be appointed by the General Government, said Governors to have a veto on all acts of the State Legislatures; all laws of the States contrary to the Constitution and laws of the United States to be null and void.

The Convention had now, after much discussion, decided to form a Constitution for a National Government. Much as they had done, they had only made a beginning. To agree upon the details of the general plan was a work of great difficulty. There were times when it seemed impossible for the members to agree upon the details, when it was thought that the Convention must give up in despair. Even Washington said, in writing to a friend, "I almost despair of seeing a favorable issue to the proceedings of the Convention, and do therefore regret having had any agency in the business." But the patriots fainted not. They continued their discussions until the 23d of July, when Mr. Gerry, of Massachusetts, moved "That the proceedings of the Convention for the establishment of a National Government (excepting the part relating to the Executive) be referred to a committee to prepare and report a Constitution conformable thereunto." Messrs. Rutledge, Randolph, Gorham, Ellsworth, and Wilson constituted this Committee of Detail.

On the 26th of July the proceedings of the Convention respecting the Executive were referred to the Committee of Detail, and the Convention adjourned to the 6th of August, that the Committee might have time to prepare and report a Constitution.

On the 6th of August the Committee reported a Constitution in twenty-three articles, embodying the substance of the resolutions passed by the Convention. On the 7th of August this report of the Committee of Detail was referred to the Committee of the Whole. It was then debated, article after article, for about four weeks. During that time many amendments and modifications were made. On the 8th of September a committee was appointed to arrange the articles which had been adopted, and to revise the style of the same. This committee consisted of Messrs. Johnson, Hamilton, Gouverneur Morris, Madison, and King. The task was performed by Mr. Morris, who says in relation to it: "Having rejected all redundant and equivocal terms, I believed it to be as clear as our language would permit, excepting, nevertheless, a part of what relates to the judiciary. On that subject conflicting opin-

ions had been maintained with so much professional astuteness that it became necessary to select phrases, which expressing my own notions would not alarm others or shock their self-love, and to the best of my recollection this was the only part which passed without cavil."

On the 12th of September this Committee reported the Constitution as arranged and revised, and the draft of a letter to Congress. The debates still continued till the 17th of September, when the last amendment was made. It was made at the suggestion of Washington. The Constitution as reported declared that "the number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every 40,000." This point had occasioned great discussion; and on Mr. Gorham's motion to strike out 40,000 and insert 30,000, Washington remarked, that "although his situation had hitherto restrained him from offering his sentiments on questions depending in the House, and it might be thought ought now to impose silence upon him, yet he could not forbear expressing his wish that the alteration proposed might take place. It was much to be desired that the objections to the plan recommended might be made as few as possible. The smallness of the proportion of Representatives had been considered by many members of the Convention as an insufficient security for the rights and interests of the people. He acknowledged that it had always appeared to himself among the exceptionable parts of the plan; and late as was the present moment for admitting amendments, he thought this of so much consequence that it would give him much satisfaction to see it adopted." The amendment was agreed to unanimously. The above were the only remarks made by Washington during the progress of the Convention.

On the 17th of September the Constitution, as finally amended, was signed by all the members of the Convention, except by Messrs. Randolph and Mason, of Virginia, and Gerry, of Massachusetts. There was not, probably, a single member of the Convention who was fully satisfied with all the provisions of the Constitution; yet, with the above exceptions, the members gave it their signature, believing it to be the best that could be obtained.

As they were about to affix their names Dr. Franklin remarked, "I confess there are several parts of this Constitution which I do not at present approve; but I am not sure that I never shall approve them: for having lived long, I have often been obliged, by better information or fuller consideration, to change opinions, even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. I doubt, too, whether any other Convention we can obtain may be able to make a better Constitution. For when you assemble a number of men to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an assembly can a perfect production be expected? It therefore astonishes me to find the system approaching so near to perfection as it does. Thus I consent to the Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure it is not the best."

Mr. Hamilton remarked, "No man's ideas were more remote from the plan than his were known to be; but is it possible to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion on one side, and the chance of good to be expected on the other?"

Again, "It is the best which the present situa-



tion and circumstances of the country will permit."

When the Convention was about to dissolve, it was resolved that the President retain the Journal and other papers, subject to the order of Congress, if ever formed under the Constitution. After the Constitution was adopted and the new Government organized, the Journal was deposited in the office of the Secretary of State. It was published in accordance with a resolution of Congress, adopted March 27, 1818.

The Constitution was laid before Congress, then sitting in the city of New York. It was referred by that body to the Legislatures of the States, that they might call conventions chosen by the people to adopt or to reject it. As soon as it was published the Constitution was made the object of violent attacks, and it was for some time a matter of doubt whether it would be adopted by the people of any considerable number of States. In no State was the opposition greater than in New York. Hamilton and Jay were its earnest friends, and they were supported by a majority of the inhabitants of the city and of the southern portion of the State; but Governor George Clinton, a majority of the Legislature, and of the people of the whole State were its earnest opponents. The friends of the Constitution were called Federalists; its enemies, Anti-Federalists.

To explain and defend the Constitution, a series of papers, under the head of "The Federalist," were published in the columns of a newspaper in New York. These papers were written by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay—the larger portion by Hamilton—and exerted a strong influence in favor of the Constitution. They subsequently were collected into a volume, several editions of which have been published. Written, for the most part, by men who originated the Constitution and assisted in its formation throughout, it forms the ablest and best commentary which has been written. The power to call conventions to consider the Constitution rested with the Legislatures of the States, and was, under various influences, exercised at different times.

*Delaware* was the first State which moved in the matter of adopting the Constitution. It met with very little opposition on the part of any of her citizens, and was adopted by a unanimous vote by the Convention held for that purpose, on the 7th of December, 1787. Delaware was thus the banner-State.

*Pennsylvania* was the next State that wheeled into the Constitutional line. Wilson, who had been a member of the Federal Convention, was a member of the Convention of Pennsylvania. Washington pronounced him "as honest, candid, and able a member as the [Federal] Convention contained," and that Convention contained Franklin, Madison, and Hamilton. Mr. Wilson was called upon by the Convention to explain the Constitution. He did so, and his speeches in Convention form a very interesting and able commentary, second in value to the Federalist only—surpassing it, perhaps, in interest. After Wilson, the most prominent advocate of the Constitution was Chief Justice M'Kean. He remarked, "I have gone through the circle of office in the legislative, executive, and judicial departments, and from all my study, observation, and experience, I must declare that, from a full examination and due consideration of this system, it appears to me to be the best the world has yet seen." The opposition to the Constitution was chiefly confined to the members from the portion of the State lying

west of the Susquehanna. It was adopted on the 12th of December, 1787, by a vote of 46 to 23.

The Convention of the State of *New Jersey* was in session at the same time with that of Pennsylvania, and adopted the Constitution by a unanimous vote on the 18th of December, 1787.

The Convention of *Georgia*, with a like unanimity, adopted the Constitution on the 2d of January, 1788.

*Connecticut* was the fifth in the order of adoption. A large majority of the Delegates elected to her Convention were friendly to the Constitution. The revenue system was the principal point objected to by the opposition. Oliver Ellsworth was the most prominent advocate of the Constitution in the Convention. He was aided by Oliver Wolcott, Governor Huntington, and others. It was adopted by a large majority January 9, 1788.

*Massachusetts* was the next State in order. Her Convention assembled on the 9th of January, 1788. A majority of the Delegates elected were opposed to the Constitution, and for a long time its fate, so far as Massachusetts was concerned, was doubtful. John Hancock was chosen president of the Convention, and, on motion of Samuel Adams, daily prayers were attended. The opposition was strong in numbers and in talent, though the most distinguished members of the Convention, Fisher Ames, Rufus King, Theophilus Parsons, and others, were warm friends of the new system. Under their lead it was voted that the Convention consider each article of the Constitution in order, and that every member have an opportunity of expressing his views on each part before the vote should be taken to adopt or reject. This course of proceeding saved the Constitution. The opinions of several members were changed in course of the discussions. The influence of Hancock was adroitly used to conciliate the opposition. Instead of a conditional adoption, which was strongly urged by some, it was proposed that the Constitution should be unconditionally adopted, and certain amendments earnestly recommended. This course finally prevailed. When the vote was taken the adoption was carried by a majority of nineteen. This was on the 6th of February, 1788. Several members who had strenuously opposed the Constitution during the discussion, when the adoption was carried, rose and declared they would now give the Constitution their hearty support. For example, one remarked, "Though I have opposed the adoption of the Constitution, yet, as a majority has seen fit to adopt it, I shall use my utmost exertions to induce my constituents to live in peace under, and cheerfully submit to it."

*Maryland* adopted the Constitution by a vote of 63 to 11 on the 28th of April. The opposition made an unsuccessful effort to adjourn the Convention, in view of the anticipated rejection of the Constitution by Virginia. The chief point of objection was to the power given to Congress to regulate commerce. It was feared that it might be so exercised as to give an undue advantage to the Eastern States.

In the Legislature of *South Carolina* Rawlins Lowndes opposed the calling of a Convention to consider the Constitution. He had much to say against those articles of the Constitution which gave Congress power to regulate commerce and to abolish the slave-trade. He declared that he wished for his epitaph, "Here lies the man who opposed the Constitution because it was ruinous to the liberties of America." The influence of the Pinckneys, the Rutledges, Barnwell, and others prevailed. A Con-



vention was called which adopted the Constitution on the 23d of May, 1788.

*New Hampshire* was the next State to adopt the Constitution. When the Convention assembled, in February, 1788, it was found that a large number of its members came bound by instructions to reject the Constitution. After discussing the matter, the Convention adjourned to the 18th of June, that such members as desired it might confer with their constituents, and get released from their instructions. When it reassembled the vote to adopt was carried, June 21, 1788.

The Convention of *Virginia* met on the 9th of June, 1788. The opposition was very strong, and contained such men as Patrick Henry, George Mason, and James Monroe, afterward President of the United States. Henry's great point was that the new Government was not a compact between Sovereign States, but a consolidated National Government. Speaking of the preamble, he said, "Who authorized them to speak the language of '*We, the people*,' instead of '*We, the States*?' States are the characteristic and the soul of a Confederation. If the States be not the agents of this compact, it must be one great consolidated National Government of the people of all the States." Mason, who was also in the opposition, said, "Whether the Constitution be good or bad, the present clause clearly discovers that it is a National Government, and no longer a Confederation." Madison and others answered these questions by showing the necessity of a National Government. He was supported by Pendleton, Marshall, afterward Chief Justice, Randolph, Nicholas, and others. Henry introduced the authority of Jefferson as opposed to the Constitution. Jefferson had written: "I wish with all my soul that the first nine States may accept the Constitution, because this will secure to us the good it contains, which I think great and important; but I equally wish that the four latest Conventions may refuse to accede till a Declaration of Rights be annexed." This declaration he thought should contain "freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of commerce against monopolies, trial by jury in all cases, no suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and no standing armies." Subsequently he wrote: "The plan of Massachusetts is far preferable, and will, I hope, be followed by those who are yet to decide." That plan was, as we have seen, to adopt the Constitution unconditionally, and to recommend that certain amendments be made. Nearly all the members from that part of Virginia west of the mountains and now constituting Kentucky, were opposed to the Constitution, since, as they supposed, it would give to the Eastern and Middle States power to surrender the navigation of the Mississippi. After long-continued debates, during which the whole Constitution was considered by paragraphs, the vote for adoption was taken and stood—for adopting 87, for rejecting 79. Previous to the vote Henry remarked, "If I shall be in a minority—yet I will be a peaceable citizen—I shall patiently wait in expectation of seeing this Government so changed as to be compatible with the safety, the liberty, and happiness of the people." In Virginia the issue was distinctly made between a conditional and unconditional adoption, and carried in favor of the latter. A long list of amendments to the Constitution were recommended by the Convention.

As has been already remarked, a majority of the Legislature of *New York* were opposed to the Constitution. At one time it was thought that the

Legislature would refuse to call a Convention, and the act for so doing had only a majority of three in the Senate, and of two in the House. Two-thirds of the members elected to the Convention were opposed to the Constitution. The Convention met at Poughkeepsie, June 19, 1788. George Clinton was chosen President. The Convention was opened every morning with prayer. The leading advocates of the Constitution were Alexander Hamilton, Chancellor Livingston, and John Jay. The leading opponents were Governor Clinton and Messrs. Yates and Lansing, who had been members of the Federal Convention, and retired when the National plan was adopted by that body. For a time it seemed almost certain that the Convention would reject the Constitution. On the 24th of June Hamilton received news that New Hampshire adopted the Constitution. Thus nine States had adopted it, and it would go into operation. The Confederation was in effect dissolved. This gave a new aspect to the state of affairs, and increased the hopes of the Federalists. Still the danger of rejection was so extreme that Hamilton was inclined to yield so far as to consent to an adoption with a reserved right to recede in case certain amendments should not be made. On the 12th of July he consulted Madison on the subject, who replied that such an act would not be an adoption at all—that the Constitution "required an unconditional adoption in toto and forever." The Anti-federates brought forward a bill on conditional adoption, but after much debate the words "on condition" were stricken out, and the words "in full confidence" inserted. The Act then read, "In full confidence that Congress will not exercise certain powers till a General Convention be called." A list of amendments was agreed upon, and a circular letter adopted to be sent to all the States, recommending a General Convention. In this manner the Constitution was adopted, July 26, 1788, by a vote of 30 to 27.

Thus the Constitution was ratified by eleven States. When the ratifications of nine States had been received by Congress (the Congress of the Confederation), they were referred to a Committee to examine them, and to report an Act for putting the said Constitution in force. This was on the 2d of July, 1788. On the 14th of July such an Act was reported, but it was not adopted till the 13th of September. Elections for the new Government were directed to be held in January, 1789, and the first Wednesday of March, 1789, was designated as the time for commencing proceedings under the Constitution.

The Constitution was rejected by Rhode Island and North Carolina. When the Legislature of Rhode Island received a copy of the Constitution, it was printed and circulated in the State. In February, 1788, the Legislature referred the question of its adoption, not to a Convention of the people, but to the freemen in their town meetings. Owing to a restricted suffrage there were only about four thousand votes in the State. It is said that the friends of the Constitution, being disgusted with the course pursued by the Legislature, refused to vote. The vote stood—2708 against the Constitution, 232 in favor. Rhode Island called a Convention, and adopted the Constitution in May, 1790. North Carolina called a Convention, which met July 21, 1788. A conditional adoption was discussed, and a rejection voted, with the view of securing another General Convention, which might remove the objectionable features of the Constitution. North Carolina remained out of the Union till November, 1789.



The facts stated in this brief account of the origin, formation, and adoption of the Constitution, show conclusively that it is not a League between Sovereign States, but the fundamental law of a National Government.

The Southern Rebellion proceeds upon a view of the Constitution which has been zealously taught in the Southern States for many years. That view is, that the Constitution is a League of Sovereign States, from which each State may secede when in its own judgment its interests require it. We have seen that the Federal Convention assembled for the purpose of amending the Articles of Confederation, which were confessedly a league between the States. They were soon convinced that they had a more important work to do, and the first resolution passed by them was that "a National Government ought to be established." Subsequently Mr. Patterson proposed a plan for amending the Articles of Confederation. His proposal received the respectful attention of the Convention. The League plan and the National plan were fairly before the Convention at the same time. A large majority voted to adhere to the National plan, and proceeded to agree upon the details till they had completed the Constitution to be "ordained and established" by "the people of the United States." We have seen that a prominent objection to the Constitution, in the Convention of Virginia and elsewhere, was that it had departed from the League system and constituted a Government acting upon individuals. The original framers of the Constitution did in no case deny the fact on which the objection was founded, but answered the objection by showing the necessity of a National Government and the right of the people to establish the same.

The history of the Constitution shows that it was designed to form a National Government, that it was ordained and established by the *People* of the United States; hence it, as Washington says in his "Farewell Address," "UNTIL CHANGED BY AN EXPLICIT AND AUTHENTIC ACT OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE, IS SACREDLY OBLIGATORY UPON ALL."

### Editor's Easy Chair.

TO WRITERS OF TALES, ESSAYS, POEMS, AND ALL OTHER LITERARY MISCELLANIES. When, some time since, the Easy Chair said that justice was done to all offerings for this Magazine, he certainly did not mean to invite every body in the country who could hold a pen and write to send their MSS. to the editor, with the expectation that he had nothing to do but decipher the various orthography, and send the manuscript to the printer. There has been such an avalanche of contributions—not a few of them very good—that fair notice must now be given to every contributor that the chance of the acceptance of his or her contribution is greatly diminished. Each Number of the Magazine contains about a dozen articles, while the Editor receives daily at least that number, which have more or less merit. Of those that are absolutely worthless the number passes count. When a paper is declined, it must not be assumed that in the judgment of the Editor it is worthless; but only that he does not think it one of the two or three best out of a hundred. But while the Magazine thus receives twenty times as many good articles as it can use, it is always in want of *better*; and those *better* articles will be gladly welcomed from any quarter. Mean-

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while, as a personal favor to the Editor of this Magazine and to himself, the Easy Chair begs all correspondents to note the following hints:

Write legibly, with such paper, ink, and pen that the writing may be read without a microscope. The eyes of editors and printers are valuable to them, at least. Punctuate properly, marking the paragraphs and quotations. Somebody *must* do this, and the Editor *will* not. If you do not know how to do this, learn before writing for publication. No MS. which fails in these points will be read.

Do not send a portion of an article, "as a specimen;" nor any thing which you have "written to amuse an idle hour." Do not send any translations, or stories of European life, or Indian legends, or long poems. Do not, above all things, send any verses, unless you are sure that they are *poetry*, and contain something fresh in subject and expression.

If your article is short, retain a copy: it is easier for you to do this than for the Editor to register and return it. If you wish it returned, say so, and inclose the necessary stamps. If you wish an answer, inclose an envelope directed and stamped; and do not think it discourteous if the answer is a printed form. Do not expect a reply in the pages of the Magazine; communications between editors and correspondents are *private*—the public have nothing to do with them.

Do not, in case your article is declined, ask for a detailed criticism, "pointing out faults and suggesting corrections." It may seem a small thing to ask an editor to spend a couple of hours in carefully criticising what has cost you weeks to prepare; but to comply with half a dozen such requests in a day would occupy all his time; and he has his own work to do.

Direct all contributions to "*The Editor of Harper's Magazine*"—not to the "Easy Chair," within whose province it does not come to decide upon contributions.

If the foregoing "hints" are complied with, the Editor will endeavor hereafter to read and decide upon all manuscripts sent to him within the month in which they are received. He will also endeavor to return those for whose transmission the proper provision has been made; but he can not hold himself responsible for them. They are at the risk of the authors.

THE Easy Chair prints the following note with pleasure. Of course he has relinquished any expectation that John Bull will either understand or try to understand what we are or what we are doing. A war that cuts off his cotton may happen to remind him that we are, and an iron ship that routs his whole navy three thousand miles off, and rifled siege-guns that breach fortifications at incredible distances, may possibly suggest that we are doing. But Bull is pachydermatous. The moral sense of fine gentlemen who blow rebels from the mouths of cannon is sadly vexed by savages who shut them up to seclude them from mischief. Oh, John! we may be bullies, and swaggerers, and loud talkers—yes, we may even spit upon the floor—but moral affectation is not one of our vices:

"The London literary journals have been quite as much exercised about the rebellion in this country as have the newspapers, and their dislike of the situation in America has manifested itself in malicious criticisms upon American authors, actors, poets, and painters, whom they heartily praised a year ago. A recent number of the *London Review*, in noticing the last-published volume of Mrs. Sig-



ourney's poems, instituted a comparison between her and Mrs. Hemans, and says that there is a resemblance between Mrs. Hemans's 'Treasures of the Deep' and Mrs. Sigourney's lines to the 'Coral Insects,' 'plain enough to swear to in a court of justice.' In reply to this insinuated plagiarism, it should be stated that the lines referred to were written before any of Mrs. Hemans's poetry had been seen on this side of the Atlantic, and that these and a little poem of Mrs. Sigourney's on the 'Death of an Infant,' beginning,

'Death found strange beauty,' etc.,

which has been published among Mrs. Hemans's poems, and claimed as hers, were both written in journals of Mrs. S. in 1820, and were published in the Boston edition of 1827.

"The *Review* finds fault with the story of 'Oriska,' and considers it imperfect—forgetting that the poet is not responsible for the narrative, which is derived from authentic sources. While thus captious, the *Review* candidly admits that, with the exception of Longfellow, no American poet is better known on that side of the Atlantic. Mrs. Sigourney has sometimes been called the 'Hemans of America'—improperly, as Mrs. Hemans is but little known and less regarded in this country, while the poems of Mrs. Sigourney have been extensively reprinted and circulated in England, and are more widely known and read, perhaps, than those of any of the English female poets."

—"Or in more general terms, taking it for granted that nine out of every ten young writers produce insufferable nonsense, has the tenth one, who writes what is really worth reading, any chance of success. . . . Is there fair play for young writers?"

The friend who asks this question can answer it by a moment's thinking. There is no secret in the reply. It does not require that a man should be a professional author to answer it. For what do publishers aim at? Certainly at prosperity. But what does their prosperity depend upon? Certainly upon their publishing books that the public will want to read. Hence their business sagacity consists in the ability to understand what will be popular.

Necessarily, therefore, they look upon every young and new author as a possible treasure. He is a closed casket to them. He may hold the rarest gem within. Do you think that they will throw the casket away until they have ascertained?

Publishers are not the natural enemies of authors. They are natural allies. Viewed from this world, an author is a cipher until the publisher is prefixed to him like a numeral. Then he becomes a distinctly appreciable quantity.

Nor, again, is there a certain limit of fame. It is as ample as the air. There is enough for all. The trophies of Miltiades would not let Themistocles sleep. But the fame of Themistocles does not obscure the earlier name. The parent who has one child can not comprehend that he should love two or three quite as dearly. But the two and three are not less loved than the one, yet they do not rob him.

Of course the possible fame as an author of a youth who brings a publisher his manuscript does not disturb the publisher's mind. "My dear Sir," said a shrewd publisher to the young man who with trembling fingers handed him the sacred roll, "this may be a more immortal poem than 'Paradise Lost;' but you understand that to us, as a matter of business, it is so much molasses and shirting. If we can do well by meddling with it, we will undertake it. If not, not." If, upon examination, they are not disposed to deal farther with the author, is that "rudely slamming the door to fame in his face?" Is it not clear that, if it really be a work destined to great success, and the publisher declines it, he rudely slams the door to fortune in his own face?

All publishers do sometimes decline such works, and those are the occasions upon which they fail in sagacity.

In what, then, does fair play for young authors consist? Simply in submitting their manuscripts to a sagacious critic to decide if the publication promises any advantage to the publisher. This advantage may be found in the subject, in the treatment, or in the circumstances of the author—not necessarily in the intrinsic value of the work. Twenty-five years ago a book upon Animal Magnetism would have been salable from the subject, but it would not be to-day. Yet a treatise upon that theme to-day might be so brilliantly treated that, for the rhetoric or the humor, the book would sell. Or, again, if Garibaldi should write a work upon that subject, however poorly he might write, the success would be sure.

These are but a few of the points which a skillful "reader" considers. But if Garibaldi had never been heard of, and his book, however well written and full of talent, had been declined by the critic of one house; and presently, when Garibaldi's name was precious, and his story familiar in every home, another house should publish the book, could you say that the critic of the first had not been just to the unknown author, and that now the scales had fallen from publishing eyes? Clearly it is not the seer but the seer that has changed. His name has an independent value which it had not before, and which it now confers upon every thing it touches.

I knew a young man of great gifts who was entirely unknown to the world. He was smitten with the old and sacred love of fame. He wrought for it patiently and with the most delicate honor, biding his time and carefully completing the works into which he put the vitality of his genius. Some of them he offered to publishers. They were all liked and praised. But one publisher wanted some change in the MS., slight but essential. Another feared the lowering aspect of the times. Still others had other excuses. They saw excellence, they felt promise, but they did not quite dare to risk the chances.

Suddenly the name of the young author became famous in an utterly different direction. Circumstances gave his career a hue of heroic romance that fascinated and inspired. A noble and early death completed his life. A new name had been added to history. Is it surprising that the publishers, who liked, but did not venture to undertake the issue of his works before, now felt secure of their success? Had they "rudely slammed the door of fame in his face?" Had he not opened it for himself?

You will say that this is a factitious and extrinsic reason for literary fame. Not necessarily. The occasion that gave him an audience was certainly not literary. But nothing except the genius can give any man literary fame. The occasion opens the casket, but it did not create the jewel.

The Easy Chair, then, can not see that young authors do not have as fair play as young lawyers or young merchants.

In his discourse at Dartmouth upon Webster, Rufus Choate personifies the college as a weeping mother bending over her great departed, and saying, with the proud parent of history, "I would not exchange my dead son for any living one of Christendom."

When a great man dies and the world mourns, when his name is familiarly and lovingly and respectfully mentioned, when solemn institutions of



art or science or learning heap his grave with praise, when the newspapers recount every incident of his life, and paint as panegyrists paint the virtues and graces of the dead—all seems done that sympathy can do; and the bereaved, as they survey the evidence of the worth and work of the departed, may find some small consolation in their grief.

So in the dark year that ended in April many had passed from the full flush of happy and honorable life to death. Their heroic names and acts are repeated and remembered with joy and pride, and are henceforth parts of our history. But ah! for those who lived before Agamemnon and who had no poet to sing them! In the sad details of battles we read of twenty killed, of a hundred killed, of a thousand killed; and each one of them all was the centre of hopes as high, perhaps, though all unknown, as those whose fame survives the field and the day.

These are the unnamed heroes. They march often with no less lofty purpose and clear perception of the crisis than their leaders. They serve with the same heroism. They fight with the same bravery, and fall as nobly. There are, in our armies, of course, loose and bad men as in all armies; but how many of the whole, rough as they may be, are not also intelligent citizens, the very substance of the people, and the last reliance of a free popular government.

These are the unnamed heroes; but it is no willful neglect that they are so: nor do those who achieve glory enviously aim to outstrip the rest. Only, when we count our treasures, let us remember the unnamed, the devoted sons and brothers and husbands and lovers, who have obeyed the call of their country in the same spirit that Washington obeyed; who have suddenly turned from the quiet happiness of their lives, on which love and fortune smiled, and have marched to battle and to death, knowing that their fall must be unknown to all but those whose homes it would darken, and whose hearts it would break.

If to-morrow the news of the final victory were to come and the next day dawn upon peace, and the towns and cities and villages through the land were to be asked to illuminate in national gratitude for our salvation, yet with the understanding that all who had lost a friend need not join, how sadly the darkened panes would remind us of the blighted hopes and grieving hearts that lie in the wake of war!

There is a poem of Mrs. Browning's in the "Last Poems," lately published, which is the most pathetic and passionate expression of the woe of a mother who loses both her boys in the Italian war of liberation. They were unnamed upon the roll of Italian heroes; but she!—she had no others. They were *her* heroes. They were *her* Italy. They were *her* life and love and hope and heaven. If you do not happen to like Mrs. Browning's poems, as the Country Parson says he can not read Carlyle, it is not necessary to read the stanzas I am going to quote. But don't for a moment imagine that you have said a fine thing in saying so, or that you have shown yourself to be downright common-sensible. You may not like Shakespeare's music, the odor of magnolias—but they are good, nevertheless, and the other part is not of much consequence.

Both the singer's boys are dead, remember.

"Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?

When the fair wicked Queen sits no more at her sport,  
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?

When the guns of Cavalli, with final retort,  
Have cut the game short?

"When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee—

When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green,  
and red—

When *you* have your country from mountain to sea—

When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head  
(And *I* have my dead)—

"What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells  
low,

And burn your lights faintly! My country is *there*,  
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;

My Italy's *there*, with my brave civic pair,  
To disfranchise despair!

"Forgive me! Some women bear children in strength,  
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;

But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length  
Into wail such as this—and we sit on forlorn

When the man-child is born.

"Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,

And one of them shot in the west by the sea.

Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast

You want a great song for your Italy free,  
Let none look at *me*!"

Doubtless it was the author of this poem who, had she lived, would have sung the great song for Italy free. The English poets have especially loved Italy. Milton is a part of Vallombrosa; Shelley, of the Tuscan shore; Byron, of Venice; Keats, of Rome, where he died. But the Brownings are very Italians. Nowhere else shall we find a more perfect dramatic portraiture of Italian medieval life and thought than in Robert Browning's poems, or of its modern emotions than in his wife's. The little volume called "Last Poems," containing the very last strains of the strongest and sweetest singer among women, is prefaced, in the American edition, by an affectionate, sympathetic, and admirable biographical and critical sketch by Theodore Tilton.

KING GEORGE THE THIRD of England, if he had lived with us, might have wondered why it is that Easter, spring bonnets, and the Academy Exhibition all come together. But he could not have denied that they do. And if that gracious monarch, with whom it was our misfortune to differ, had taken that ever-increasing family of his, whose expenses our English friends have had the pleasure of paying, to see the sights of the metropolis, he must have stopped in the spacious and handsome gallery where the National Academy Exhibition is held this year. It is known as the Derby Gallery, and is just above Houston Street, in Broadway.

As you go in the old difficulty presents itself. Shall you look at the pictures or at the spectators? The pictures are mainly portraits; but here are the originals without the impediment of paint—except, indeed, in the case of that truly amiable lady of a high-colored complexion who stands looking at the difference in the manner of laying it on between Huntington, or Page, or Hicks, or Baker, or Stone, or Elliott and herself. To see the seers is often more entertaining than to see the show. To hear them is not so delightful, if you chance to be an artist or the friend of one. Indeed, one of the first rules to be observed by every visitor to the National Academy Exhibition is abstinence from audible criticism. Don't say that the picture is a daub, because the modest gentleman at your elbow probably painted it, or is the brother, or cousin, or bosom friend of the painter. I went in the other day with a companion, and we were hastening to discover the best pictures. "Halloa!" said companion, pulling me on; "there's a Smith; I know it by the—" I



nudged him, for the man in the slouched hat and long hair, just before him, was Smith himself. "—by the exquisite grace of outline and richness of coloring," continued companion, who is one of the most adroit and accomplished of men. "I thank you," he said, later, "for cutting me short in my charge at that atrocious daub of Smith's. What on earth do they hang such things in the large gallery for? That little drawing of mine is tucked up out of sight in the entrance passage. I suppose that Mrs. Croker is the only person who has seen it. Why not have intelligent men upon the hanging committee, and not people who only fight for the best places for their own pictures?"

Trekle's motto for a quiet life is a good one—speak well of every body and every thing. Yet even that is not infallible as he found when praising Smith's pictures to Jones.

The Exhibition this year has a few masterly portraits; but besides those not many remarkable pictures. Page, Elliott, Hicks, and Huntington have very conspicuous and admirable works, and Staigg, Stone, Baker, and Wenzler very beautiful specimens of their skill. Mr. Hicks's full-length of Dr. Cogswell, the late Librarian of the Astor Library, is the first picture that challenges attention. It is an admirable portrait, and a work which shows both the skill and the power of the artist. The arrangement and choice of the details are most fit, and the execution is masterly. The wood of the chair in which the Doctor sits is one of the most real bits of painting in the Exhibition. The leather of the bindings of the books and the ranges of Library shelves beyond, which make up the back-ground of the picture, are studied and rendered with charming fidelity. The Doctor sits in a chair holding open in his lap an illuminated missal. His dress is scholarly black—the regulation broadcloth of civilized society—and his feet are clad in low shoes or pumps. The likeness, as we said, is excellent. The whole picture is most interesting, and from its subject and his connection with the Library it has a historical value. Its proper place is, of course, the Library itself; and as the trustees could not hope for a more satisfactory portrait, they will naturally be inclined to possess this. And, indeed, the Astor Library ought to have this charming memorial of its first and famous Librarian.

Mr. Page has three "full-lengths" upon the walls. His portrait of Collector Barney is a striking likeness and a forcible painting, but it is very unpleasant. The accessories are ill chosen, and the whole effect of the details is patched and aimless. The portrait of Mr. Hopper is a most characteristic work, showing great power, and skill, and daring. It is certainly not displeasing, however singular its impression may be; neither is it satisfactory. It is a curiously suggestive work: to some persons it is even exasperating. A kindly and noted and accomplished painter with whom I talked, said that Page constantly piled up impediments in his own path, and did not always remove them. Perhaps the most unpleasant point of his works is, that each one seems to be an experiment. It may be very brilliant, very beautiful, very subtle, but you do not feel that the painter is sure of what he has done, or that he will not flout it to-morrow. Is all painting an experiment? But why, more than writing? Greater excellence, naturally, will always be sought by truly ambitious, artistic souls, whether in one form or another, but not different fundamental principles nor various manners. Page's pictures are

always most interesting. They allure the eye; they excite the mind; but they do not—do they?—satisfy the æsthetic sense.

Huntington's full-length of Chancellor Ferris, of the New York University, is one of his happy portraits. It is harmonious, vigorous, and rich. There is a luxuriance of color and treatment in Huntington which makes you feel that he ought to paint portraits of Creole beauties lying, jeweled and languid, under branching tropic leaves. His larger portraits have the pleasing, high-bred grace of Copley's; works to pause by and muse upon in ancestral galleries. He preserves and elaborates the costume of to-day, yet in such a way that it shall only seem quaint to-morrow, and be an added charm.

But here is another full-length—George Law, by Mr. Powell. This is not exactly a Creole beauty, nor is there liteness or languor in the form. It is the huge steamboat king—one of the marked men of the city. It is very large and very dark, and the Committee have put it in the most unhappy light. It is the only exile among the full-lengths, and the painter and his friends doubtless complain. Nor is it clear why it should not have had an equal chance with the others of the same kind. But the Committee is a judicious Committee, and doubtless knows its own whys and wherefores. Of a picture, therefore, as Dr. Johnson would say, which can not be distinctly seen little can be discriminatively said.

Mr. Elliott has at least one portrait upon the walls which he has not surpassed. It is marked in the Catalogue as No. 111. For vigor, brilliancy, and reality this work is seldom equaled in portraiture. It is a remarkable reproduction of the characteristic personality of the subject. The clear, keen, concentrated force; the quiet sagacity, the resolute challenge of persons and things, the repose and satisfaction of conscious executive skill, with a certain hidden pride of self-respect, and secret, steadfast kindness, are all readily discerned in the portrait which Elliott has treated with such mastery. It is evidently a work of sympathy. The portrait of a man whose powers are in full play, moulding the expression of every feature and of the whole aspect, is sure to kindle the painter who has the capacity of appreciation and discrimination. So many faces are shells—so many masks: upon so many the character is so lightly printed, or half effaced, or quite illegible, that a painter can hardly fail to be inspired by one which is an illuminated index of character. This portrait has been universally recognized as one of the best that Elliott has painted.

Among the other portraits is one of Huntington's, a half or three-quarter length of a lady in full gala costume, but as we said, so painted that it will still be the portrait of a lady to her great-grandchildren. In contrast of costume to this is a very beautiful portrait by Staigg, the half-length of a lady draped in the simplest muslin. The richness and elegance and exquisite handling of this picture, like that of a portrait by the same artist two years since, place him among the most skillful and satisfactory of his brethren. Mr. Wenzler shows two or three of his works, one of them a most actual likeness of the poet Bryant. The painter must certainly have denounced the razor that lays waste the poet's upper lip. With so fine a flowing and silvery beard how he must have longed to blend its natural companion! The execution has that smoothness and elaborate finish which mark all that Wenzler does. Every touch seems laid on with nervous care, but so affectionately that the critic is disarmed. This is a very



different style from that in which Mr. W. H. Furness has painted an admirable likeness of Hamilton Wild. It is broad, rich, and sunny, with masses of transparent shadow, and a general ease and freedom which justify the promise of the artist's portrait of his father, two years ago. There is great conscience in the treatment—nothing slurred or botched, and yet the whole effect is sweeping and vigorous and luminous. Why do we not see Wild's pictures as well as his portrait in the gallery? Some strain of Venice he could have sung to us such as we have not heard. Some of us travel through Italy, some see it, some feel it. Wild has it in his heart, and when he holds a pencil it flows from his finger tips.

Near by is one of Mr. Ingham's heads. This is the thirty-seventh annual exhibition, and in the first Mr. Ingham, if he exhibited any thing, showed the very counterpart of this portrait. Such uniformity of execution, and indeed of excellence in his way, few painters achieve. But the way? Do people look so to Mr. Ingham? Is human society such a collection of wax statuary in his eyes as his portraits indicate? It must be so, for so he has always represented men and women. In what a curious world, then, the artist must live!

Here, for instance, to show what a different thing the same human flesh may seem to different eyes, is a picture of a Venus by Mr. Gray, *The Apple of Discord*. Mr. Gray is a Venetian in school. He thinks as Lawrence did (who drew heads here eight years ago), and as Page does, that Titian knew more about painting than any body else. Whether he had more of the qualities that make a great artist—whether he were in art (not in painting) the peer of Michael Angelo or Raphael—they may or may not concede. But that he understood the limits of pigments, that he had a wonderful eye in discriminating and a marvelous hand in executing, they would probably all agree. Then comes a difficulty. You may produce by glazing and scumbling and various processes a Titianesque surface upon your picture. But have you not superinduced that effect? Did not Titian produce it by simple, honest coloring? Or, indeed, is not what we call the Titian look partly the result of mingled time and dust, and would a new picture of Titian's, if painted to-day, resemble those that we now see of his three hundred years old? Or still again, if you had found the Titian secret, why not use it in painting other subjects than he chose?

*The Apple of Discord* is the pleasantest picture of Mr. Gray's which we recall, yet it would be pleasanter if the subject were different. If nothing were said to you, and you found it in a shop in Florence, or Paris, or Rome, you would say, "Halloa! here is a most lovely copy of one of Titian's Venuses;" which one you would not precisely remember, but you would have no doubt of the fact. Of course Mr. Gray does this by design. He knows it as well as any body. He has in view certain depths and harmonies, certain subtle qualities of form and color. The subject upon which he shall work them out is almost as indifferent to him, probably, as the characters of the different models who might sit to him. Is not this in painting what rhetoric is in literature?

The pearly quality of the flesh in this picture, the ripened, flexible, exquisite rounding of the forms, the luxuriance of voluptuous grace in which it is all steeped, and the prevailing sweetness of tone, are most striking and delightful. On the other hand, it is somewhat thin—it is a surface rather than a depth of color—and that wonderful gradation of warmth and tint which it suggests by reminding you of the

Venetian pictures, it does not quite accomplish. This, of course, is trying it by the highest standard. But both the character and the excellence of the work suggest it.

We can only have a word where we would willingly tarry for a talk; so we must chat of one or two pictures in the Exhibition that are not portraits, and chief among these are Bierstadt's *Sunlight and Shadow*, and Kensett's *Twilight*. The former is a small picture, but it has the best effect of sunshine we ever saw. That was a famous beam in Church's *Heart of the Andes*, striking the old tree; but such quivering, soft, warm, real sunlight as this upon the half-crumbling travertine balustrade and cathedral wall we have not seen in painting. It is marvelously realistic and poetic, yet not in the least Pre-Raphaelite, in the technical sense. The little picture is like a happy thought of quiet. Mr. Kensett's larger landscape is very grand in its broad, solemn, twilight gloom. The great mountain dome muffled in dark verdure; the far-reaching, ample plain, infinitely varied, stretching away under the last dying red surfs of sunset, and the cool, tranquil heaven, breathing peace—all compose a most impressive landscape. Mr. Kensett has not painted many finer pictures than this; yet it must be thoughtfully studied to be truly perceived. The very fidelity of the work will cause many a spectator to pass it by with but a single note of admiration. If you read this before the Exhibition closes, *siste viator!*

Mr. Gifford has several pictures; two, at least, of subjects drawn from the war—a *Sermon in the Camp of the Seventh at Washington*, and a *Bivouac of the same Regiment*. They are both charming souvenirs. The *Torre di Schiave*, a well-known ruin upon the Roman Campagna, is another small work of Gifford's, which has all the clear brilliancy for which he is noted. It is almost too bright a portrait of the old tower, as the *Easy Chair* remembers it. It lacks that curious crust of dinginess which Time throws in Rome even over the gayest colors. But there is a delightful firmness and delicacy in the picture. Mr. Haseltine's *Coast near Amalfi* is a gorgeous work. The peculiar glow of the moist, smooth sea-beach is so evanescent an effect that the spectator can hardly criticise it justly. But the long lift of sea-water about to fall and slide up the shore is very fine, and every part of the picture is thought and treated with subtle sympathy and appreciation. Mr. Casilear has several of his refined and visionary landscapes. A singular exquisiteness of touch gives them a vignette character, while their rare tenderness and delicacy show how truly the painter is a lover of the scenes he draws. Mr. Suydam contributes some of his sea-perspectives, characterized by his customary open daylight effect and careful handling. Mr. Tait's *Birds and Spaniels* are as good as ever; and so are Mr. Hayes's *Terrier and Trout*.

Upon the whole, the Academy Exhibition of this year is remarkable for a few very fine portraits, but not for a variety or great number of excellent pictures. The pleasantness of the hall and the convenience of access have made it more than usual, and despite the war, a thronged resort. The pictures have been better seen than they could be in the series of cells in Tenth Street; and the only serious regret is that the space was so limited that there was no adequate room for the works of beginners. The entrance passage has several interesting and admirable drawings upon the walls, such as Farrar's pen-and-ink *Head of a Gentleman Writing*, and a color sketch



of a tangled mass of Wild-flowers and Weeds, and Charles Parsons's View from the Ramparts of Panama, and Entrance to Somes Sound, Mount Desert.

It would be curious and instructive if the pictures of the first Academy Exhibition could be collected and seen. Cole and Inman would be among the names upon the catalogue, and Vanderlyn might be found there. A few striking portraits, some poetic landscapes—in certain points not yet surpassed—would probably exhaust the memorabilia of the Exhibition. The evidence of an awakened taste, of public interest, of enlarged artistic culture and experience, and of a variety of admirable talent—all which characterize the present Exhibitions—would be wanting.

And yet, doubtless, the wights who talked about the pictures in print were a hundred-fold more capable than their successors of to-day. O! brothers of the brush, if we of the pen seem unkind to you, it is a fault of knowledge, not of will.

THE Reverend Robert Collyer, of Chicago, was the pastor of many a brave man who marched to the battle-field of Fort Donelson, and was brought home only to be buried. On the day after the victory Mr. Collyer was one of the Samaritans who hastened to carry succor and sympathy to the wounded, and upon his return the next Sunday he preached a sermon to his congregation upon the Battle-Field of Donelson, which is one of the most pathetic tales which the war has inspired. It is a picture of the terrible other side—the anguish, the solitude, the far-scattered pangs that follow war.

The narrative is very brief and very simple.

"The day I spent there," he says, "was like one of our sweetest May-days. As I stood in a bit of secluded wood-land in the still morning the spring birds sang as sweetly and flitted about as merrily as if no tempest of fire, and smoke, and terror had ever driven them in mortal haste away. In one place where the battle had raged I found a little bunch of sweet bergamot that had just put out its brown-blue leaves, rejoicing in its first resurrection; and a bed of daffodils ready to unfold their golden robes to the sun; and the green grass in sunny places was fair to see. But where great woods had cast their shadows the necessities of attack and defense had made one haggard and almost universal ruin—trees cut down into all sorts of wild confusion, torn and splintered by cannon-ball, trampled by horses and men, and crushed under the heavy wheels of artillery. One sad wreck covered all.....

"Almost a week had passed since the battle, and most of the dead were buried. We heard of twos and threes, and, in one place, of eleven, still lying where they fell; and as we rode down a lonely pass we came to one waiting to be laid in the dust, and stopped for a moment to note the sad sight. Pray look out from my eyes at him as he lies where he fell. You see by his garb that he is one of the rebel army, and by the peculiar marks of that class that he is a city rough. There is little about him to soften the grim picture that rises up before you as he rests in perfect stillness by that fallen tree: but there is a shawl, coarse and homely, that must have belonged to some woman, and

His hands are folded on his breast;  
There is no other thing expressed  
But long disquiet merged in rest.

"Will you still let me guide you through that scene as it comes up before me?....Here you meet a man who has been in command and stood fast;

and when you say some simple word of praise to him in the name of all who love their country, he blushes and stammers like a woman, and tells you he tried to do his best: and when we get to Mound City we shall find a man racked with pain, who will forget to suffer in telling how this brave man you have just spoken to not only stood by his own regiment in a fierce storm of shot, but when he saw a regiment near his own giving back because their officers showed the white feather, rode up to the regiment, hurled a mighty curse at those who were giving back, stood fast by the men in the thickest fight, and saved them. And, says the sick man, with tears in his eyes, 'I would rather be a private under him than a captain under any other man.'....I notice one feature in this camp that I never saw before—the men do not swear and use profane words as they used to do. There is a little touch of seriousness about them. They are cheerful and hearty, and in a few days they will mostly fall back into the old bad habit so painful to hear: but they have been too near to the tremendous verities of hell and heaven on that battle-field to turn them into small change for every day use just yet....I may not judge harshly of what should be done in a time of war like this in the West: it is very easy to be unfair. I will simply tell you that had it not been for the things sent up by the Sanitary Commission in the way of linen, and things sent by our citizens in the way of nourishment, I see no possibility by which those wounded men could have been lifted out of their blood-stained woollen garments, saturated with wet and mud, or could have had any food and drink except corn-mush, hard bread, and the turbid water of the river.

".....Here is one who has lost an arm, and there one who has lost a leg. This old man of sixty has been struck by a grape-shot, and that boy of eighteen has been shot through the lung. Here a noble man has lived through a fearful bullet-wound just over the eye, and that poor German, who could never talk English so as to be readily understood, has been hit in the mouth and has lost all hope of talking except by signs....The doctor comes to this young man and says, quietly, 'I think, my boy, I shall have to take your arm off;' and he cries out in great agony 'Oh, dear doctor, do save my arm!' and the doctor tells him he will try a little longer; and when he has gone, the poor fellow says to me, 'What shall I do if I lose my arm? I have a poor old mother at home, and there is no one to do any thing for her but me.'

"That man who has lost his arm is evidently sinking. As I lay wet linen on the poor stump he tells me how he 'has a wife and two children at home, and he has always tried to do right and live a manly life.' The good, simple heart is clearly trying to balance its accounts before it fares the great event which it feels to be not far distant. As I go past him I see the face growing quieter; and at last good Mr. Williams, who has watched him to the end, tells me he put up his one hand, gently closed his own eyes, and then laid the hand across his breast and died.

"That boy in the corner, alone, suffers agony such as I may not tell. All day long we hear his cries of pain through half the length of the boat; far into the night the tide of anguish pours over him; but at last the pain is all gone, and he calls one of our number to him, and says: 'I am going, I want you to please write a letter to my father, tell him I owe such a man two dollars and a half, and



such a man owes me four dollars, and he must draw my pay and keep it all for himself.' Then he lay silently a little while, and, as the nurse wet his lips, said: 'Oh, I should so like a drink out of my father's well!' and in a moment he had gone where angels gather immortality—

"'By life's fair stream, fast by the throne of God.'

And so all day long, with cooling water and soft linen, with morsels of food and sips of wine, with words of cheer and tender pity to every one, and most of all to those that were in the sorest need, we tried to do some small service for those that had done and suffered so much for us."

These are long extracts, but they are more profitable in these bright but bitter days of early summer, when the murmur of distant battles is in the air, than the talk of this Easy Chair would be. The times have not occasioned a more graphic picture of the terrible episodes of war than the story of this practical Christian who, like his Master, goes about consoling the wounded and the weary. The most tender and thoughtful charity pervades the entire discourse. The rebels, in the pastor's eyes, though they have slain his friends and brothers for maintaining the laws of their country, which are the security of liberty and peace for all citizens, are still fellow-men. "Finally," he says, "I came to feel a more tender pity for the deluded men on the other side, and a more unutterable hatred of that vile thing that has made them what they are. On all sides I found young men, with faces as sweet and ingenuous as the faces of our own children, as open to sympathy, and, according to their light, as ready to give all they had for their cause."

### Our Foreign Bureau.

WITH the whole Western world wrapped in the red flame of war—with those to whom our hearts are knit by such ties as death only breaks and sorrows only make stronger—busy at scoop of graves or tending wounded—with steamers that we knew once plying peacefully under shadow of overhanging cotton-wood now burdened with the human *débris* of battle—it seems like mockery that we should give a thought, a line, a pen-stroke to the everyday, easy life of the European capital.

So, when fierce cold is smiting with its white wand all the crops of the North, it seems but fatuity and heartlessness to record how balmy heats are making the fields bask in sunnier latitudes; how blossoms are bursting, and sweet fruit forming, and blithe workers going afield on the very day and the very hour when, in other lands, killing frosts are sowing famine.

From the European stand-point what most surprises, perhaps, in regard to the American war, is the *insouciance*, the indifference, the calm with which all tidings of fierce battles are met. "Twenty thousand wounded and killed" carries no more stab to the public sensibility than, in other days, a blown-up steamer with its hundred of victims. We will venture to say that the news of the late American battles, and the tale of killed and wounded, have startled to a quicker sense of the actual horrors involved the European public than even the neighbors of the sufferers at home. How is this? Do we Americans, as is alleged, put so small an estimate on life and health? or have we, with philosophic calm, so reckoned the cost from the begin-

ning as not to be stirred by the abounding justification of our estimates?

To all who question and express amazement at the extraordinary result, we answer that both causes have their weight.

A young people, battling with bears on the frontiers and risking all the hazards of climate in its uncontrollable love of "spread," must rate life at a far lower estimate than those who, these thousand years, have been multiplying every device to make it long and easy and luxurious. Keen sensibility to the horrors of war is the result of a mature civilization. If the pioneer were hampered by the refinements of cities he would never trample down the savagery of the border.

The composure with which, as a people, we have received and forgotten each year our record of accidents by boat and rail demonstrates a comparative indifference to the value of life which astonishes European observers, but which, after all, is perhaps attributable, not so much to sheer insensibility as to a conviction that our swift progress as a nation must have a commensurate waste of blood and life. We strike for grand results, and we pay the grandest of prices.

There is yet another explanation of the apparent coolness with which the American public digests its record of losses. The authorities commanding battle are corporated authorities, and corporate bodies ignore sympathy. When Napoleon tracked his way over the bloody ground of Solferino, the groans and the stark corpses made an appeal to his heart which quickened the negotiations of Villafranca. But let a Republican general or cabinet officer declare the force of such appeal, and straightway his loyalty is questioned. No sympathies must stand in the way of duty to the state. The sheriff must not flinch. The law has no heart to be touched.

Hence a Republican war, directed against Republican subjects, must be the bitterest and most unrelenting of all wars. The People alone, who are the authors of the Law, must temper its issues.

YESTERDAY we read of battles in which our heart leaped to the story; and to-day the paper is full of the last masquerade at the hotel of the Count de Persigny. Who should care, in such times, if the Countess was beautiful in her white satin of a *pierrette*, with diamonds to her buttons? Who should care if a diplomat plays the clown perfectly? These jollities of the *mi-carême* have a larger life than usual. Yet it is no indication that serious things are not engrossing the serious thought of France. Even in America, if we may believe the newspapers (which, indeed, involves something of hardihood), there was never more noisy and lawless pursuit of pleasure than in the great capitals. The concert saloons—which are understood here to be a harsh reproduction of the Mabilles and the Montesquiues—are represented as thriving upon the costs of the Republican war. And in Paris, while the workers of Lyons and of Rouen are pinched with real want (growing stronger every day), the balls have been brilliant, the private theatricals have made their *claque* heard upon the Boulevards, and a circle of admiring friends of an actress of the Vaudeville have made an *émeute* at that theatre in decrying a play whose partition did injustice to their favorite.

Yet again, this metropolitan world—whose soberer citizens are anxious to learn what may become of the lingering Papal question or the sharp Mexican problem—is all agog with the recent sale of the ef-



fects—paintings and other—of a distinguished and pretty member of the demi-monde, Mademoiselle Anna Deslion.

It appears an absurd thing to mention that a few weeks since all the furniture was sold from the rooms of a pretty unmarried lady of the Chaussée d'Antin: and yet, when the sale came about, the streets were crowded with carriages—some coroneted—all evidencing wealth. That there should be Aubusson tapestry, was looked for: every woman who lives in luxury at Paris possesses it. That there should be art of a certain kind, was looked for: since wealth can every where command it. But the singularity of this sale was the fact that its art was of the chiefest order, and its objects of *vertu* most severe in their class.

A necklace of pearls which came to the hammer was regal; the report says it brought forty thousand francs. Other jewelry of various kinds sold for some seven hundred thousand francs. The paintings counted such names as Troyon, and Meissonnier, as well as a crowd of amateurs. The very inkstand was a rare copy from Michael Angelo, mounted upon onyx, and its sale price was five thousand francs.

And yet the Deslion's is a name which good people do not talk of. You know she had wealth; you know she commanded the complimentary gifts of distinguished artists, princes; you hear she was witty, beautiful, young.

Yet with this sale of her effects she disappears. An impropriety eclipses her splendor. She holds upon the brilliant round of Paris life by so frail a tenure that an impropriety makes the end. We shall never hear of her after this sale of her jewels. Perhaps, years hence, some haggard woman at the opera may offer us a footstool for a few centimes, or may crave a sous or two at the street-crossings in charity, and her name may be Mademoiselle Deslion.

For it is in this way such mock splendors vanish.

Yet still the carriages buzz, and the princes make carnival of Easter. The sale, the splendor, the story call to mind Victor Hugo's new work of the "*Miserables*." It is just now published in Paris, in Belgium, and (by translation) in half a dozen different capitals of Europe. It deals with the accidents and incidents of social life. It deals, in short, with larger problems than the author has ever dealt with before. But he brings more of age and experience to the discussion.

We speak now only in view of a synopsis of its contents. We may return to it again.

The son of the poet, Charles Hugo, is understood to be engaged upon a dramatic adaptation of the book.

THIS mention leads us naturally to speak of the new election to the French Academy in place of M. Scribe. The successful candidate has been M. Octave Feuillet. His best opponent was M. Camille Doucet, who holds a position under Government in connection with the theatrical *régime*, and who received ten votes out of the thirty-one recorded.

Octave Feuillet, the new Academician, is some fifty odd years of age, and his best known work is the "*Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*," which was originally published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and which has been translated in various countries. He is also said to have contributed largely to the success of certain plays which bear the full imprint of "Alexandre Dumas, author."

ON the same column upon which we record the success of M. Octave Feuillet, we are compelled to name the decease of a prominent man in the musical world of Paris; we speak of M. Fromental Halevy, a member (as well as perpetual secretary) of the Academy *des Beaux Arts*, and author of "*La Juive*," and of the "Queen of Cyprus." These two were, perhaps, his best compositions; but they never commanded the admiration which made a brilliant success; and poor Halevy died without any adequate provision for his family. We have hardly the right to speak of him as "poor Halevy;" the world can not count us ten names which have won a larger musical popularity. "*La Juive*" has had the largest placarding in the largest capitals of Europe. A great army of mediocre composers have envied the great Halevy; and yet we say, *en connaissance de cause*, "poor Halevy!" And the brothers Pereire, in the spirit of true Hebrew fellowship, have instituted a subscription for the benefit of the family of the deceased. He died at Nice; but the funeral obsequies in Paris were attended by many of first distinction in art and literature, as well as by a large representation of the imperial authorities.

Another French death of note has been that of M. Henri Schaeffer, brother of the late Ary Schaeffer, and himself a painter of no mean distinction. The works best known of his perhaps are the Bible Reading and Joan of Arc on her Way to Execution.

This mention of an artist leads us, naturally enough, to speak of sun-painting, and of the chances for the speedy perfection of a polychromatic photography. For some time it has been known to experimental chemists that certain colors could be seized and repeated upon chemically prepared plates. Latterly this number of colors has been largely extended; but it was found that while a definite period of exposure perfected certain colors, the same time was not sufficient to duplicate others. If, however, the duration and intensity of light was extended so as to repeat these latter, the first were destroyed by over-exposure. This difficulty, however, has been surmounted by an adroit use of screens, which shade the more sensitive colors while the others are being fixed. In this way a great variety of colors are caught; but unfortunately they are found to fade after a certain period of exposure. It only remains to discover some sure means of fixing them, and *helio-chromics* are thenceforth certain.

Meantime the beautiful art of polychromic lithography, which has made wonderful advance in delicacy and brilliancy, is almost filling the place of sun-painting. There has just now been published at Paris, by Curmer, a singularly rich work, "*Les Evangiles*," which repeats with all the original brilliancy of coloring some of the rarest missal illustrations of the early centuries of Christian art. Among others, the rare old breviary of Grimani, which is one of the chiefest manuscript treasures of the library of St. Mark at Venice, has been copied to the last point of its delicate caligraphy; and the illustrative miniatures and borders have been rendered with a delicacy and grace that leave nothing to be desired. Several manuscript treasures of the Breda and Vatican libraries are also laid under contribution for the adornment of "*Les Evangiles*."

It is gratifying to know that the photographic reductions of the great paintings are not driving into neglect the good old art of line engraving. Even the sneers of Mr. Ruskin can not blind the world to an abiding faith in such conscientious and patient labor as belonged to the burin of Raphael Morghen.



And now the great Madonna of Foligno is to have worthy transcript at the hands of Jos. Keller. A generous subscription has been raised among his friends to give him seven good years of leisure for devotion to the work. In that time he hopes to complete it; his drawing from which the engraving is to be made is represented to be every way admirable.

THE affairs of Italy do not promise a peaceful summer. Ratazzi may succeed in establishing a strong Government which shall have full legislative support; but it is doubtful if even thus early the extreme Garibaldi element of the population is not to a certain extent alienated. The General himself has been receiving extravagant ovations throughout the cities of Lombardy, where he has gone nominally for the purpose of establishing rifle-clubs, of which Prince Humbert is chief patron. Every where the street crowds are excited to frenzy by the sight of the red-shirted patriot; and his speeches are of that abrupt, impulsive, unstudied, earnest cast which add fuel to the popular enthusiasm. There is no diplomacy about Garibaldi; and he talks of the brother Venetians, and the brother Romans, and the tyrant Pope, in a way which must startle the French ambassador. He proposes to extend his journeying into the old Sicilian kingdom; and it remains to be seen what effect his presence may have upon the now chronic brigandage of the south.

All the official accounts of quietude in that region have, it appears, been strangely exaggerated; and the Bourbon reactionists are now showing themselves within cannon-shot of Naples.

But aside from the Bourbon brigandage, and the possible extravagant action of the immediate followers of Garibaldi, Italy is experiencing a new and growing danger in the persistent jealousies of the different provinces. An anti-Piedmont feeling of alarming significance is rapidly extending over the south of the peninsula, and has long been entertained in the island of Sicily. Tuscany, too, is feeling aggrieved by the slights which she claims have been thrust upon her favorite Ricasoli. Emilia has its own sectional pride, and demands with some *fiercé* its representation in the Government. Nor is Lombardy silent, but full of round and confident assertion of its traditional privileges and importance to the new State of Italy. In the midst of this conflict of jealousies, which we dare say the local papers may magnify unduly, it is pleasant to let the eye rest upon that little, serene, compact Republic of San Marino, which from its scarred mountain eyrie of the Apennines, has seen fourteen centuries of change sweep over the Italian plains, leaving its own integrity and independence unscathed and almost unchallenged.

From the Montanara gate of the mouldy old city of Rimini a carriage road runs south, winding up the pleasant and shaded hill of Covignano; beyond are abrupt ascents and descents, volcanic ravines, mossy and stunted olives, scarred and blighted oak-trees, a noisy brook which is leaped by a stout arch of stone; and midway of the arch a tablet bearing on its east face the tiara and keys of Rome, and on the west face R. S. M., which means *Repubblica Sancti Marini*. It marks the border line of the little State which dates from the heroic times of Rome.

There was never much wealth to tempt an aggressor; the soil is bare, broken, seamed with the track of torrents. A few grape-vines struggle for life; a few acorns feed the swine, and scanty fields

of wheat make up the agricultural resources. Three little *bourgs* or villages contain its population of some seven thousand. The chiefest of these bourgs, San Marino, crowns a rocky cliff in whose recesses the winter snows lie until late spring. From the walls of its miniature defensive castle one can see looking northward the Adriatic; and of a clear day catch glimpses of the hazy blue of the Dalmatian mountains. Faenza, Forli, Cervia, Cesenne, Rimini can all be spotted on the plains. Westward the mountain lines are lashed together in inextricable confusion, and the eye follows their gray-brown peaks till they are lost in the purple distance of Tuscany.

Every man of twenty-one in San Marino is a voter; legislative power rests in a General Assembly of some sixty members, and a lesser one (Senate) of twelve. Every six months these assemblies name two captains, who are charged with the executive power; one for the city, the other for the country. A judge is appointed from without the State, who holds office under salary for three years; and there is appeal from his decisions to the council of twelve. All other civic functionaries serve without remuneration. The little army of the State consists of some forty men, of whom nearly half are musicians. The total State revenue reaches the sum of forty thousand francs.

A plenipotentiary of this little republic is just now at Turin negotiating with Victor Emanuel a treaty of amity and commerce. The Count Cibrario, Minister of State, and patrician of San Marino, acts for the Republic, and the Chevalier Carutti for Italy. We trust the negotiations may come to a happy issue, and the wise little State carry its Republican gonfalon bravely down to the latest time.

WE have for some time lost sight of the Suez Canal project of M. Lesseps, nor have the public journals, in the engrossment with more important matters, given it other than the most casual mention. Yet, notwithstanding British opposition and sneers, the work is being pushed zealously forward. A steamer in the employ of the company runs regularly between Damietta and Samanhout. At the former place is the present dépôt for the Mediterranean terminus of the canal, which is to enter the sea by Port Said. Some seventeen millions of francs are said to have been already expended. A private traveler makes the following report:

"On the morning of the 11th we took boats and, traversing the lake, soon came to the first station on the canal, sixteen kilometres (ten miles) from Port Said. We followed the line of dredging-boats which are deepening the passage, and in the evening reached Kantara-el-Kasné, 48 kilometres from Port Said. The channel through which we passed varied in width from 5 to 12 metres, but will soon have the latter width throughout. We had thus accomplished in ten hours a journey which would have required three days a year ago. The houses at Kantara are built of old bricks taken from the ruins of an ancient city about half a league distant. This town is likely to become a place of some importance, owing to its position on the road taken by the caravans between Syria and Arabia. The climate is healthy, and provisions are abundant. Next morning we resumed our journey along a canal cut through the waterless lakes of Ballah; and at noon reached Ferdane, at the foot of the Threshold, where the canal ends for the present. Ferdane is 67 kilometres from Port Said. To give some idea of the result already obtained, I need only state the carriage of



goods from Port Said to Ferdane, which used to cost 150 to 200 francs the 1000 kilogs., is now only 7 francs, and will soon be reduced to 3 francs.

"Ferdane is situated on one of the downs bearing that name, and the canal will there enter a cutting with rather high banks on each side. Here we were received by the engineer of the division and Ishmail Bey, the Governor of the Isthmus, who has a guard of one hundred black horsemen. We left Ferdane in the afternoon, the gentlemen on horses or dromedaries and the ladies in a carriage, and crossed the famous sands of Ferdane, which have been represented as an insuperable obstacle, but which experience will prove to be no obstacle at all. When we had journeyed about half a league we came within sight of a range of small acclivities on which we saw men at work, and were told that those heights were the threshold of Elguirs, where 20,000 men were cutting a passage for the canal. We found that these Arabs, notwithstanding the fast of the Ramadan, when they usually refuse to work, were toiling away with all their might under the stimulus of regular pay in proportion to the work done."

M. Lesseps expresses the utmost confidence that within two years ships will pass through from sea to sea. Twenty thousand laborers are at present engaged upon the work of cutting through the "Threshold;" and this number is shortly to be doubled under the somewhat despotic direction of the Viceroy.

THE Greek Revolution engages the attention of Europe, only to a very limited degree. The insurgents have been rashly importunate; and the King, with his advisers, rashly obstinate. The world seems content that both should pay the price of a small war without intervention or remark. All German sympathies are with the King; and Russian sympathies are with the revolutionists. France and England appear neither to entertain nor express sympathy on either side. A projected demonstration, however, of the Greek students in Paris, in honor of the insurgents of Nauplia, was recently checked by the Imperial Government, in obedience to the wishes of the Greek *chargé*.

THE late signal success of the new Turkish Loan upon the London Exchange has called out the eager antagonism of those Continental journals which are in the Russian interest. The color of the whole discussion lies in these facts: Russia is waiting hopefully and faithfully for Ottoman decay; Great Britain is nervously apprehensive of the same result, and staves it off by her subsidies. Austria sympathizes with England, and coyly assists Turkey in her military repression of the Slavish insurgents along the Adriatic. France and Prussia are represented to be on terms of agreement with Russia in all that relates to the slowly evolving problems of the Orient.

A LITTLE *on dit*, which has almost the kindling matter in it for a romance, we pluck from the current talk and fling into our record.

A poor shoemaker, with wife and one child, lived upon the fourth floor of a hotel in the Rue St. Martin. A lodger upon the same floor, having only a solitary chamber and no ostensible means of support, attracted their attention and their sympathies. He was of middle age, lived poorly, had no companions, and had the bearing of a decayed gentleman. The kind cobbler and his wife continued to bestow upon

him, in an unnoticed and quiet way, a great many little attentions, which they hoped might relieve his loneliness and contribute to his comfort.

The single lodger accepted these graciously, cultivated familiarity with the little daughter of his fourth-floor neighbor, and ended by making engagement with the cobbler to furnish him his dinner each day at their own table. The sum proposed in payment seemed larger to the humble couple than the unfortunate gentleman could afford. But he persisted in his generous offer, and a close intimacy was established.

One day the postman left a letter for the single lodger, which was handed him as he sat with the little family of his host. It disturbed him grievously: he thrust the letter in the fire—paced up and down the chamber, kissed affectionately his *protégée*, the cobbler's daughter, went out, and has never been seen by them since.

A week thereafter the shoemaker received a letter post-marked at a village upon the extreme borders of France. It proved to be from the missing lodger. It hinted at family griefs which could never be repaired, and at threats hanging over him which could only be escaped by the utmost seclusion. It begged the little family of the attic to forget him—to forget his very appearance, if possible: it begged them to take possession of his furniture for their own benefit, and also of ten Bank of France notes of a thousand each, which would be found in one of his drawers, hoping it might be enough to establish the shoemaker in a little business of his own.

That is all.

The people of the village upon the French border, where the letter of the lodger was posted, knew nothing of him. The police, to whom the grateful shoemaker made application—fearing possible suicide—knew no more.

It would be hard to overstate the degree of interest, which, since the demonstrations of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, has attended the discussions, both public and private, concerning iron-bound ships. The European mind is quick to detect the significance of such a war-lesson as that of Hampton Roads. British journals and Parliament will have made their own report to you; and if French publicists have been less eager and demonstrative, as they certainly have been, you may be assured that those who hold the question of a possible French war in their hands are not idle or unobservant.

It is not too much to say, that within two years' time not an important harbor of France but will have its iron-bound, bomb-proof floating battery, and not another order will be issued to the Naval dépôts of France for the building of a wooden warship. Italy, Denmark, Russia are all astir in this business, and are occupied with schemes for the conversion of their old naval craft into iron-cased batteries. Nor must Americans commit the mistake of thinking that England has only her *Warrior* and *Black Prince* in a state of readiness for the year to come. Besides the *Achilles*, of 50 guns and 6000 tons burden, building at Chatham dock-yard, there are now under contract with private builders, and in an advanced state, the *Agincourt*, of 6000 tons; the *Northumberland*, of equal capacity; the *Valiant*, of 4000; the *Minotaur*, of 6000; the *Orontes*, of 3000; the *Hector*, of 4000.

Some half dozen of the heaviest line-of-battle ships, of the class of the *Duke of Wellington*, are being cut down for equipment with the armed cu-



polas of Captain Coles. The character and success of Ericsson's turret has given new favor to the device of Captain Coles; and, in justice to the Captain, we copy a brief notice of his cupola from a British paper of the date of *July*, 1861:

"One of the great advantages derived from the aid of the shield is found to be the port-hole, which is entirely closed by the gun, save the small space sufficient to permit an elevation of 10 and a depression of 7 degrees. The horizontal motion, or training, is effected by turning the shield itself, with the gun, crew, and platform on which they stand. The whole apparatus thus becomes, as it were, the gun-carriage, and, being placed on a common turn-table, is revolved to the greatest nicety of adjustment. The shield is provided with a hollow cylinder 3 feet in diameter, through which the powder is handed up from the magazine and communication obtained. A current of air is likewise kept up through the hollow pivot by means of a fan, which causes the smoke, directly it leaves the breech of the gun, to escape through the opening immediately above it. The exposed portion above the glacis of 3 feet 8 inches (the entire shield being 7 feet high) is covered with blocks of iron, and the lower part is sunk into the deck, and protected by an iron glacis. The face of the shield presents a slanting surface of 45 degrees elevation, on a solid substance of 4½-inch plates of iron, backed up by 18-inch timber blocks. It is calculated that any amount of pounding from the enemy's guns would produce no injurious effect, as no horizontal fire can strike this structure above the water-line except at an angle of 40 degrees. It is completely protected against a vertical fire by its arched roof, and is supported on each side by stanchions, or fore-and-aft bulkheads."

AMONG the more recent improvements in Paris which are deserving of notice we may name the final completion of the beautiful Park of Monceau, and its opening to the free enjoyment of the public. Old visitors to Paris will remember it only as a charming closed garden, of princely extent, of which one only caught straggling glimpses from the raised roadway of a portion of the exterior Boulevard. Unlike the gardens of the Tuileries and of the Luxembourg, it does not depend for its attractions upon stately avenues, mossy statues, or its courtly reminiscences of the great gardener, Le Nôtre. It is joyous with the free life of trees in all the abandon of wide-spread branches, trailing vines, and unfettered growth. It rivals and surpasses St. James's. Grottoes, fountains, naiads, charming tufts of flowering shrubs delight the visitor with continued surprises.

The great *Hôtel de la Paix*, near the head of the regal street of that name, is soon to be opened for the reception of guests; and it will give some idea of its magnitude when we state that it contains no less than seven hundred bedchambers; twenty-five miles of wire have been ordered for the bells of service; there are to be within it thirty thousand square yards of inlaid oak-flooring, eighteen thousand yards of carpeting, and ten thousand square yards of mirrors.

Upon the decorations of its dining-hall one of the most successful sculptors of France has been employed; while the contract price for the dinner "centre" and accompanying plate, of the noted plate manufacturer, Christople, is stated to be 240,000 francs.

Its name is auspicious; may it long deserve it!

THE Japanese Embassadors have recently arrived in Paris, by the overland passage, and are exciting the same crowds of curious street-gazers they commanded in America. The *personnel* of this diplomatic convoy differs somewhat from that known to the New Yorkers, but many members are the same. The Emperor and officials generally have received them with great courtesy, and treated them with an exaggerated show of ceremonial calculated to make a deep impression on statesmen who wear golden girdles and half a dozen stilettos to their waistband.

Not since the year 1652 has Japan been officially represented among the nationalities of the West. At that date a few princes converted to Christianity conceived the idea of paying personal homage to the Vicar of Christ at Rome. Three years of difficult and dangerous travel lay between their starting-point of Nangasaki and the triple crown of the Pope. But the Christian-Pagans bravely surmounted all dangers and trials, did reverence to his Holiness, and in eight years were in their own city again, only to find the Christian zeal they had left in such flame utterly gone out. It is understood that the present embassy will visit London and the World's Exhibition before their return.

THE Industrial Palace draws near to completion, and for a month past the various courts have been cumbered with goods. Englishmen are not proud of the architectural effect of the Palace; and if rumor respecting its appearance may be trusted, their moderation in this regard is discreet.

With the single exception, perhaps, of Barry's Houses of Parliament, all recent architecture in England of a grandiose or monumental type is a failure. Their hospitals and union work-houses are admirable for convenience, for propriety, and unity of effect; their parish churches are charming studies of grace; their country houses are models which all the world will copy and never excel; they give an air of sanctity to their little churches which beguiles one into reverence; and they add an indescribable tone of cheerful, cozy homeness to their domestic buildings which is quite unmatchable; but their public monuments, galleries, exchanges, theatres, are either repetitions of established classicism of line, or crude and ineffective enormities.

### Editor's Drawer.

WHAT part of the world where the English language is read does not enjoy the Drawer? Now and then a letter from China tells of the pleasure it carries to the Universal Nation whose wandering sons and daughters dwell among the Celestials. We have had tidings from the interior of Africa, and here comes one from the middle of the Pacific Ocean, bringing testimony to the virtues of the Drawer, and telling a story besides. A correspondent in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, writes to us, and is pleased to say:

"Even here in these isles of the sea the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine* is an *institution*. We regard it a sovereign remedy for the blues, and we take it both when we have them and when we haven't, so that it does us good all times. I send you a little story of our Governor. You know the old song:

"Three wise men of Gotham  
Went to sea in a bowl;  
If the bowl had been stronger,  
My song had been longer."



"Two of our citizens, Judge B—— and Dr. N——, had occasion to go to the island of Kauai, the land of sugar and coffee. They returned in a schooner, and among the passengers was the Governor of the island, who was coming to visit the metropolis—this great city of Honolulu. The Governor is a native, and so was the Captain of the schooner—a first-rate seaman as long as land is in sight. There came up a gale that blew them off; and having no compass, and a short supply of provision, they were soon in a sad plight indeed. On and on for nine days they sailed, when they ought to have been in port in two. The Judge and the Doctor thought it about time to take matters into their own hands or they would all be starved to death; for neither law nor physic would serve them without something to eat. They deemed it proper to ask the Governor what he thought best to be done. His Excellency took the subject into consideration, and, with great sagacity, remarked:

"Well, now, as we are lost, I think we had better go back to where we started from."

"The poor Captain would have been but too happy to comply with the Governor's suggestion, had there been any such thing as knowing where that place was; but that day a whaler hove in sight, and supplying them with provisions led them into port. They were actually on the way to America."

DR. RADCLIFFE lived neighbor to Godfrey Kneller. Kneller had a fine garden, and being a painter of fine taste delighted in ornamenting his grounds. The Doctor was so fond of his neighbor that he proposed to have a gate between the premises, through which he could readily pass into the painter's garden. The servants, however, used it so much that it became a nuisance, and the painter sent word to the Doctor that he should have to brick up the wall.

"Tell him," said the Doctor, "to do what he likes to the door so long as he does not paint it."

When this was reported to the painter he said to the messenger, "Go back to the Doctor, and tell him I will take any thing from him but his physic."

ONE never wearies of the peculiar wit and repartee of the Irish.

On one occasion Mr. F—— called his two servants, Bridget and Patrick, to his aid; but they undid, in their awkward zeal, faster than he could put things together, which so annoyed him that he cried out, contemptuously, "Oh, you Paddies!"

"And who is it ye are spaking to?" asked Bridget, indignantly.

"To you, for one!"

"And who else, if you plaze?"

"Isn't Patrick another?"

"Ah, yes; faith and that makes jest three of us!"

ONCE upon a time Bridget complained that the nurse, who sat at the second table with her, ate and drank more than her share of the goodies.

"Well, Bridget, you must give her a hint, in your pleasant way, that will secure your rights."

The next day, when nurse monopolized, Bridget sat back in her chair very despairingly.

"Are you sick to-day?" asked nurse, helping herself to the last potato.

"Niver a bit of it; but me jaws are jist growing together intirely!"

"Who ever heard of such a thing?" cried nurse, as she drained the tea-pot [Bridget adored tea].

"Sure, and it's not your jaws that will be after

troublin' ye in that way!" shouted Bridget, with her flaming eyes upon the exhausted tea-pot; "for the divil of a chance have I had to open my own since ye entered the house! Bad luck to the like of ye!"

Bridget used to boast that the way she snubbed "that nus" was "illegant!"

DOMESTICS, as the reader may have had occasion to remember, are very tenacious in regard to their payments.

The usual pay-day had been allowed to pass unnoticed, and Bridget had asked for her dues, which it had not been convenient to give her. In the evening I went below to see that the doors were secured for the night.

"Bridget," I said, "you left the basement-door unlocked last night, and the thieves are unusually active just now. Such negligence is inexcusable."

"Faith," cried Bridget, with dilating nostrils, "it's not into *this* house a thaif would be after coming!"

"And why not into *this* as well as *another*?"

"Sure there's niver a thaif in Ameriky but would know there was no money here!"

"THERE lives in a neighboring town a genuine son of the Emerald Isle, who, like too many of his countrymen, was much inclined to the use, and abuse too, of strong drink. During one of the temperance reforms Pat signed the pledge, and made himself quite useful to the cause in portraying at public meetings, with true Irish humor and pathos, his experience in the drunkard's ways.

"Not long since he visited our city of B——, when he was presently met by one of his old temperance friends carrying a very heavy brick in his hat, causing eccentric movements in his gyrations about town highly amusing to the young and rising generation, and truly astonishing to his cold water friend, who accosted him with, 'Why, Brother C——, I am astonished to see you in this state! I thought you were lecturing on temperance!'

"An' shure, yer honor, so I be; but d'ye mind, me ould expariance was aboot worn out, and I thot I'd jest take a bit of new to make me lectures more interesting!"

MRS. JONES has long been wanting to visit Greenwood Cemetery, and now in early summer she says to her husband, "You have never yet taken me to Greenwood."

"No, dear," he replied, "that is a pleasure I have yet had only in anticipation."

EDMUND BURKE's pun on Brocklesby's name is a good instance of the elaborate ingenuity with which the great orator adorned his conversation and his speeches. Pre-eminent among the advertising quacks of the day was Dr. Rock. It was therefore natural that Brocklesby should express some surprise at being accosted by Mr. Burke as Dr. Rock, a title at once infamous and ridiculous. "Don't be offended," said Burke, with a laugh: "your name is Rock; I'll prove it algebraically: Brock less B equals Rock."

It is an old "dodge" for doctors who want to get into notice to have a servant come into church and call them out. But Dr. Mead, of London, rejoiced in a father who was the minister of a large congregation, and whenever his medical son was summoned in church time, the good minister was wont to call



on the people to unite in prayers for the body and soul of the sufferer to whom the physician had just been called. This was a grand advertisement, and helped to set up his son rapidly.

THE clerk of a county in Kentucky sends us the original of the following notice posted near his office:

"Stray Sture rather a brinel white beley crumpley horne hy Sholderd about 9 years old crooced hind legs wines hise hind legs verry mutch when travling the year mark not rectilected"

"I AM a Yankee schoolmaster. Several years of my life were spent in teaching in a locality known as 'Away down East,' though the past three years have been spent in the same avocation in the 'City of Brotherly Love.'

"A class of half a dozen girls were analyzing and parsing Cowper's 'Alexander Selkirk,' and all had acquitted themselves creditably, until this passage was presented to the favorite pupil—favorite, I say, for it is impossible for a teacher not to have favorites:

"My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth;  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheered by the sallies of youth."

"The word 'sallies' falling to the lot of our heroine, she cast an arch glance at the teacher, and then inquired, 'Might not "Sallies" have been a *noun proper*, in the plural, under the *circumstances*, Sir?'

"I thought so, and she parsed it."

MR. EDITOR,—The contemplation of Tennyson's "Eagle," which I greatly admire, led me to compose the following:

#### THE EAGLE.

BY J. E. MURRAY.

O! thou noble, lofty bird,  
Of all the fowls thou'rt lord;  
Disdaining man and all his laws,  
And holding Earth within thy claws.

\* \* \* \* \*  
An eagle soaring in the sky,  
Nearly to the blazing sun,  
Cast his keen, sun-glaring eye  
Far adown the vasty dun.  
And there an acorn he espied  
Swiftly through the ether whirl'd;

The sea a white spot on its side;  
He swooped, and grasped—the solid world.

CENTREVILLE, CALIFORNIA, April 15

JARRAD is a clever fellow—rather too clever, in fact; and though he works hard, he seems to get behindhand all the time. Jarrad has a sister. She got married. Jarrad was asked how he liked his brother-in-law. Said he, "I don't like him, Sir; he's a mean man." Being pressed for his reasons for not liking him, "Well, I will tell you," said he, reluctantly; "he swindled me clean out of fifty dollars—isn't that reason enough?" Jarrad's friends wanted to know how he swindled him. "Why, Sir, he promised to *lend* me fifty dollars, and he didn't do it—that's how!" and all who know Jarrad acknowledge that it was barefaced swindling, and nothing else.

FROM a budget of clever stories sent us by an obliging correspondent we take two for present use:

"A little girl of ours had been trying to learn the alphabet, and succeeded very well in remembering A, I, S (the 'crooked letter'), and O. Soon after

having recited her lesson she came running to her papa with her book containing the alphabet, and, pointing to Q, said, 'See, papa! O has got a little tail!'

"ON a Sabbath morning, feeling somewhat indisposed to go to church, I determined to stay at home, and requested Dinah, my colored housemaid, to remember the 'text' and as much of the sermon as she could, and report to me on her return. After service Dinah came into the parlor to report; but her memory being rather a 'forgettery,' all she could say of the text was that 'it was sothin' 'bout dey was weighed in de balance an' come up missin'."

A MICHIGANDER writes to the Drawer of a brace of doctors:

"In one of the many stump cities for which Michigan is somewhat noted live two individuals who put 'M.D.' at the end of their names. They are bitter enemies, defaming each other's character at every opportunity. Dr. A— pretends to have the more classical education of the two, though for that matter both can use and have at their tongue's end any quantity of unpronounceable words. Much rivalry existed between them as to which should be the *regular* physician of a certain family, who, when any member was sick, called in the one first found.

"One day Dr. A— was sent for to attend one of the children. He and the old lady soon began discussing the merits and demerits of Dr. B—. Finally Dr. A— said to the old lady, 'B— is one of the most ignorant men you ever saw. The next time you see him ask him if he knows the *modus operandi*, and if you ain't satisfied then I'm a stoker.'

"Soon after she saw Dr. B—, and asked him the question.

"*'Moder sapperandi,'* says B—; '*moder sapperandi*. Why, yes; there's lots of it grows wild right out here in the fields.'

"The old lady was convinced."

"I HAVE a little boy six years old, who is inclined to be pugnacious.

"One day at dinner the conversation turned upon the evil habit of lying. He joined in by saying, 'I know a boy who never told a lie, because I asked him yesterday if he could lick me, and he said No!'

A fair inference from the premises, the Drawer decides.

IN Memphis, Tennessee, a correspondent tells a story for the Drawer, of old election times, that is very rich and very true to the life. It is to show the candidate *before* and *after* election.

Jackson was the man's name who was running for Congress. He was hale fellow well met with Thomas, Richard, and Henry, shaking hands with every body, and all that. He got in. Suddenly his manner changed. He didn't know half the people he met—he was too big to speak to every body. A Dutchman by the name of Stoever came along—a rough blacksmith—and, holding out his black fist, said, "How do, Mr. Jackson?"

The Congressman, a crowd standing around, took hold of his hand reluctantly, and remarked, "Your face is familiar, but for my life I can't recollect your name."

The Dutchman, without giving his name, cried out:

"Gentlemans, I now tell you von goot story.



Ven I live in Germany de lort-mayor of de down he die. Den dey have 'lection for von nudder lort-mayor. Now dere live in de down von man pie de name of Dinks. He pe von osler. Now von tay Dinks he come long de street vid his back on his pack, and de beeples say, 'Spose ve maks Dinks lort-mayor!' And sure nuff dey votes for Dinks and makes him mayor. Dey den takes Dinks up to de pig house, and buts de pig vite robe pon him, and buts de pig crown pon his head, and den buts him in de pig arm-cheer, and den Dinks set like von vool. After vile, Dinks' vife she miss him. She run up and town de street look vor him; ven de beeples tell her Dinks pe lort-mayor. So she go to de pig house and beep in and jumb pack. Den she beeps in gin, an say, 'Dinks, O Dinks!' Dinks say, 'Hoo dat call me?' She say, 'Dis is your vife, Dinks; don't you know me?' He say, 'You pe von vool! How you speck I know you, ven I no know myself now?'

The story made its own application. The crowd roared with laughter at the expense of Jackson, who sloped. I venture to say that Jackson never forgot the name of the Dutchman after that day.

A KENTUCKY correspondent says:

"A little brother of mine, twelve years old, quarreling with one of my negroes, who was about his own age, threw a rotten apple at him, which took effect between two very large-sized lips, and liberally bespattered the remainder of his face. The little 'contraband' spit and sputtered for a moment, and indignantly marched off, exclaiming, 'Mass' Horace, I take dis countenance right in and show it to your father.'"

A MR. THOMAS OGDEN, having arrived in New York from England, went several successive mornings to the post-office to ask for letters. Inquiring always for letters addressed to Thomas Hogden, the postmaster invariably replied that there were none for him. But becoming at length quite impatient at these frequent disappointments, he thrust his head through the delivery window, and soon discovered the cause. "You are looking among the *Haïches*, Sir," he said to the officer within; "you should look among the *Hoes*!"

IN California the Drawer has several correspondents, one of whom mentions "Old Clarkson," noted for the size of the stories he tells, and for never backing down when he has once committed himself. He was one day flush, having \$500 all in gold, and showing it among his cronies, boasted that he had two thousand more at home. One of them offered to bet him \$500 that he hadn't the money. Old Clarkson was not to be frightened. He put down the money, the other covered it, and the whole crowd therewith adjourned to Clarkson's home to see the bet decided. He pulled out his trunk; he took up the clothes, shook them, felt in all the pockets, reached the bottom—not a cent was there. "Gentlemen," said he, "I've lost the bet!" So the old fool paid \$500 for sticking to a lie.

AT another time, being at a horse-race opposite New Orleans, after the race was over he was accosted by a fellow-sportsman thus: "Clarkson, old fellow, I say, lend me a dime to take me over the river. I am flat broke by the race." Looking at him with the most unutterable contempt, he replied: "Well now, if you are broke, I would like to know

what possible difference it makes which side of the river you are on?"

DR. FRANKLIN thought that judges ought to be appointed by the lawyers; for, added the shrewd man, in Scotland, where this practice prevails, they always select the ablest member of the profession, in order to get rid of him and share his practice themselves.

"I HAVE received to-day," says a friend in the West, "a letter opening with the following words, in reply to mine mentioning the death of an excellent man:

"I received your letter, by which I learn that my respected friend has departed from this world to enjoy and inherit a better. I feel extremely sorry for him, for he was good and honest."

"MOTHER," said my six-year-old, 'did they have newspapers before the war?'

"Yes, my child; but why do you ask?'

"Well, what did they put in them, mother?'

AN Irishman, a soldier of Warren's brigade, in the Revolution, was suddenly stopped by a party of men during a dark night; a pistol was presented to his breast, and they asked to which side he belonged. The supposition that it might be the British party rendered his situation critical. He replied, "I think you might have the civility to drop a hint as to which side you favor." "No jesting!" said the speaker; "declare your sentiments, or die!" "Then I will not die with a lie in my mouth—American to the death; do your worst!" The officer replied, "We are friends, and I rejoice to meet with a man so faithful to the cause of his country."

IN Western Virginia, where 'possums and persimmons are a legal tender, a free negro, who rejoiced in the title of Big Ben, was indebted to Joe — to the amount of one bushel of walnuts, to be paid in the fall. Joe met Big Ben about the time the debt fell due, and hailed him:

"Hello, Ben! what about those walnuts?'

"Times war hard," "warmits scase," and Ben couldn't pay.

"Well, Ben, if you can't pay the walnuts, you must give me your note for the amount."

Ben studied a while, scratched his head, and finally 'lowed "he'd as soon pay it wid a note as wid de warmits"—and he did so.

SOME friends were standing in a court-room one day contemplating a lot of hard-looking jurymen, who could, without any detriment to their physiognomies, have changed places with the prisoners, when Tom H—— remarked that it was "very fortunate such men were created."

"Why?" asked his friend.

"That the conditions of our glorious Constitution might be fulfilled, which guarantees to every man the right to be tried by his peers."

"It is said somewhere that 'Praise to the face is open disgrace.' But that was said when any thing that would rhyme was a sign or proverb. I don't consider it a disgrace to tell you my opinion of the Drawer. I follow the Celestials in reading *Harper*, and always begin at the end.

"Paddy's shoes," in April number, brings to my mind a remark by one who didn't go to the war, as



he was making a personal examination of some straw-board shoes provided for those who have gone to be soldiers: 'There!' said he, 'I should be mortified to death to be found dead by the rebels with a pair of those shoes on my feet!'

"A FEW years ago some of the boys of older growth went blueberrying. In the course of their perambulations through the swamp one of the party came very suddenly upon the remains of some poor outcast who, some months before, had wandered away and perished. There was just enough left to identify the mass as once a living and walking piece of humanity. Calling the other members of the party to see the spectacle, they all rushed up, and stood gazing for some time in perfect silence; when Brown shocked the company by saying, 'Well, it's no use to try to bring him to, is it?'"

A VERY good Yankee story comes to the Drawer by way of Baltimore:

A certain live Yankee having graduated at the law in the good old wooden-nutmeg State, removed to our beautiful, bustling, and busy city of Baltimore, and when walking up the hill of Fayette Street attracted, by his evident verdancy, the attention of two sprouts of the bar seated in one of the numerous offices in that neighborhood. One of them, addressing the other, says, "Hold still, and we'll have some fun!" Stepping out, he accosts Yankee:

"Halloa, friend! don't you want to buy some gape-seed?"

"Wa'al, look here, neow; yeou be Mister Lawyer, beant ye?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, neow, what will yeou chearge me to do me some writing?"

"Oh, step in—step in; we will do it for you."

"Yea, but the price; heaow about that, Mister?"

"Well, if it is no more than one sheet full, five dollars; if less, the same; more, another five—and so on."

"Well, and if yeou deon't write it down just as I tell yeou, it is no chearge at all?"

"Certainly not; but no fear—we'll fix it right."

Seizing a pen, and making a rattling with his paper, he gets into an attitude: "Go on, Sir."

"Well, pappy up to hum in Connecticut, whar I cum from—put that thar down." "Well," says the lawyer. "'He had an old hoss named Dobbin'—put that thar down." "Well." "'And Aunt Sallie, she's Deacon Zeb Williams's wife, you know, what is a mighty pious man, is the deacon, and Aunt Sallie is a mighty smart woman too, is Aunt Sallie'—put that thar down." "Well, well; go on." "'And Aunt Sallie, she's the beatenest woman, and Sister Patience—I suppose you've hearn tell of Sister Patience'—put that thar down. 'They took a ride; they rid along for some time, and presently the old hoss stopped, and would not go'—put that thar down. 'And Aunt Sallie she shook the reins, and sez, Go long!' [chirruping, chirruping, chirruping, and making the noise caused by sucking in with the lips somewhat twisted.]—Put that thar down." "What's that?" says the lawyer. Our friend goes over the same performance, again winding up with his "Put that thar down."

"And how am I to put that thar down?" says the lawyer, in a heat.

"Wa'al, beant as I don't kneow, Measter Lawyer," says *Green un*, "I can't tell you; but if you

deon't, yeow can jest take that ere peaper to wrap up your gape-seed in!"

Exit with a smile; but hadn't gone far before lawyer overtook him, and took him to Barnum's and had a good time.

FROM Massachusetts we have the following little pleasantry:

"General O——, formerly Mayor of our city, is a great wit. Not long since one of his daughters was married to a gentleman by the name of *Battles*. On this occasion the General was sparkling and brilliant. After the interesting ceremony was concluded, he made some remarks; and, turning to the bride, he said 'that he had always tried to do by her the best that he knew how, and that for years he had stood forward as her champion; but he thought it proper to state that he was now done, and he gave her fair warning that henceforth she must *fight her own BATTLES!*'"

A VENERABLE lawyer in Connecticut writes to the Drawer:

"Years ago, before my head was silvered o'er with gray, I filled the responsible office of a lawyer's clerk. One fifth of July, hearing a hasty step approaching through the long hall that led to the office of the good lawyers N—— and F——, in which I was employed, and seeing the ever-smiling countenance of Sheriff B—— peering in the open doorway, inquiringly, 'Come in,' said I, 'come in.'"

"All alone, eh?"

"Yes, Sir; please be seated."

"Thank you. There is a man coming in presently; answer all his questions, and— But here he is. This, Sir," said he, addressing the gentleman, 'is the lawyer I was speaking of. He is gentlemanly, smart, and, above all, a good lawyer. He will answer your questions.'

"While he was speaking I had scrutinized my client closely. A more striking figure one seldom encounters. A phiz thickly studded with a stiff, unshaven beard, gray and rough, a pair of eyes that peered like two balls of ice from under the folds of the dark matted hair that hung down over his narrow forehead, with a mouth wide and overshadowed by an upper lip of a thickness that defies belief, and this surmounted by a nose that reminded me of the sentence in our good old geography, 'A promontory is a high point of land extending into the sea;' and the red pimple on the end of it furnished the remainder of the paragraph, 'upon the extremity of which is often built a light-house.' I need not describe his dress; for when I say 'twas a snuff-colored countryman's suit it will be enough.

"As he made his bow he commenced drawing off his coat, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he drew it on, and motioned me to go with him into the hall, that he might not be overheard.

"Mr. Lawyer—I now smelled his breath, and noticed other tokens of intoxication—'yesterday I bought a ticket to go hum; now—hic—tha'sall right, hain't it?'"

"Certainly," said I, just beginning to enjoy it with Sheriff B——, whom I could see in the office laughing heartily to himself.

"Wa'al, I lost the 'foresaid ticket—tha'sall right, I s'pose?"

"I nodded my head.

"Now the railroad ought ter take me hum—d'ye think they will?"

"I expressed my doubts. Then his cold eyes



fired up and darted among the dangling locks like fire-flies in a woodland copse.

"Then flax 'round here! Make out a writ, and we'll 'tach the train!"

IN the Revolutionary War Captain Robinson's company of militia was captured in Virginia by Colonel Simcoe, and were informed that they would all be *paroled*. One of the men went to a noted wag in the neighborhood, by the name of Hicks—from whom Hicksford, Virginia, is named—and asked him what kind of a death it was they were to be put to, to be *paroled*. Hicks took the idea, and told the poor fellow it was the most horrid of all deaths in the world. They were to be put into a hogshhead with spikes driven through it, and *rolled* down-hill till they were dead. The frightened soldier went back to the Colonel, and begged that their punishment might be changed to something more merciful than being *paroled*.

ON the first night that Cooper performed on the Cincinnati boards the following amusing variation was unwittingly introduced into the play, which was "Othello." Among a large audience composed of every description of people was a country lass. Now the innocent Peggy had never before set foot within the play-house. She entered just as Othello makes his defense before the Duke and Senate of Venice. The audience were unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the lobby until she arrived at the door of the stage-box, when some one handed her in without withdrawing his eyes from the play; while her beau, a country boy, was compelled to remain in the lobby. Miss Pegg stared about her for a moment, as if wondering if she were in the proper place, till casting her eyes on the stage she observed several chairs which were unoccupied. Perhaps this circumstance alone would hardly have determined her to take the step she did, but she observed that the people on the stage appeared more at ease than those among whom she was standing, and withal more sociable; and as fate would have it, just at that moment Othello, looking nearly toward the place where she was situated, exclaimed, "Here comes the lady!" The Senators half rose in the expectation of seeing the gentle Desdemona appear, and Othello advances two steps to meet her, when, lo! the maiden from the country steps from the box plump on the stage and advanced toward the expectant Moor! It is beyond human power to give any idea of the confusion that followed. The audience clapped and cheered, the Duke and Senators forgot their dignity, while poor Peggy was ready to sink with consternation. Even Cooper himself could not refrain from joining in the general merriment. The uproar lasted for several minutes, until the gentleman who handed her into the box helped the blushing girl out of her unpleasant situation. It was, however, conceded on all hands that a lady never made her *début* on the stage with more *éclat* than Miss Peggy.

MINISTERS love a joke sometimes; and a Western correspondent sends us the best one we have read in many a day:

"I would like to tell you a short story, Mr. Drawer, that will prove that even the best of ministers love fun, even if it should raise a laugh on an earnest, eloquent, little dominie whose burning words and noble life have accomplished much for Christ's cause in the West.

"I was spending the night in a hotel in Freeport, Illinois. After breakfast I came into the sitting-room, where I met a pleasant, chatty, good-humored traveler, who, like myself, was waiting for the morning train from Galena. We conversed freely and pleasantly on several topics, until seeing two young ladies meet and kiss each other in the street, the conversation turned on *kissing*, just about the time the train was approaching.

"Come," said he, taking up his carpet-bag, 'since we are on so sweet a subject, let us have a practical application. I'll make a proposition to you. I'll agree to kiss the most beautiful lady in the cars from Galena, you being the judge, if you will kiss the next prettiest, I being the judge.'

"The proposition staggered me a little, and I could hardly tell whether he was in earnest or in fun; but as he would be as deep in it as I could possibly be, I agreed, provided he would do the first kissing, though my heart failed somewhat as I saw his black eye fairly sparkle with daring.

"Yes," said he, 'I'll try it first. You take the back car, and go in from the front end, where you can see the faces of the ladies, and you stand by the one you think the handsomest, and I'll come in from behind and kiss her.'

"I had hardly stepped inside the car when I saw at the first glance one of the loveliest looking women my eye ever fell on. A beautiful blonde, with auburn hair, and a bright, sunny face, full of love and sweetness, and as radiant and glowing as the morning. Any further search was totally unnecessary. I immediately took my stand in the aisle of the car by her side. She was looking out of the window earnestly, as if expecting some one. The back door of the car opened and in stepped my hotel friend. I pointed my finger slyly to her, never dreaming that he would dare to carry out his pledge; and you may imagine my horror and amazement when he stepped up quickly behind her, and, stooping over, kissed her with a relish that made 'my mouth water' from end to end.

"I expected of course a shriek of terror, and then a row generally, and a knock-down; but astonishment succeeded astonishment when I saw her return the kisses with compound interest.

"Quick as a flash he turned to me, and said, 'Now, Sir, it is your turn;' pointing to a hideously ugly, wrinkled old woman who sat in the seat behind.

"Oh, you must excuse me! you must excuse me!" I exclaimed. 'I'm sold this time. I give up. Do tell me who you have been kissing.'

"Well," said he, 'since you are a man of so much taste, and such quick perception, I'll let you off.'

"And we all burst into a general peal of laughter as he said, 'This is my wife! I have been waiting here for her. I knew that was a safe proposition.'

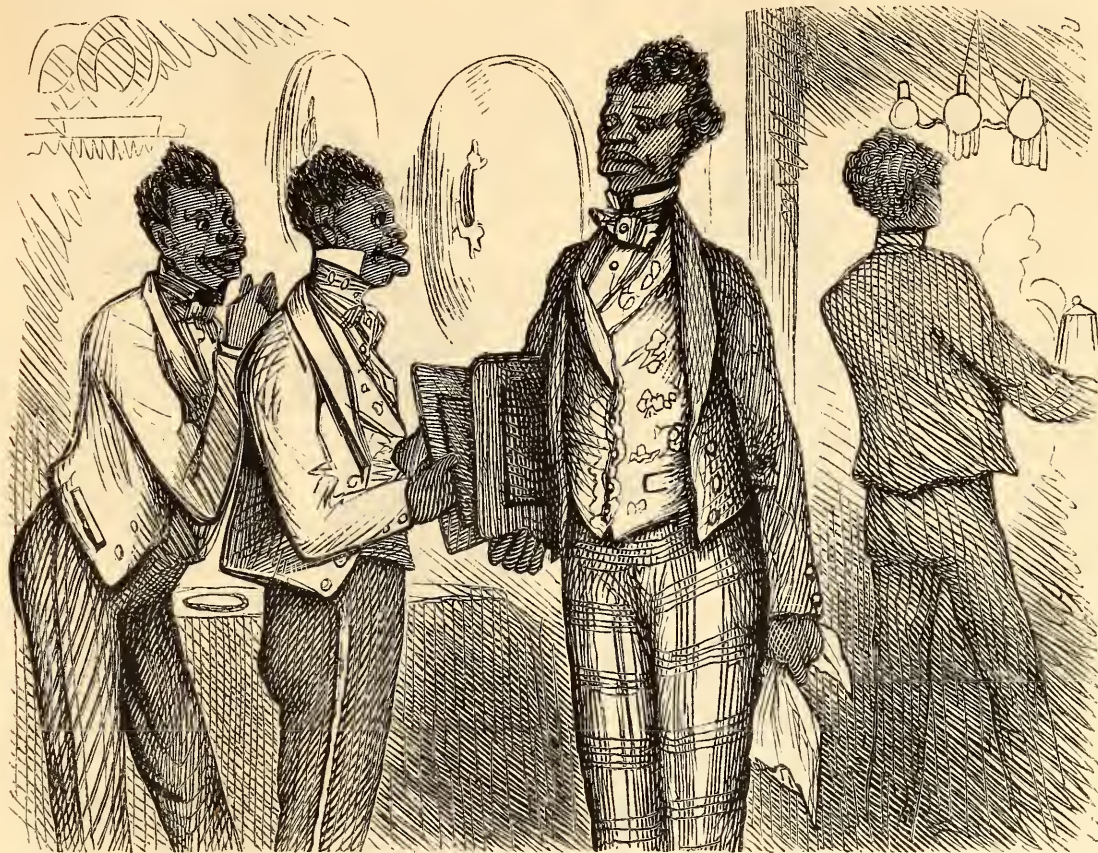
"He told the story to his wife, who looked tenfold sweeter as she heard it.

"Before we reached Chicago we exchanged cards, and I discovered that my genial companion was a popular Episcopalian preacher of Chicago whose name I had frequently heard.

"Whenever I go to Chicago I always go to hear him, and a heartier, more natural, and more eloquent preacher it is hard to find.

"He was then but a young man; he is now well known as one of the ablest divines of the Episcopal denomination in the West."





"'HENTZ,' who is slightly blacker than the 'ace of spades,' enjoyed last session the enviable position of waiter to a table of boarding-school ladies, among whom one bright particular star, Lizzie C——, commanded his best services. His fellow-servants soon rallied him upon his devotion; and Richmond informed him, in a taunting manner, that his lips were so thick that Miss Lizzie could ride upon them to Memphis.

"'Indeed no, she wouldn't,' retorted Hentz, quickly, 'for I would just laugh and *spill* her off!' And 'Rich' was silenced, if not convinced."

"In 1859 the steamer *Messenger* left New Orleans with banners flying, music sweet, and smoke plenty, for Camden, on the Ouachita River. She was crowded with passengers, and among them was 'mine frient,' Mr. Stewart. Now he was one of those *few* who were happy in the enjoyment of any good thing, provided some one else paid the piper. On this occasion he had an opportunity of enjoying this idiosyncrasy, as he supposed, free from annoyance. Never did the band play without our appreciating audience. Night or day Stewart was by them.

"Now it so fell out by the way that there was a witty gentleman on board named Traylor, who, being somewhat disgusted with the conduct of the aforesaid Stewart, and giving the wink to officers and passengers, approached S., paper in hand, and thus accosted him:

"'Well, Mr. Stewart, I am now making up money to pay the band. They have enlivened the otherwise monotonous trip by their cheering music, and having faithfully performed their duty, we wish to do ours toward them—come, let's have a quarter.'—'Who,' Mr. Traylor, 'who "give a quarter?" Not me; for I had nothing to do with hiring them.' 'True, you did not; but you have enjoyed their

music—none better—and you certainly do not begrudge the "two bits."'

"'Look here, Mr. Traylor, you're jokin'; for I never did like music. Oh, ef I liked music, I'd be first to pay; for I ain't in favor of a feller's hearin' a thing he likes 'thout payin' for it.'

"'But why did you hang 'round the players if you did not like their music?'

"'Me! Did—I—s-t-a-n-d round 'em? Well, yes, a *leetle*; but not to hear them 'ternal horns. I *thout* I knowed one of 'em; but I wasn't list'nin. No, Sir; I dislike music.'

"'It's only "two bits," Mr. Stewart,' persisted his tormentor. Stewart's face grew red, his eyes swam in tears, and in the fullness of the soul he exclaimed, 'I've paid my 10s. passage-money, and I'll go to Captain Kirk, and ef I have that tax to pay he'll lose 250 bales next year sartain!' And in deep despair he ascended to the Captain's deck.

"'Captain Kirk was posted, and loving a 'good one,' put on a grave look while Stewart told his wrongs, in a nasal tone full of agony. 'Well,' said the Captain, 'I have nothing to do with the boat's finance; maybe the clerk will help you out.'

"On the arrival of Stewart at the clerk's office a crowd of passengers stood awaiting his return. At the hall door he was met by Traylor, who kindly led him to the balusters, and holding a five-cent piece over the water exclaimed, 'Now, Stewart, is your chance!' But before the invitation to jump overboard for a five-cent was concluded Stewart bolted, amidst the prolonged laughter and jeers of the crowd.

"During the remainder of the trip he kept his room, and when he left the steamer at his own landing two cheers were extended to the man who didn't like music.

"Stewart is very wealthy, but to this day he feels like leaving when music is spoken of."





"DURING the last political war a certain John Toppin, but who is generally known by the name of Judge Toppin, became a candidate for the office of Coroner of New Castle County, and employed a simple country fellow to distribute his bills. Among other places, he sent him to the county town (New Castle). In due time Tom Wilson returned, and, upon being questioned by his employer, alleged that he had put up a bill in each hotel in the place, naming at the same time the landlords, calling one 'Push's Tavern.' 'Why,' remarked the Judge, 'there is no one of that name that keeps tavern in New Castle!' 'Yes, there is,' replied Tom, 'for I seen his name painted on the door.'"

DR. FOWLER, of Boston, was up in Exeter delivering a lecture on his hobby of a science. Among his audience was Bill Strothers, a wag, who has a habit of stuttering that makes even his dull speeches comical. In the midst of his lecture Dr. Fowler was driving away at his opponents, and exclaimed,

"When doctors differ, who shall decide?"

Pausing emphatically, as if waiting for an answer, Bill broke the silence by crying out,

"L-l-leave it to a m-m-man of s-s-sense!"

The Doctor left off shortly, for the audience evidently preferred to hear Bill's referee.

"THE following inscription is copied from a tombstone in the old burying-ground at Augusta, Maine:

"'Here lies, till the general resurrection, William, son of Henry and Tabitha Sewall, who, after nine days' violent seizure of a canker rash, calmly resigned his infant life to the King of Terrors, June 17, 1787, aged five months and seventeen days. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down.'"

"THERE was a public sale of cigars at the auction house of Messrs. Flint, in Front Street. The auc-

tioneer was dwelling on one of the finest lots of 'imported,' and according to custom was passing a brand among the company to allow those who saw proper to judge of the quality by smoking. A man near me, with a florid complexion, curved nose, bright black eyes, and withal rather a respectable representation of the used-up man of the world who had not abused himself much, took two of the last three; the remaining one being handed to me. With the greatest care he wrapped them in a piece of paper, and placed them in the watch-pocket of his vest. I inspected the one I took, cut off the end, and was about reaching for a light when a hand tapped me lightly on the shoulder. Turning, I beheld my red-faced friend smiling very graciously, and holding out his hand he asked, with the utmost politeness,

"Will you allow me to look at that cigar, Sir?"

"Certainly, Sir," I replied, handing it to him.

He examined it very minutely, turning it over and over, placing it occasionally to his nasal organ by way of variety. When my patience was nearly exhausted, and I was about demanding it of him, he reached for a candle, placed the cigar complacently between his lips, and commenced to light and smoke it with the greatest expression of satisfaction I ever saw pictured on a countenance. I must confess I felt somewhat ruffled; but determined to show him that I did not appreciate his 'good joke,' I turned my back to him, and endeavored to devote my attention to the sale. To my astonishment my pleasant neighbor again touched me on the shoulder. I met his gaze with any thing but pleasure depicted on my countenance.

"Sir!" said I.

He smiled, and looking me full in the face all the time, remarked, with a patronizing air that made me almost feel as if I was guilty of rudeness toward him,

"A very fine cigar, Sir. I haven't smoked a



cigar like that in a twelvemonth, Sir. See what a beautiful ash! If I was *buying* cigars that would be the brand for me, Sir."

"Yes, Sir," said I, completely floored. And touching his hat with a 'Good-morning, Sir,' he departed. I hastily inquired of several who he was, but none knew him; and as we can not tell how soon any of us may be 'short' in these war times, I forgive him."

"ONE of my little twins said to me the other day (being not quite three years old), after some dispute with her brother to which I was not listening:

"Papa, papa! *don't* I wear a toat?"

"Why, no, daughter; little *boys* wear coats."

"Yes, but *I* wear a toat."

"What, little girls wear coats!"

"Yes, papa' (and oh what a twinkle in her little eyes!), '*petti-toats*.' Papa gave in instanter."

"MR. DRAWER,—Some time during the first quarter of the present century it happened that, in that portion of the State of New York known as the Mohawk Valley, there lived a fine old well-to-do Dutch farmer, who took it into his head that at the place near his house where two ways met would be a good place for a tavern, and as he had always more cider and sauer-kraut than he could well get through with in his own family, thought it would be an excellent way of turning the same into money to dispense it, with other appropriate condiments, to such as would no doubt patronize his house.

"The house was built, and himself and wife duly installed as host and hostess.

"Very soon the fame of their house and their fare spread far and wide, and the old gentleman sooner than he expected found himself on the high road to fortune and to fame. His popularity was unbounded, and his opinions on all subjects became the law

in all that section, until at length his neighbors insisted upon his fitness to dispense justice as well as juleps, and accordingly elected him justice of the peace.

"Almost the first business in this line was the issue of a summons in behalf of one of his neighbors and patrons in an action of debt against a person living a few miles away, and who, it may be remarked, was not either a patron of the landlord nor yet one of his constituents. We would not intimate that the decision in the case was at all affected by this fact: our duty is merely that of the historian, and we will proceed with the story.

"On the parties appearing before the Justice he looked sternly at the defendant, and said, 'Sir, I am sorry that we should meet *for the first time* under such painful circumstances. Sir, you are sued.'

"Why, yes, Sir,' the defendant replied. 'I believe I am; but I shall hope to introduce witnesses who will swear—'

"Schtop, schtop!' said the Justice. 'I will not have any schweearing in dish court, nor any tam lies neider. Vot did he sue you for if you didn't owe him? I gives shudgment for de blaintiff.'

"Whereupon the Justice left his seat, simply remarking, 'De court ish done; ant I musht quick make dwenty chulips, ordered by de blaintiff just so quick ash the court wash done.'

In a spirit of profound resignation, and making the best of their troubles, two newly-made widowers met for the first time after their affliction, to console each other. With a deep sigh, one of them said,

"Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with my dear wife, that the last day of my married life was as happy as the first."

"There I am ahead of you, my friend," said the other, "for the last day of mine was happier!"







"THERE seems to be a propensity in all new countries to the use of intoxicating drinks. Kansas was no exception. One of our politicians was found at two o'clock in the morning in front of the hotel addressing the horse-post in the most earnest manner.

"Hullo, Smith," said the discoverer, "what are you about?"

"Hush, don't you see? This is Councilman Brown. I'm arguing with him for a free ferry; he's a little c-corned, and don't say nothing; but I'll talk him over, and it'll be the making of Omaha."

"Captain Smith was not a regular soaker, and when he did take a drop too much disliked to own up. Being caught in this way once, he started, as he said, for home. I saw him take the opposite direction, out into the prairie. I watched his winding course till he was almost lost in the distance, then started after him.

"Where are you going, Captain?" I asked when I had overtaken him.

"Going? I'm going home."

"But this is not the way. There's your house." And I turned him square around, and showed him the light from the window.

"He straightened himself up, and putting on a look of the profoundest gravity, surveyed the position.

"I know that well enough," he said. "I ain't

drunk—not a bit—I know the way; I just deviated a little to smoke out my cigar."

PERHAPS in no place in the world are there greater extremes of society shown than in Kentucky; certainly none more elegant, intelligent, or refined, and perhaps none more crude and uncultivated—though through all there runs the same generous hospitality. And this difference seems to run coincident with the surface of the country. In those beautiful garden spots of Bourbon, Fayette, and Scott counties you may with certainty depend on the finest society in the world. But pass into the hilly white-oak regions of the rivers, and you equally know the people. It has been the custom, time out of mind, for opposing candidates for office to canvass their district in company, and discuss together their issues before the people. In the good regions the candidates discuss principles, but in the white-oak they take other means of convincing or persuading the people. On one occasion two very distinguished opposing candidates offered themselves for Congress from the same district—both since deceased—W. W. Southgate, Whig, and John W. Tibbatts, Democrat. Of course they canvassed together. Both were talented, accomplished, and witty, and both knew well how to please the people. Personally they were friends and relatives. In the intelligent districts they battled like intellectual giants.



In the poor regions they fired wit at each other, and made the people laugh. In one of these places they had been peculiarly happy in their remarks, and the people greatly enjoyed it. When they left, sentiment was about equally divided, and the even cry of "Hurrah, Southgate!" "Hurrah, Tibbatts!" was shouted from the harmonious throats of even parties. Both candidates mounted their horses, and left together for their next appointment; but the people, determined to have a good time, remained to finish the enjoyment with a dance. As the opposing aspirants slowly left the scene of mirth each longed for the finishing touch in moulding political sentiment, and each distrusted the other. When they had gone a mile, Tibbatts discovered he had left something at the meeting, and, asking Southgate to wait for him, rode back. Southgate, distrusting him, waited a while, and then also returned, where his suspicions were verified; for there he found Tibbatts playing the fiddle, and the people dancing. Sentiment was all on one side; it was all "Hurrah for Tibbatts!" He had carried the day. (Both played with equal skill, but Tibbatts only left-handed.) Southgate, mortified at his loss, determined to regain his position. Making his acknowledgments, he told the people that with their leave he would play a second to his brother Tibbatts's delightful music, and with a bow he played his best, and soon divided again the people. Throwing aside his violin, he remarked, he hated fiddling, but by their leave he would join in the dance. In that he had no equal, and soon brought the unanimous "hurrahs" for Southgate. He had triumphed, and Tibbatts was vanquished.

Before filling their next appointment Southgate was taken sick, and Tibbatts, after waiting two weeks, continued his canvass alone. When recovered, Southgate followed. He found his rival had stolen the hearts of the people, and it was an up-hill

business with poor Southgate. In one place, like that mentioned, Tibbatts had pleased them so well—telling stories and jokes, and playing for them—that they utterly refused to hear Southgate. They said Tibbatts was the man for them, that they wanted no better, and Southgate had better go home; they wouldn't vote for him, etc. He told them that Tibbatts was a dear friend and relative of his, and a noble fellow—no better man was to be found (Southgate seems like an honest fellow, said they; let us hear him). "And, fellow-citizens," said Southgate, "if I can't go to Congress without abusing my dear friend Tibbatts, I'll stay at home forever." (Hurrah for Southgate! Good! He ought to go to Congress too.) "Why, fellow-citizens! he is the most talented man in Kentucky; and for accomplishments, he hasn't his equal in the world!" (We know; we heard him; he played for us. Hurrah for Tibbatts!) "But here, my friends, is one thing I can not approve of in my dear brother: he plays better left-handed than most musicians with their right! But if you only heard him right-handed, he would bend the trees with his sweet tones. What I blame in him is, that when he is among nice people whom he likes he plays right-handed; but when he is among ignorant people for whom he has no regard, whom he thinks jackasses, he says any thing is good enough for them, and so he plays for them left-handed!" (What! Why he played left-handed here! Does he mean to insinuate we are ignorant jackasses? D—n Tibbatts; away with him! Southgate is my man! Hurrah for Southgate! etc.) When the election came Tibbatts got but sixteen votes in that precinct.

REV. DR. B—— lately gave this pulpit notice:

"This congregation is respectfully invited to attend the funeral of the only *surviving* son of Mr. Thomas Miller, to-morrow, at two o'clock P.M."



AFTER SUPPER.

"Miss Jones, will you favor me for the next waltz?"  
 "I should be most happy, Mr. Brown; but I'm full."



"J. B. M——, a well-known brewer in a small way, near this city," writes a Philadelphia friend, "never studied book-keeping, and has always kept his accounts with his customers in chalk on the back of his shop door. A few days since, while out on business, his wife (careful body), in cleaning up, wiped them all out. He was in great trouble as to what he should do in the dilemma. Says she, 'Can't you remember the most of them? Try if you can't.' He commenced, and put down a number of names with the amounts to each. 'Do you think,' says she, 'you have charged them enough yet?' 'I don't know about the *enough*,' says he; 'but I have put down *better men*, by a long shot, than I had there before.'"

A YOUNG lady writes: "Will you allow me to give you the correct version of a story which was spoiled one day by the process of insertion into your Drawer? I ought to know it, for, *pars fui*, I was a part of it; and, by the same token, I 'can't abear to see' the only pun I ever perpetrated come to grief. 'Peduncks,' indeed!

"What is the learned name for the foot-stalks of flowers, Cousin Mary?" asked a young gentleman.

"Peduncles," was the reply.

"Oh, yes," said he, 'ped-uncles; I had forgotten what kind of "uncles" they are.'

"They are ped-uncles," said his cousin; 'but it isn't of much consequence, for only ped-aunts call them so!'"

HERE followeth a story for the Drawer, whereof the hero is a four-year-old Iowan.

"Little Owie" was saying his prayers one night during his father's absence, and his mother suggested, at the close, this additional petition: "God bless dear papa, and bring him safe home." "God bless dear papa," the youngster repeated, "and, mamma, why can't papa come home in the stage?" The requisite instructions were given, but were, probably, not fully understood, for, the next night, he added, of his own accord, "God bless dear papa, bring him safe home, and leave the stages behind!"

Two little girls had gone to sleep, as usual, in the same bed. Sarah had pushed and kicked in her sleep till Mary was almost driven out. She called, "Sarah, lie along, you've crowded me clear on to the edge of the bed." Sarah was half asleep, and fretted out, "Can't you stick and hang till morning?"



"Oh yes! It's all very well to say 'Excuse me;' but when a man's covered with ice cream and jelly, and things that won't brush off, and has a partner engaged for the German, it's confounded hard to grin, and say, 'It's no consequence.'"



# Fashions for June.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by  
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—BRIDAL TOILET.



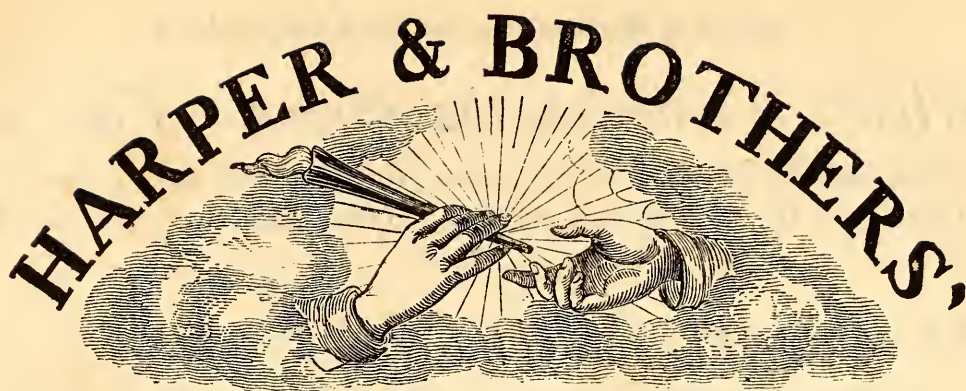


FIGURE 2.—UNDRESS COSTUME.

**T**HE BRIDAL TOILET is quite simple, the chief trimming being composed of a *berthe* and loops of pearl beads and flowers. The wreath is of orange-flowers, with white moss-rose buds. These are also arranged in clusters on the shoulders and scarf, which is of white taffeta. The dress is also of taffeta.

The principal feature of the UNDRESS COSTUME is the jacket—an article the popularity of which seems to increase instead of diminishing. This is composed of mauve-colored merino, with a *passanterie* of velvet. The lace frill is a marked characteristic of the one which we present.





## SUMMER BOOK-LIST FOR 1862.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, JUNE, 1862.

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In the several numbers of the *Educational Bulletin*, published in "Harper's Magazine" during a year and a half past, we have given 52 pages of testimonials and commendatory notices of Willson's Readers, showing the great favor with which these new school books have been received by Educators, and their already extensive introduction into the schools of our country. We continue this "testimony" here, in the following:

### Selections from Testimonials not before Published by us.

From Rev. R. MANLY, *President of New Hampshire Female College, Sanbornton Bridge, April 21st, 1862.*

I have examined, and used, many *Series of Reading Books*; but, until Willson's, have never seen both a *Series* and a *System* combined. The plan of these books, so far as I can judge, leaves nothing to be desired; and the execution, if not perfect, is so well done as to deserve universal commendation and patronage. I do not know that I have ever before examined a new school book and found so much that I was glad to see, and so little that I would have omitted.

I shall introduce them into this Institution.

### The Baltimore Public Schools.

*The following have been received as the proceedings of the BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS of the CITY OF BALTIMORE, with reference to the introduction of Willson's Readers into the Public Schools of that City.*

BALTIMORE, March 8th, 1862.

The Book Committee desire to report that they have examined carefully Willson's Series of Readers, and think it advisable the Board should adopt them for the use of the Public Schools. They would suggest, in view of this recommendation, the withdrawal from the Primary Schools of Hillard's Readers Nos. 1, 2, and 3 (Primary); and they would substitute for these Willson's Primer, together with the First, Second, and Third Readers of his Series.

They recommend the withdrawal from the Grammar Schools of Hillard's 2d, 3d, and 4th Class Readers, and the substitution, in their place, of the Fourth and Fifth Readers of Willson's Series.

(Signed) E. G. WALKER,  
Chairman of Book Committee.

The Report, and a Resolution for carrying out the same, were unanimously adopted by the Board.

W. D. McJILTON,  
Secretary.

In the recent published Report of the Commissioners, the substitution has already been made in the List of School Books, and Willson's Readers are now in use in the Public Schools of the City of Baltimore.

### From Edgartown, Mass.

*We extract the following from the recent Annual Report of the School Committee of the Town of Edgartown, Mass.*

"During the early part of the year it was deemed expedient to make a change in the Reading Books. After a careful examination of several series, it was decided to adopt WILLSON'S; and the change has produced a most salutary effect. Instead of the dull, monotonous style of reading, of which there has been so much occasion to complain, new life and emotion have been infused into the exercises. Willson's Series of Readers is, in the opinion of the Committee, better adapted to the wants of the school-room than any other they have examined. While the principles and rules of reading are fully stated, and illustrated with appropriate examples, the great mass of the reading matter is not only within the comprehension of the child, but is well calculated to please and instruct.

Children are always pleased with natural objects and natural scenery; and the great superiority of these Readers is that they combine instruction in Natural History and the Physical Sciences, in a simple and intelligible manner, with the principles of reading."

Signed by EDWIN MAYBERRY, H. P. MAYHEW, and JOHN PIERCE, the *School Committee*.

### From the State of Maine.

We find the following in the *Kennebec Journal*, Augusta, April 11th, 1862.

"*Legislative Recommendation of Willson's Series of Readers.*"

"We have examined Willson's Series of School and Family Readers with much interest and general satisfaction, and feel justified in saying that they are of a very high order of merit, and worthy of the attention of all friends of education. The novel idea of seeking to combine a knowledge of Natural History and Physical Science with the exercise of reading, is carried out in so attractive a manner that it must awaken a deep interest in the mind of the pupil, and impart to him much practical information."

This testimonial was signed by the nine members of the *Legislative Committee on Education*; by the Hon. JOSEPH B. HALL, *Secretary of State*; by the *Executive Council*; by the Hon. JOHN H. GOODENOW, *President of the Senate*, and *Twelve Senators*; by the Hon. J. G. BLAINE, *Speaker of the House*, and *Twenty-six Representatives*; and certified to by G. G. STACY, Esq., the *State Librarian*.

From Prof. J. HENDRICK, *Principal of Genesee Valley Seminary, Belfast, N. Y., April 2d, 1862.*

I received the first five numbers of your Series of Readers last Fall, and, having examined them, perhaps the best recommendation I can give, is, that we have concluded to adopt them. Herewith please find order for five dozen of the Fifth Reader, two dozen of the Fourth, and one dozen each of the lower numbers, for the first supply of our Institution.

From JOHN LYNCH, Esq., *Superintendent of Schools, Circleville, Ohio, March 15th, 1862.*

The more I study your system, the more I am satisfied it will succeed. In fact, I am getting quite enthusiastic over it since I gave your Fifth Reader a careful examination. I believe that the general introduction of your Readers into the schools of our country would have a most healthful effect on the general cause of Education. In addition to being well adapted to make easy, natural, intelligent readers of the pupils who may be fortunate enough to be permitted to use them, so large an amount of useful information, classified and arranged in so attractive a manner, scattered broadcast over our land, would mark their general use as an important era in the history of popular education.

I have recommended their introduction into our Schools, and our Board of Education has assented by a unanimous vote.



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*From the New York Journal of Commerce.*

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*From Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE, in the Phila. Press.*

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ers, New York, will immediately publish a Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East, being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. The work is from the pen of Mr. W. Pembroke Fetridge, and its object is to supersede Murray's costly series of separate Guide Books (which are decidedly English in the tone and character of information), by a single volume, at a reasonable price, touching and teaching upon every point interesting to *American* travelers. There is an immense amount of information here, the fruit of personal experience and observation, and an American about crossing the Atlantic, will probably *save forty per cent. of his expenditure*, besides seeing every thing worth looking at, by availing himself of the practical wisdom, springing out of experience, in these pages. The book is no hasty compilation, but every line of it original, and, to our own knowledge (for he did us the compliment of consulting us on its plan and substance before its commencement and during the progress of its execution), Mr. Fetridge has been nearly three years engaged in writing it, having previously made several tours over the ground he describes, to obtain full personal knowledge of every thing. One thing we recommend to persons preparing to go to Europe and the East—let them consult this Hand-Book as to clothing, route, traveling expenses, and such material points."

*From the New York Leader.*

"Mr. W. Pembroke Fetridge, well known to many of our readers as an extensive traveler, has just completed, after several years careful labor, research, and travel, a most valuable work, and one well adapted to the wants of the American public. The amount of information in this volume is immense, and the traveler abroad as well as the reader at home will be amply repaid in its purchase. Mr. F.'s travels in the East were very extended, and his descriptions may be relied upon. He is eminently a practical man; and having experienced in his travels the lack of a suitable and convenient Guide-Book for Americans, has endeavored to supply the want, and has done so successfully."



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